

Positive Memories

T. Rivas

There are a considerable number of cases in which a so-called 'pedophile' relationship between a child and an adult is remembered as consensual, positive and psychologically harmless by the former child. Due to contemporary taboos, it is very difficult to give such cases the attention they deserve as a mostly ignored part of reality.

In *Positive Memories*, author T. Rivas describes 130 cases of such relationships and 25 cases of loose contacts. Rivas demonstrates that there really exist voluntary and harmless erotic and platonic relationships and encounters between minors and adults. In his view, relationships should be judged on their individual merits rather than the sex or age of a child. Entirely voluntary relationships and sexual abuse are two distinct categories. Also, affectionate relationships cannot be reduced to sex.

The author discusses ethical criteria, the role of parents or caretakers, and the importance of information. He addresses common objections and stresses that personal experiences should take prevalence over prejudices and caricatures.

Positive Memories



Cases of positive memories of erotic and platonic relationships and contacts of children with adults as seen from the perspective of the former minor

by

T. Rivas

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Introduction

Ipce is a forum for people who are engaged in scholarly discussion about the understanding and emancipation of mutual relationships between children or adolescents and adults.

Ipce has given me the opportunity to publish this collection of positive memories of intergenerational relationships and contacts of children with adults.

This may seem surprising in this age of widespread disclosure of sexual child abuse and an almost general societal consensus that 'pedophilia' is by its very nature morally wrong. We're living in times in which more and more cases of sexual child abuse are being revealed, which, in itself, should be applauded. Unfortunately, associating real and shocking child abuse with any type of 'pedophile' relationship appears to have become a Pavlovian response, to the extent that many consider it outrageous even to discuss the very notion of positive relationships.

However, as this collection tries to show, there are a considerable number of cases in which the relationship between a child and an adult is remembered as consensual (in the non-judicial sense of 'approved by the minor'), positive and psychologically harmless by the former child. Due to contemporary taboos, it is very difficult to give such cases the attention they deserve as a mostly ignored part of reality.

Many of these cases are derived from other collections with the collectors' permission, for which I'd like to thank them. Any articles and books from which the testimonies are derived are, for the reader's comfort, mentioned in the text itself as well as in a separate general list of references. If no specific source is mentioned, the case was taken from an internet forum or website that is no longer online.

The reader should be well aware that I'm not claiming to be the first or only person to give attention to such cases. I fully acknowledge that this book is part of a much broader tradition. Major examples of other names in this field are: Frits Bernard, Edward Brongersma, Theo Sandfort, Terry Leahy, B. Rind, P. Tromovitch, R. Bauserman, and Tom O'Carroll, etc. (see: **Literature**).

In general, we see that positive 'child love' relationships really occur in all combinations:

- **BM: Boy-man** (67 BM stories)
- **BW: Boy-woman** (11 BW stories)
- **GM: Girl-Man** (37 GM stories)
- **GW: Girl-Woman** (10 stories)

I have added a fifth category which I call

- **LC: "Loose contacts"** (25 LC stories)

The primary focus of the book is on relationships with erotic aspects rather than on sex as such. I have included this fifth category simply to show that some sexual contacts can be consensual and harmless even outside the context of a larger relationship.

This category refers to contacts that occurred outside a significant love relationship, simply for the sexual gratification of both partners. This phenomenon deserves respect, but it is quite different from affectionate and romantic relationships.

And a sixth category concerning

- **PR: Memories of a Platonic relationship** (5 PR stories).

Thus far, I've only found a few cases of this type.

I've included these platonic relationships because they involve the same kind of horizontal, personal affection that is common in erotic relationships, and also because the adult

in such relationships is often called a ‘pedophile’, even if only in the emotional sense. In exceptional ‘erotic’ relationships here presented there was hardly any physical contact, but I have not listed such cases under platonic relationships if the former child felt really in love with the adult and longed for such contact.

Rather surprisingly, recollections of positive platonic relationships with adults who seem to have a (partially or entirely) ‘pedophile’ background, are much rarer in the literature than accounts about memories of positive erotic relationships. I do not know how to interpret this fact. To be sure, recorded cases of negative platonic relationships are at least as scarce.

Besides, positive memories of erotic friendships already demonstrate that minors and adults can voluntarily engage in personal relationships with each other. In this sense, they also amount to evidence for a potential for platonic relationships. In other words, if we accept that erotic relationships between minors and adults can be voluntary and harmless, we should not doubt that platonic relationships can be voluntary and harmless too.

(In this sense, even readers with ‘pedophile’ feelings who consider erotic relationships intrinsically immoral, should, paradoxically, welcome the positive memories of erotic relationships in this book.)

That makes 155 stories in total.

These stories are followed by a **Discussion**.

My central thesis is that ‘pedophile’ relationships, i.e. horizontal affectionate relationships between a minor and an adult outside the child's family, should be judged on their own individual merits rather than on the basis of the sex or age of the child.

My main criteria for including a particular case in this collection are:

- the relationship was voluntary, i.e. consensual from the child's subjective perspective;
- it was positive, meaning that the child did not experience it as ambiguous, let alone negative, in any important respect;
 - (In practice, this means that the former child may find certain actions rather imprudent from a societal or legal perspective, but not intrinsically morally wrong in the sense of going against his or her own wishes.)
- the person reporting the experiences (the former child) is nearly 18 or older and he or she was not older than 15 when the relationship started;
- the older partner was 18 or older during the relationship; the adult was so much older than the child or teenager that even many 'liberal' people would nowadays consider the relationship inappropriate. For example, a relationship between a person of 18 and a boy or girl of 15 is not included, but a relationship between an 18-year-old and a 12-year-old is;
- it did not involve sex with siblings or parents;
- the person recalling his or her experiences as a child, for all we know, has not developed a 'pedophile' orientation or preference for relationships with minors;
- the former child does not have a criminal record as a sex offender and
- the child was not paid for any sexual services.

Except for the platonic ones, all of the cases included have a physical erotic aspect. Consensual sexuality between adults and minors is based on forms of erotic contact that may occur in relationships between two minors.

Taken together, these cases clearly appear to establish the following facts:

- There are consensual and harmless platonic and erotic relationships between children and adults.
- Many of these relationships involve friendship, affection, and personal love.
- They can start even before the child is twelve years old.

Positive child love relationships occur in all combinations (boy-man, boy-woman, girl-man, and girl-woman).

This collection should not be used to promote the idea that *all* or even most kinds of 'pedophile' contacts are morally sound or that real sexual abuse would be relatively harmless. It aims exclusively at an increase in awareness of positive, consensual intergenerational relationships with children and at the societal acceptance of such relationships.

(We're exclusively talking here about voluntary, non-incestual relationships and contacts that minors engage in, **not** about other things, such as supposedly 'benevolent' arranged marriages with minors, etc.)

I wish to thank everyone who helped me collect these cases or correct the English. Among them, I owe special thanks to Dr. Frans E.J. Gieles.

Readers can reach me at < ipcetrivas@gmail.com >

T. Rivas

BM – Boys with men

BM-01 – A business man in Denver recounts

- ◆ Source: < <http://newgon.com/CPP/index.htm> >
- ◆ Quoted in *Minor Report* by David Tuller in Salon.com, July 22, 2002: “Sex between teenage boys and older men is not always coercive – and it can be more ecstatic than traumatic.”

A man, a 38-year-old small-business owner from Denver, fondly recalls the two-year relationship he had with his boss at the pancake house where he worked as a waiter. He was fifteen, when they had sex for the first time, he says, and it was the fulfilment of something he'd desired for years.

“It was frightening and invigorating and I felt clumsy and awkward,” he says. “But he was playful and fun and very gentle. I never felt coerced. As foreign as it was to me I was very open to it. Afterwards, I felt good, like I'd experienced something I'd wanted to for a long time.”

His boyfriend, who was 29 when the relationship began, also helped alleviate the isolation he'd always felt by introducing him to a gay social circle and helping him begin a modeling career.

“In high school, I had this haunting feeling that I was different, so it was really liberating to find people who were gay,” he says. “It was like, *OK, I'm gay, I love it*. I wasn't an awkward, out-of-place kid anymore. I felt appreciated for being gay, instead of being an outcast and made fun of. Suddenly I had this new self-confidence. I didn't have to hate myself for being gay.”

BM-02 – A gay man speaks out

- ◆ North American Man/Boy Love Association, from the
NAMBLA Bulletin, Vol. 13, No. 8, Pgs. 6 – 7, Oct 1992.

Dear Friends,

I'm not a boy-lover, but a 30-year-old gay man. I had a wonderful affair with a 27-year-old man when I was only twelve years old. It was the most pure, clean, and honest relationship I've ever had in my life. I knew of my attraction for men when I was eight years old.

At the age of twelve, a very good looking 27-year-old man, a friend of my family who I very much looked up to, made his approach on me. I guess I had a lot to do with it because I wanted it. We had a very wonderful affair, but it only lasted eight months. I fell deeply in love with this man, and through my love for him, I matured a lot spiritually as well as sexually.

Unfortunately this man who I loved so much had to walk away from my life because my parents found out about our close relationship through another friend of mine (a peer) to whom I had entrusted my secret. My man friend was scared and decided to move to another state. No charges were ever pressed against him because I never admitted having sex with him.

It's hard to believe that this society, with its deep research on modern psychology and space age technology, has not grown out of this sexual taboo. They probably don't want to face the real true facts of intergenerational relationships and how harmless they really are.

Society seems concerned about controlling and monitoring everything a minor does. It is inconceivable that such relationships are punished with such long jail sentences. People commit murder and their jail terms are less.

I could have had a much healthier and lasting relationship when I was a boy if it wasn't because of the way society is. They fucked up the nice relationship I was having, and that's no good! Even though I was, like they say now, 'molested at twelve', I did not grow up to be a child molester! That's bullshit!

I'm sorry if I seem enraged about this issue, but I still hold so much frustration inside because I was never given a chance to be who I wanted to be when I was twelve years old. I was told it was wrong to love a man, that I was too young, and that this man was evil.

Of course, I never thought of him as an evil person. I thought he was great! I knew what I wanted, but my parents told me I was just a child and I shouldn't be thinking about sex.

You see, my adult gay life has been tough. It's mostly sexual, and everything floats around 'looks' and 'sex', but if I look back to that first relationship, I found support, caring, spirituality, and commitment, as well as intensity and purity. All of that is very difficult to achieve these days; the adult gay scene seems to revolve around lust and sex.

- How can gay people attack, judge, and condemn boy-lovers if we were once under the same oppression as they are today?
- Do we really want to become as closed-minded as those who refuse to let us gay people share a space in society?
- Have any of us taken the time to examine closely what man/boy love is all about?
- How can we then become part of the narrow-minded team that we once fought, and still fight, against?
- How could we ever win the battle of gay rights if we are shooting with the same weapons that were (and are) used against us?

We have forgotten that sex is a vehicle of communication through which there can be the maximum expression of love.

Sincerely yours,

R.C., Los Angeles

BM-03 – Alcide

- ◆ In his well-known treatise *Loving Boys: A multidisciplinary study of sexual relations between adult and minor males*, Volume 1, of 1986, Dr. Edward Brongersma refers to a case of professor René Schérer, taken from the latter's book *L'emprise: Des enfants entre nous* (Paris: Hachette, 1979, p. 262-263).

Brongersma mentions that a 18-year-old boy called Alcide told Schérer:

“Sex with others? Yes, I began having it very early, and I felt much closer to the people I slept with than to my mother and father, even though my relationship with my parents isn't especially bad. I started doing it with my little female cousin when I was nine; later, at eleven, it was with a man.

In the beginning, in the relationships, I was mainly interested in tenderness (...) As for sexual pleasure, at first that was maybe less important than it became later (...) I like to sleep with someone and to be caressed.”

Schérer then asked him, “Do you have any thoughts about something which has always been poorly understood: the sexual feelings of immature children?”

Alcide replied: “The physical excitement of sleeping with someone is the same, absolutely the same, at all ages, before and after maturity. I don't believe that my desire is stronger now than it

was earlier. (...) In those days I didn't ejaculate, but the feeling was equally good. I got a hard-on and liked being touched.”

BM-04 – Amanitus

- ◆ In 2006, a member of a German forum calling himself *Amanitus* shared his experiences as a boy.

“Not everything that is criminal is punishable and not everything that is punishable is criminal.

When I was eight to nine years old, I got to know a man with whom I soon developed a friendly and sexual relationship. The relationship with this man went on until I was twelve or thirteen. I was very happy and proud because of my early sexual experiences and I continue to be so.

It's more than 35 years later. Only later on I was told that this man must have been a pederast.

The sexual relationship I had with him at first remained a secret, but it was very important for my coming out as a homosexual and my gay development. I mean, nowadays, nothing better can happen to a gay boy than to have a relationship with an older person who shows him how he can get pleasure from his body. Back then, I had my first (still dry) orgasm and I experienced how great sex with a man can be.”

BM-05 – Ambar recounts ... the naked play

- ◆ Found at < <http://newgon.com/PPP/index.htm> > and on *BoyChat*, 2005.

Ambar recounts his earliest sexual experiences, including with his best friend's father at eight years old.

“I was about 5 or 6 and he was probably about 10 or so when he talked me into (playing naked didn't take much talking, *You wanna get naked? – Sure!*) and we went from there. The next day he brought some of his friends who already did the naked play thing and we spent most of that summer running about naked and playing those fun games.

When I was 8 my very, very, very best friend in the entire world (as only an 8 yo can see it) and I did a lot of naked play and touching/sucking/humping things. He told me about him and his dad doing the same thing and the next time I spent the night at his place dad introduced me to things that sent me to heaven. He became my second very, very, very best friend and so began a wonderful, loving relationship. I still adore that man :-)

From then on, I had relations with several other boys (and a couple of girls now and then), many ages but mostly my age or younger and a few adults.”

Of course, this case does involve a kind of (possibly dubious) incest, but not between the respondent and the adults mentioned.

BM-06 – André & Peter

- ◆ In his book *Heimliche Liebe: Eros zwischen Knabe und Mann* (Hamburg : Jahn & Ernst, 1997), Wolf Vogel includes several cases of male boy love. One of these concerns the relationship of André with his lover Peter. At the time of Vogel's interview with both of them, André was 27 and Peter 55.

They first met on the stairs of their apartment building, when André was a sad five-year-old boy in tears and Peter tried to comfort him. His parents used to beat him and call him names whenever he did something they didn't like and the first meeting took place in such a context. Peter took André in his arms and

André spontaneously kissed Peter on his mouth. His grandparents had taught him that such a kiss was supposed to be extra loving. Peter understood this as a clear sign that the boy did not receive enough love from his parents.

A few weeks later they met again and André followed Peter to the basement, where the boy started kissing him again. This ended in a sexual contact which André experienced as extremely wonderful.

André did realize that what he was doing with Peter was somehow 'forbidden', though less because of the sex as such than because of the intimacy with an adult who was not his father or mother. André was afraid he might lose his adult friend and took the initiative to keep the sexual contact going.

This first part of their friendship only lasted for a limited period of time while he was five. About seven years later, when André was twelve and a half years old, they accidentally met again. They went for a ride in Peter's car and drove to the woods nearby. There, Peter took some pictures of the boy and they also had sex again. André still lovingly recalls how Peter bought ice-cream for him.

It took another two years before they met once more. Again, they met somewhere in the woods, André was photographed by Peter, and they had sex. Both André and Peter agree that it was André who always took the initiative to become sexual. Otherwise, it would never have happened.

André states that Peter also helped him with his professional orientation and schooling. More in general, Peter was something of a role model for André.

They continued having a sexual relationship until André became nineteen years old and got a girlfriend. In 1997, the sexual aspect had disappeared but they were still friends.

BM-07 – Anthony & Pierre

- ◆ A 27-year-old French man from Paris, Anthony alias *Stradivarius*, recalls on a French internet forum that from the age of twelve, he had a ‘pedophile’ relationship with a man of fifty, whom he calls Pierre.

He felt seduced by his personality and stresses he never had any homosexual inclinations apart from this relationship. The seduction, as he calls it, went on for a year and a half, during which he repeatedly noticed that Pierre really liked him a lot.

When he was fourteen, he asked Pierre mockingly if he had perhaps fallen in love with him. Pierre answered that he was always thinking and dreaming about the boy. Anthony felt flattered, proud even, that he was so important to him. On the other hand, he was mad about girls and asked himself if he somehow looked gay.

Pierre read his mind and quickly reassured Anthony that he did not. He would have declared his love for the boy much sooner, if Anthony had looked gay. Anthony has no doubt that his friend really felt love for him. He would have given everything for the boy.

Very soon afterwards, Anthony and Pierre started having sex with each other. Although at first Pierre did not attract him sexually, Pierre did help Anthony to enjoy sex outside the context of masturbation. He never penetrated him, because Anthony simply did not feel like it. Pierre always respected Anthony's boundaries and never forced him to do anything.

The relationship ended about two years later, when Anthony fell in love with a girl at school. He decided to stop having sex with Pierre, because he felt that this would be incompatible with his sexual fidelity towards the girl. As always, Pierre fully respected his decision.

Nevertheless, they continued to see each other often for years, as two true friends, until Pierre's early death, six years later.

For Anthony, this relationship was a story of a very strong friendship, mixed with sexual pleasure.

“I was in no way traumatized. [...] On the contrary, this man has given me many things, such as self-confidence. When I used to be with him, I felt strong, invulnerable, I was proud of us.”

Anthony also felt excited by the forbidden aspect of the relationship and by the responsibility he felt towards his adult partner.

The only thing Anthony could in hindsight hold against Pierre is that the friendship might have been discovered and forcefully ended, which might have traumatized the boy. Given the generally negative atmosphere surrounding ‘pedophilia’, one could view this as rather irresponsible of the adult partner.

Leaving this aside, he only has positive memories of his friendship with Pierre.

BM-08 – Bastiaan and his gym teacher

- ◆ A person who simply calls himself *Bastiaan* placed the following message on the website *pedofilie.nl* (<http://www.pedofilie.nl/node/1281>) on January 25th 2009.

“I'm a heterosexual male of 60, I'm happily married and I'm the father of several children. I don't have any problems. Between the ages twelve and fourteen, I had an intense relationship with my gym teacher. My situation at home was similar to that seen in so many families: hard working parents who had very little attention for their children in puberty. It was harder for me than for my brother and sister.

My gym teacher Tom was a man of about 40 and he was our school's most popular teacher. He really cared for his students. He used to be a wrestling champion in the army and tried to convey his enthusiasm to us.

I used to be quite tall for my age and had a muscular and strong body. He often gave me compliments because of this and he wanted me to do wrestling as well.

Our gym lesson was given during the last hour of the school day and I always had to run to catch the bus to the train station. One day he happened to drive by and gave me a lift to the station. That's how I managed to get home an hour earlier than usual. One day he asked me if I would like to get private lessons from him, because in his eyes I was a natural talent and he really wanted me to develop my talents.

Of course I was honored by his attention and he would take me to the station again. I answered him bashfully: *Okay, I'll stay after class.* He locked the gym room and we got to it together, on the mat. Within a few seconds he made me submit to him with his legs.”

[Here and at several other points of the story the moderators of the forum removed sexual parts because of their strict forum policy. These parts can be summarized as: *We had a sexual encounter.*]

“I loved it. It had to remain our secret and nobody was to know about it. No, of course not! I didn't want anyone to know about it either.

I used to be his favourite pupil. Our relationship became more intimate every time. [...]

One afternoon, his wife came home early, because she didn't feel well. It was a very close shave: we just finished [our sexual

encounter] and suddenly, she was standing at the door. From that day on I never visited his house again. We did talk with each other at school, but his wife frowned upon his taking students home.

He found it too risky, so our relationship became less intense until it ended altogether. After this experience I never felt the urge to have sex with a man. I still recall this relationship with good feelings. The gym teacher is not alive anymore; he died of cancer at a relatively early age.”

BM-09 – Belgian boy

- ◆ Source: < http://www.brongersma.info/index.php?title=Ik_verklaar_uit_eigen_ervaring_dat_een_pedofiele_verhouding_een_knaap_geen_schade_kan_berokkenen >

“It only made me and my adult partner happy”

In January 1971, *Segtant*, a one-time publication of the NVSH (Dutch Society for Sexual Reform) and COC (Dutch Union for the Integration of Homosexuals), included a testimony of a Belgian man.

He writes (free translation):

“I know from my own experience that a [voluntary] pedophile relationship can be harmless for a boy. As a child, I was in such a relationship myself and it only made me and my adult partner happy.

The expression of sexuality is desirable, or even necessary, at any age, and if a child is not told that it does anything wrong, it will help him become a care-free, uncomplicated, cheerful human being.”

BM-10 – Bill – five to ten years

◆ **A letter to Nambla**

(North American Man/Boy Love Association) – From the
NAMBLA Bulletin, Vol. 12, No. 8, Pg. 15, Oct 1991.

I am a 24-year-old white male who really wishes to join your organization. I firmly believe in all you stand for. I myself was shunned by society's rules and a small community's norms of acceptable behaviors.

I was thirteen and met a really nice 45-year-old man who really made me feel special. He liked me for what I was, not something that I could become. Sure, sex was a part of our relationship, but that wasn't the only thing. We enjoyed each others' company, sharing our thoughts and ideas on different topics, and setting our goals.

Well, needless to say, my parents found out and prohibited me from seeing him anymore. They also made me file a criminal complaint on him. He went to trial and was sentenced to five to ten years on a variety of charges in which I had no say.

I told the judge that I consented to our relationship and what went along with it. He said that I was too young to make a 'mature' decision. That kind of bureaucracy is driving our young people into their shells. I'm sick and tired of all this narrow-minded thinking, and would like to change it.

Thank you for the application for membership. I will be sending it along shortly. Please respond to my letter and give me some advice on how to, or how I should voice my opinion.

Sincerely,
Bill

BM-11 – Björn & Jan

- ◆ In his book *Heimliche Liebe: Eros zwischen Knabe und Mann* (Hamburg, Jahn & Ernst, 1997) Wolf Vogel includes the remarkable case of Björn and Jan, located in a major town in the North of Germany.

When Björn (32) was a young boy, he met his adult friend Jan (45) and they still had a sexual relationship at the time of the interview.

As a 10-year-old boy, Björn felt attracted to social worker Jan because of the latter's revolutionary ideas and Björn tried to provoke him with a lot of questions and remarks about sexuality.

One day, when Björn was eleven and a half, they happened to meet near the town's riverbank. Björn tried to get Jan sexually interested in him and when they met at Jan's place he finally succeeded.

Björn really wanted Jan to penetrate him, but Jan declined the offer and it took Björn a year to convince him that he was not afraid of getting physically hurt in the process. The boy really enjoyed this type of penetrative sexual contact and now that he's an adult, he still does it quite often with Jan. He remarks that if one wishes to speak of seduction in this relationship, it was him who was the seducing party.

Their relationship has always stayed a secret to those around him. Jan used to help Björn with the problems he was having with his parents, and also with his educational and professional progress.

BM-12 – Boxing instructor

- ◆ In his article “Positive Child-Adult Sex: The Evidence”, in *Anarchy: A journal of desire armed*, 33, 1992, Joel

Featherstone refers to an anonymous man who as a young boy of eight had a sexual relationship with his boxing instructor. He used to be fascinated by the instructor's biceps.

One day, all the boys asked their instructor to flex his biceps, and the man probably noted his fascination. After some time, he took the boy to a back room and they soon arrived at the genitals. It gave the boy a lot of pleasure and he encouraged the instructor as much as possible. They had several sexual encounters from that time on.

BM-13 – Brian

◆ ‘Molested’ and Glad!

A letter addressed to the *NAMBLA Bulletin*, Vol. 12, No. 8, Pg. 15, Oct 1991.

Dear NAMBLA (North American Man/Boy Love Association),

When I was thirteen years old, I had my first sexual experience with someone older: my adult camp counselor. He had been my counselor for three years, was a school teacher somewhere, and was very kind to me.

My first year in camp I was very home-sick and this kind and gentle man would hold me close to him, in private, and allow me dignity as I cried onto his shoulder. He held me, stroked my back but in no way did he take ‘advantage’ of me.

Over the next two years I had my parents request this man, whom I believed to have been in his late thirties, to be my counselor because I liked him and thought he was a very nice man.

During my third and final year I began having sexual desires for him, wanted him to kiss me, and tried to give him several hints. While other boys were working their way towards medals and

projects they could take home, my project was to climb in bed with this man.

My chance finally came on a rainy night after all of us went to bed. I could not sleep and instead I went into his private quarters where he invited me to climb under the sheets.

He finally took the chance and fondled me finally kissing then sucking me over and over again. It was the most exciting sexual experience I have ever had.

The next day and for the final week of camp, we reacted toward each other as if nothing had happened. I left camp never to see or hear from him again.

As a gay man in my early thirties I am not now attracted to children but to older men; perhaps thinking of my counselor. But my case is one to refute the charges that once molested as a child, a person grows up to be a molester of his own. I was not molested. I was loved and I feel I am better for it.

Sincerely,
Brian

BM-14 – Burt

- ◆ This case is taken from Ralph H. Tindall: “The Male Adolescent Involved With a Pederast Becomes an Adult”; *Journal of Homosexuality*, Vol. 3(4), 373-382, Summer 1978.

Burt was originally referred as a fourteen year old who was already one grade behind in school. He was reported to be difficult to control when in school and to be frequently truant. Burt was of average ability as indicated on an individually administered intelligence test and reading above grade level though he was failing all subjects. He was breezy in manner but responded to the treatment as an equal. He was the youngest son in a

military service family. He had two older brothers and an older sister. His father was a heavy weekend drinker, authoritarian, and demanding. His mother was passive, permissive, and somewhat withdrawn.

Burt reached pubescence at approximately age thirteen. He subsequently engaged in mutual masturbation with peers, some of whom were slightly older than he. During one of his truancy escapades he learned that he could hitch rides and meet men who would offer money for sexual favors.

During his 14th year he met an industrial representative who took him to a motel. He liked this adult who was approximately 40 years of age. The man took Burt to dinner, bought him clothing, and gave him pocket money. They continued to meet many times, even after Burt married at the age of eighteen. At age twenty, Burt ceased to have contact with him, as the industrial representative was transferred to a distant territory. Burt knew little about the man except that he was married and had three children.

Burt is now 26 years of age, married, and the father of one child. He did not finish school, dropping out after the 10th grade, but he did take a high school equivalency examination successfully. He reports no further homosexual activity nor any desires in that direction but some extramarital activity. His marriage is still intact. He has held a salesman's position for a period of five years that seems to provide for his family. He has not seen the industrial representative since the relationship ended.

BM-15 – Camping trip

- ◆ Case mentioned by Bruce Rind, in the Appendix of his article “Gay and Bisexual Adolescent Boys' Sexual Experiences With Men: An Empirical Examination of Psychological Correlates in a Nonclinical Sample” in *Archives of Sexual Behavior*, Vol. 30, No.4, 2001.

- ◆ This case was directly obtained by Rind from R.C. Savin-Williams.

Boy: 13, man: 38

“Family friend. I initiated on a camping trip; we were in same tent at state park; oral sex to orgasm for both of us; several times during the night; incredibly erotic, tremendous release, very pleasurable. Not real close; didn't enjoy kissing. Afterwards scary because I enjoyed it so much. Not wanting to be near him on the trip because afraid others would notice.

Once per month for the next 4 years that I initiated; never talked about it; sex was all it was. Wished I was straight so the attractions would go away, because the sexual gratification was so strong.”

- ◆ **Comment:** It is not entirely clear what the respondent had been afraid of, but it is probably related to taboos on being gay.

BM-16 – Chris

- ◆ Found on *Child Love Logo*, i.e. *CLogo*, a website now offline. There are several interesting cases of positive relationships at the Pedosexual Resources Directory (PRD). One of these concerns Chris's tragic legal experience of man-boy-love. Here it is:

“I decided to share my story in the hopes that people will see how unfair the system is to ‘the victim’ ...

When I was about fourteen, I was in a really great Boy Scout troop and was having the time of my life. I had finally worked my way ‘up the ranks’ and was the number two guy in the troop. The leader of the troop, Gary, became my best friend. My parents had divorced a few years earlier (and my dad almost

never came to see me), so Gary and I became really close. We spent quite a bit of time together both with the troop and alone.

Well, on one of our camping trips, we ended up sleeping next to each other (one of the perks of leadership was sleeping in the 'cool' tent...) Gary leaned over and kissed me. Not just a peck, but a full-on kiss. I kissed back. He unzipped my sleeping bag and started to touch my penis through my sweat pants. At this point, I became very nervous. This was my first sexual experience with another person and I was also worried about the other guys hearing something. I asked Gary to stop and he did.

Several weeks later, we had a sleep over at his apartment after a night of bowling and pizza and I was offered the floor in his bedroom. I accepted. Gary did not make any move toward me and just got into bed, shut off the light, and said goodnight.

I asked him if he would continue where he left off on the camp out. He climbed out of bed and joined me on the floor. We both took off our clothes and had a night of passion. He went down on me and I had my first orgasm at the hands of another. He also tried to have anal sex with me (at my suggestion), but I was really tight and he didn't want to hurt me. I realize then that I loved him – emotionally and physically.

The next, however, my emotions were haywire. I realized that I was probably gay. I didn't really know what to do. I was afraid to go to my friends for fear of being totally outcast and I knew my mom would freak out, so I just stewed. Gary and I were still close, but never had another sexual encounter. This agony went on for several months.

Finally, after my falling grades and lasting depression finally alerted my mother to a problem (which she thought was drug abuse), I was dragged to a counselor. I thought that here was my salvation! The counselor told me that I could say anything in

confidence. I could finally get help in sorting out all of emotions.

The very first session I spilled my guts. I told the whole lurid story and asked for answers. But, instead of help, I was told that she (now that I had unburdened my soul) had a legal obligation to report the incident to the authorities. She said I could call them from her office right then or she would. So I called.

The rest of the session, she continued to tell me how 'bad' the things were that I had done with Gary and that it wasn't my fault. He had used me. She totally disregarded my feelings and made me feel like I was some kind of pervert.

That night, I cried my eyes out. I had betrayed the man I loved. I decided not to go any further and to not help the authorities.

The next day, two police officers came to where I was working that summer at a Boy Scout Day Camp and hauled me back to the station against my will. Even though they were in plain clothes, all of my friends and co-workers saw them flash their badges around.

(They were legally obligated to get a statement within 24 hours of the initial report or they could not act on my 'tip').

They grilled me for six hours. They would not let me call my parents. They totally harassed me until I told them everything. Eventually, with their harassment and the constant barrage of crap from the counselor, I started to believe their line. Sex with two males was bad. Gary was a pervert that needed to be locked up. I could help them with that.

Over the course of the next few months, they 'convinced' me to drag all of my friends down to the station to also give statements. Well, surprise, another kid was also a 'victim'.

Mid-way through all this crap I told my mother I was not going to attend any more counseling. I was not about to spend my time with a woman who was just going to degrade all of emotions. I also lost all of my best friends and (once the parents of all of the Boy Scouts got wind of the situation) lost my last refuge when the troop was disbanded.

The police finally shipped me over the Assistant DA¹.

This woman seemed nice. Told me that she was there to help. Finally, I thought – Now I get some help. But what she really wanted was a promotion. She railroaded me into testifying against Gary and making me feel like the lowest form of life on the earth – not only a scum pervert, but also a guy who ratted out all of my friends and a man I loved.

Gary was convicted and sentenced to three months in county jail and one year probation.

After this whole experience, I buried my sexuality. I had a few relationships with girls, but they were almost totally disastrous. Finally, after twelve years and a failed marriage, I am finally coping.

I have ‘come out’ and realized that I am bi-sexual. I also truly regret what I did (indirectly) to Gary and that I had not explored more with him physically. There is a big hole in my life now and, to make amends, I have tried to find Gary. I even hired a locator service, but it seems that he left the country. (I know he has family in Germany) ... I just want to tell him *I’m sorry* for all that happened and *Thank you* for showing a young budding man the pleasures of love (physical and emotional...)

The moral of the story is this: I feel like the only real crime in this was the way I was treated by the authorities.

1 District Attorney, the prosecutor

- I was told that everything in the counseling session was confidential, which was not true.
- I was told that what I was feeling was ‘bad’, which was not true.
- I was told over and over by people in authority that they were there to help, which was not true.

I have suffered through twelve years of pain before I finally saw the light and I know it is because of the way I was treated, not by Gary, but by the people that were legally supposed to protect and care for me.

In my book, Gary did nothing wrong. All of the sexual relations that took place did so at my insistence – he even repeatedly made sure I was still willing to go ahead. Some people would say that I was not mature to make decisions about sex at that age. To them I say: Bullshit! I was not a stupid child. The only thing I really lacked was information and only because the ‘health’ class section on sexuality was basically *married – lights out – eyes closed – in the missionary position – only if you want babies* type.

I was in total control the whole time. The only reason I was unsure after the second time was because I didn't know how to handle gay emotional love and didn't know where to turn, since it was still totally unacceptable back then.

What really worries me these days is the fact that, although the gay lifestyle is accepted (for the most part), the victimization of young gays still continues. For once in the ‘pedophile’ argument, there needs to be the say of the real people involved – the young people who are not stupid, but are caring, loving, sensitive people with feelings who can make decisions for themselves.”

And:

“... When I had my relationship with Gary, I was only 14 but I

loved him. I was not seduced or tricked or lured or manoeuvred into these feelings. They were genuine and last to this day (11 years later....) Our emotional love bloomed and it wasn't until much later that we (WE – WE – WE) moved it to a physical level.”

BM-17 – Chris 2

- ◆ A person named Chris shared the following experiences with NAMBLA.
- ◆ Source: Article “My Story” by Chris; *NAMBLA Updates*, September 2010.

“I knew I was different from the time I started school. and I liked boys, just didn't know how much and what that entailed.

I didn't become aware of my sexual interest until I was seven, and this may seem unreal, or even exaggerated, but it is the truth. My dad and I went into a fast food restaurant, not even sure what it was called, as if that mattered, it has been torn down since then. Bearing in mind this was over 30 years ago, and times were different.

When dad ordered the food, I saw a man, somewhere in his late 20s sweeping up in the kitchen. We made eye contact, he smiled at me, and I smiled back. There was something in that smile I had never seem before, and it was unexplainable to me what it was, but I felt a giddiness, and a draw to be closer to this person.

We sat down to eat, and a few minutes later, he came out and was emptying the trash cans, and without thinking, I got up and walked over to him and we started talking. I still remember most of what was said, I hung onto every word. When the conversation was finished we would get together in a few hours at the park nearby.

I was excited and I didn't even know why. Dad asked me who that was and what they wanted, and I told him apparently a very convincing lie, don't remember what it was, but we were at the park at the appointed time.

At first I thought he wasn't there, but I saw him going into the rest room that was near the bandstand. I went in after him, and he kissed me on the lips and from that point on I let him do whatever he wanted. I left that rest room no longer a virgin, and it was nothing like how society says it is. I did what came natural to me, and nothing was forced on me, I actually felt love for him.”

BM-18 – Dennis

- ◆ Taken from Bruce Rind: “The Problem with Consensus Morality”, *Archives of Sexual Behavior*, Vol. 31, No. 6, December 2002.

At age eight, Dennis, a 21-year-old American, initiated sexual contact with a man friendly with his family, whom he suspected of being involved with his older brother. Sex occurred between them for the next two years. He said he usually initiated the encounters because he was always ready for sex. He described the relationship as the most positive he has ever had.

He saw himself as having the upper hand, because he felt he had control over the man, who went to great lengths to fulfill his wishes.

He felt that his adolescent and adult sexual relations went more smoothly because of the competence he got from these early experiences.

Asked how a heterosexual male could have enjoyed homosexual relations, he answered that he was attracted to sex back then, not females or males per se.

BM-19 – Denver

- ◆ This case is taken from Ralph H. Tindall: “The Male Adolescent Involved With A Pederast Becomes An Adult.” *Journal of Homosexuality*, Vol. 3(4), 373-382, Summer 1978.

Story

Denver was referred at age thirteen for taking part in vandalism directed toward a junior high school followed by running away from home. He was of high average ability and reading at grade level. He was quite interested in machinery and mechanics.

Denver reached pubescence by age fourteen. He was introduced to mutual masturbation at age thirteen by peers, some of whom were more developed sexually.

During his 14th year he began spending his spare time around a service station, where he became acquainted with a master mechanic who was then in his early forties, married and child-less. The mechanic and Denver began to engage in recreational pursuits together. On a fishing trip, during a break on an island, they began talking about sex, which led to Denver's being fellated by the mechanic and to masturbation of the mechanic by Denver.

For the next five years mutual fellatio occurred two or three times per week. Sexual activity with the mechanic ceased at about age nineteen, but a close relationship continued to exist until the mechanic's death.

Denver is now 44 years of age. He was married and fathered two sons. He and his first wife were divorced and he raised his boys. One boy went to college and the other boy to a technical school. Denver remarried and has been a valued mechanic with the same company for twenty years. He has a supervisory position and believes that his relationship with his mechanic friend helped him reach his goals. He says he would have approved a

similar relationship for either of his sons, had he become aware of such a situation. He reports no desire to have sex with males since approximately age twenty.

Comment

In a paper presented at a symposium sponsored by the Paulus Kerk on December 18th 1998, Rind, Bauserman and Tromovitch cited this case of Tindall, commenting:

“This anecdote stands in sharp contrast to that of Finkelhor's. It shows a willing, long-lasting sexual relationship that was part of a friendship. Rather than fearing the man, as in Finkelhor's anecdote, the boy in this case study thrived on the relationship. He modeled after the man, and successfully moved into his profession. The anecdote also shows that the boy was a delinquent before meeting the man. This fits with our previous remarks that family environment, which contributes to delinquency, predisposes young persons to a host of counter-normative activities, such as sex with adults.

Both of these anecdotes represent real experiences. Some boys react with fear, as in the first case. Others react with pleasure, as in the second. Many other examples of the second type could be presented coming from the other convenience samples included in our review.

What is problematic is that child abuse researchers, the media, and the lay public seem to be willing to acknowledge the validity only of the former type – the negative case study. They may think this way because they feel that positive examples are so rare that either they are not genuine or, if there is some truth to them, then they can be summarily dismissed as irrelevant. But our data from a large number of samples demonstrate that positive occurrences are just as frequent as negative ones, and so both types should be acknowledged. To do otherwise is a distortion of reality. Having acknowledged that both positive

and negative relations occur, the question shifts to what makes one relationship positive and the other negative.”

Finkelhor's anecdote

In this one, the interviewer asked a male student to compare his boy-adult encounter with other life experiences. The student remarked:

“Much more traumatic at the time. Very anxiety-producing. Probably there wasn't anything in my life as anxiety-producing.”

The interviewer then asked if this was the biggest trauma of his life. The student answered:

“Oh, without a doubt. Mostly because I went through like two months of avoidance. I was very conscious of where I was, who I was with, and was the group large enough so he couldn't single me out, and, you know, it was pretty terrifying. *Can I go outside? Is it safe to go outside?*

Nothing really as traumatic as that.”

BM-20 – Erik

“I think it gave me an advantage over my peers”

- ◆ This Dutch case, mentioned on the Martijn website, is taken from the article “Hij heeft me veel meegegeven...” in the journal of a Dutch movement for sexual reform from the late 1980s (*Elfen dertigst*, nr. 6, *Het Kind Centraal*, published by Nederlandse Vereniging voor Seksuele Hervorming – Werkgroep Pedofilie Nijmegen).

As Erik (now 19) got to know his friend Ruud, he was 13 and Ruud was 31.

“My friend Paul had told me you could jerk off at Ruud's place. Ruud also had magazines and movies. The first time I visited his place, it happened almost immediately. I just pulled down my pants and took my thing out. I already knew it was going to happen.

Ruud showed some interest in me when he saw me. We understood each other somehow.

After a while I visited him about once a week. Of course we also made out. We gave each other blow jobs and even had intercourse. It always happened very spontaneously. We didn't plan anything.

It was not only a sexual relationship. It was a lot more than that. Of course we also shared a lot of other activities. Like painting and sailing.

Ruud also told me a lot. And he showed me that there is a lot more to life than just the traditional nuclear family. He was independent and free. It had something to do with positive tension and adventure. That attracted me. But it was very secure as well. I knew beforehand that he was never going to hurt me. I could trust him 100%. He was like a father or a friend to me.

Looking back on it – by the way, I keep seeing Ruud regularly – it made me a lot more self-aware. He has given me a lot. I think it gave me an advantage over my peers. I've been lucky, yes!”

BM-21 – Gavin Lambert

- ◆ Source: *Mainly about Lindsay Anderson – A Memoir*, by Gavin Lambert, London/New York 2000. (I owe this case to Filip Schuster.)

Gavin Lambert (1924-2005) was a British-born screenwriter, novelist and biographer. In his book *Mainly about Lindsay*

Anderson he includes an account of the personal relationship he had from the age of 10 with a teacher from his so-called preparatory school.

“As I showed an early talent for the piano, my parents decided I was ‘musical’, and like them I was sublimely unaware that the word had a double meaning in the 1930s. Just before my eleventh birthday I won a music scholarship to a preparatory school with a ‘musical’ reputation as well as great snob value. [...]

My parents couldn't know, of course, that St. George's School was also extremely musical in the other sense. Three (that is, half) of the teaching staff were queer, two already had 'pets' and the third, who taught music and had awarded the scholarship, chose me as his pet. [...]

My teacher-lover made what happened between us seem completely natural, so he must have been experienced as well as handsome and kind. Nothing ‘wrong’ about what we were doing, he explained, but “we have to be careful because some people won't understand”. They understood in ancient Greece, he added, and blessed me with the kind of initiation that he held up as an ideal. It not only made me feel superior to the people who wouldn't or couldn't understand. Having to sneak out of the dormitory to my teacher's bedroom was exciting, and made him even more attractive.

And soon after falling in love with him, I fell in love with the movies. [...]

On Thursday afternoons, when there were no classes, my teacher gratified this new appetite for movies [...].

The next eighteen months are a series of memory dissolves, from *The Thin Man* to *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* to

Magnificent Obsession to *The Great Ziegfeld* to *Love on the Run* to *After the Thin Man* – and then to a night in early December 1936, when a radio was brought into the dormitory so we could hear the abdication speech of Edward VIII.

The next dissolve is to a letter my parents received during the Christmas holidays. It announced the appointment of a new headmaster at St. George's, and when I returned there in January 1937 my teacher-lover, his two queer colleagues and one pet were also missing. The pet's parents, it turned out, had somehow discovered what was going on and withdrawn him from the school. Under pressure he had informed on the other teachers, but claimed not to know the names of their pets. And like all the other boys questioned by the new headmaster, I claimed never to have heard, seen or done anything 'wrong'.

I lied with a clear conscience, and you might say out of love – as well as concealed anger at the new headmaster, who made me feel violated when he spoke of 'violation'. [...]

I felt abandoned by my teacher-lover, by then emotionally far more important to me than my parents, who never suspected his existence. But I didn't feel betrayed, only disappointed that he never wrote me a letter – until the other abandoned pet explained it would too risky.

For several years I had fantasies of a passionate reunion when we met again by chance. It never happened.

Perhaps he was killed in the war. Just possibly he has survived to read this after turning ninety. In any case he is still remembered, an unfaded photograph in the mind's eye, as my first love and the first love I lost.”

BM-22 – Gay bar

- ◆ In an article in the *Journal of Sex Research*, “Gay and bisexual men's age-discrepant childhood sexual experiences”, Nov. 2004, by Jessica L. Stanley, Kim Bartholomew and Doug Oram, the authors state:

One man, at fourteen years old, researched the location of gay bars and met a man with whom he had a few sexual encounters and with whom he has maintained a friendship for nearly twenty years.

BM-23 – Gently and respectfully

- ◆ On the forum of pedofilie.nl I found this case of a 50-year-old anonymous man.

He states that as a boy a he had two sexual relationships with an adult.

He used to live in a village. One day, when he was nine, his 28-year-old neighbor took him for a ride on his scooter. They drove to the woods nearby and the neighbor started touching his willy, very gently and respectfully. He also showed him his own penis and taught him how to masturbate. After this experience, the boy visited the man very often, almost every day.

When he was twelve, there was a 52-year-old biology teacher whom he trusted very much. They developed a sexual relationship which went much further than the one with his neighbor.

The anonymous man states he's happily married to his wife and has two children to whom he never felt any sexual attraction. He is a bit bisexual.

BM-24 – Guy Hocquenghem

They remained lovers for decades

◆ Source: < http://fr.wikipedia.org/wiki/René_Schérer >

When French writer and gay theorist and activist Guy Hocquenghem (1946-1988) was 15, he became romantically involved with his high school philosophy teacher René Schérer, mentioned in this book as the author of *L'emprise: Des enfants entre nous*.

Schérer also was one of Hocquenghem's teachers during his university studies.

Together with Schérer, Hocquenghem completed several scholarly works. They remained friends until the end of Hocquenghem's short life.

As an adult, Hocquenghem stated that they had remained lovers for decades. They were still having sex, but more as an expression of tenderness than out of lust.

BM-25 – He changed my life for the better

◆ On Boylover.net, an anonymous man states:

“My best relationship of my entire life was when I was 11 and the man was 28. I can whole-heartedly say he changed my life for the better. No way was trust lost, in any case a whole lot of trust was gained from the experience.”

BM-26 – He was very loving and caring

◆ An anonymous poster contributed the following comment to a blog by *The Busybody*.

“I was 14 and had a relationship with an adult male and it was wonderful. He was very loving and caring. Not manipulative and aggressive. It wasn't all about sex as most people would see it.

I think the age of consent laws should be changed in the United States to allow responsible adolescent males to have relationships with older men. Notice the word responsible.

Why is it every one thinks older males who are gay and are interested in some post-pubescent males are monsters and perverts? It's not all about that at all. Love happens, sex happens, life happens.”

BM-27 – Heinz Kohut

- ◆ Filip Schuster's *Lexikon der Pädophilie-Irrtümmer* mentioned the case of Heinz Kohut (1913-1981), an influential American psychoanalyst.
- ◆ See: Bruce Rind (2003): An Elaboration on Causation and Positive Cases in Child Sexual Abuse. In: *Clinical Psychology: Science and Practice*, Band 10, Heft 3, S. 352-357, September 2003.
- ◆ Both Schuster and Rind mention the following source: Charles B. Strozier (2001). *Heinz Kohut. The Making of a Psychoanalyst*, New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux.

Kohut grew up in Vienna in the 1920s. By the time he was 10, his parents' relationship with each other was deteriorating, and young Heinz found himself to be quite lonely. At the age of 11, he got a private tutor by the name of Ernst Morawetz, who probably was in his early twenties. They developed a warm and deep friendship, which also included many erotic aspects, such as kisses, touching and oral sex.

The case is also covered by Bruce Rind, who states:

He later described those years with his tutor as extremely happy ones, perhaps the happiest in his life. He idealized his tutor, who was a ‘spiritual leader,’ able to share his ‘almost religious’ love for nature, as well as teach him about literature, art and music. [...] The relationship became sexualized, at first mainly kissing and hugging, then naked closeness, then tender mutual fondling, and mutual oral sex. [...] Kohut felt the sexualization was incidental and meant little to his own sexual identity – what was of over-riding importance was the emotional connection [...] As Kohut later put it: “I had this private tutor, who was a very important person in my life. He would take me to museums and swimming and concerts and we had endless intellectual conversations and played complicated intellectual games and played chess together. I was an only child. So it was in some ways psychologically life-saving for me. I was very fond of the fellow.”

BM-28 – Holger

- ◆ A Danish man, Holger, was in his fifties when he gave an interview about his experiences as a minor, included in *Crime without Victims*.
- ◆ Source: *Crime Without Victims: A book about paedophilia*.
< <https://www.ipce.info/library/miscellaneous/crime-without-victims-book-about-paedo> >

It started when I was 12. We had gym at school and we all showered together afterwards in the locker-room. I had relations with several boys in my class, but I was more interested in adults.

I'm from Northern Zealand [Nordsjælland]. I discovered that exciting things went on in the dunes near Tisvilde. I made a lot of contacts and dates there.

One evening on the way home from a Scout meeting – a Monday evening during the war with the blackout in effect – I passed by one of the young men in the village. He was getting cream puffs [in Danish they're called 'nigger kisses'] from a vending machine. The question just popped out of my mouth: *Are you going to have a nigger kiss tonight?* He was. And I got one of his cakes.

We walked part way down the road together and made a date to meet again on Thursday to play cards.

When I arrived on Thursday he had a fine fire going in his stove. He suggested strip poker.

He was the first adult male I went with and I fell very much in love with him.

How old were you?

Thirteen and a half, and he was in his late twenties. But then suddenly he disappeared. I had no idea where he'd gone. The next place I went for contacts was the swimming pool at Charlottenlund. I rode my bike – 45 kilometers there and back. Usually I had to fit it all into the afternoon – the trip and the sex – and so I had to pedal very hard. I made a number of contacts. Some had come to North Sealand. With others, I went to their villages. So, in the summertime I did quite well; wintertime was a bit harder.

Did you realise it was illegal?

Yes. One of the men explained this to me in Tisvilde. He was afraid that somebody would find out what we were doing, but I came from a very religious family so I had no intention of going

home and telling anybody anything. I knew the sex was something you weren't supposed to do, but I couldn't fight it. Actually, the man wasn't really gay, but, since I played the part of girl in bed we got on very well together.

You weren't afraid of discovery?

Yes I was, and once it caused a real problem. I had a school friend I was going with one winter. Whenever either his parents or mine went out at night, we would get together, on the pretext that we had homework to do. But there was another boy in our village who was interested in me and knew about my relationship with my friend. I refused to have anything to do with that boy, but then he went to our minister and told him what we were doing. The minister summoned us in for a talk. I was first. Even though he had several sons with whom I had 'fooled around', I wasn't afraid of him. I told him I didn't think he should interfere. I told him I knew he was bound to professional secrecy and I thought he should act as though he'd never even heard this slander. As for the rest, I didn't want to discuss it any further with him. So we parted and I heard nothing more from him. By then, my friend and I were already gay. We continued meeting and we still see each other from time to time.

Have you ever accepted money for the contacts you've had?

No. At the most an ice cream or such. And the only thing I could give them in return were some apples or other fruits. We had only a small amount of pocket money in those days.

What do you think about paedophilia?

I don't know what I would have done in those six years, from when I was 12 until I was 18, if I hadn't had the chance to meet men older than I was myself. In other words, I had a very good time with paedophiles, and for the rest, I don't think there should be a fixed age of consent. If there is a need on both sides, I don't believe the law should interfere. There was a time,

I remember, when I was still 17 and my friend had just turned 18. Suddenly what we did together was criminal and he could have been punished for it.

BM-29 – Hong

“I felt this was very nice”

Hong is a school teacher in Java who recalls:

“When I was twelve years old I realized that I was sexually attracted to boys. One day a friend of mine, he was a Chinese man about twenty years old, opened his trousers and let me enjoy myself. I felt this was very nice. He appreciated it, and it was enjoyable for me, so I visited him often.”

BM-30 – I fell in love with him

- ◆ Case mentioned by Bruce Rind, in the Appendix of his article “Gay and Bisexual Adolescent Boys' Sexual Experiences With Men: An Empirical Examination of Psychological Correlates in a Nonclinical Sample” in *Archives of Sexual Behavior*, Vol. 30, No.4, 2001.
- ◆ This case was directly obtained by Rind from R.C. Savin-Williams.

Boy: 12, man: 35

The man was a family friend; the sex was mutually initiated, oral, off and on for ten years (a couple of times per month), and “physically great.” It confused the subject that the man was married, yet was willing to have sex with him.

“Eventually I fell in love with him; knew I was gay but did not broadcast this; I was curious because of the age difference. Mutual oral sex happened after he fondled me; it was the first orgasm I ever had.”

BM-31 – Ivo

“I never did anything I did not want to do”

- ◆ Ivo van Hove, a Flemish theatre director recently wrote a letter for the Belgian newspaper *De Standaard*, published on December 4th 2010.

Among other things, Van Hove states:

“I absolutely cannot make any general statements about ‘pedophilia’, so I want to talk exclusively about my personal experience. [...]”

I deliberate call it a ‘relationship’, because that's what it was for me. I never felt like a victim. I also want to stress explicitly that I didn't become a homosexual because of this relationship.

I already knew that I was gay at a very early age – well, I didn't even know the word in those days – but I soon noticed what my feelings were about. When I was twelve it was crystal-clear that I was gay; which doesn't mean that I never kissed a girl, of course I did. But I soon felt: this is not what I want.

My homosexuality never was a problem either. Not that I used to talk about it – you have to realize we're dealing with the [very Catholic] Flanders of the seventies – but it didn't bother me, I was not confused or anything.”

Feeling like an outsider

“My story is classical as well, I think. When I was eleven, I went to a boarding school in Hoogstraten. Not that I was out of control as a teenager, my parents just wanted me to go to a good school.

It was there that I started a relationship with a teacher. This developed very gradually, very naturally. Of course there was sex involved, but it meant much more than just that.

Thanks to this relationship I got to see plays for the first time in my life, I read all kinds of books, I listened to records I never would have discovered on my own. Isn't that how it goes in relationships?

I've had a relationship with my present partner for thirty years already and he's constantly telling me what strikes him as beautiful or good too. Life amounts to continuous learning, and that's how it was then as well. [...]

There never was any penetration. Everything happened the way I wanted it to happen, I never did anything I did not want to do. There was no harshness involved, or any extreme activity, but there was tenderness. There were also days when we didn't have sex. [...]

I never thought: this isn't normal. Afterwards, I never felt that this man robbed me of my childhood either. This relationship was not my first experience with love. [...]

The relationship took on new shapes with the passing of time: we stayed in touch even when I or he didn't feel sexual needs anymore, because there still was so much left.”

Injustice

“I’m 52 now, and if this relationship ever had any negative consequences, I should have noticed it by now. [...]

It would have been terrible for me if this teacher had been convicted because of our relationship. Now that would have been really traumatic. In my view, that would have been a great injustice. [...]

I never got the feeling of being dependent on him, or of being in an unequal power relationship. [...]

I simply wish to make it clear that reality is less black and white than is often thought. ‘Pedophilia’ cannot always be reduced to an abuse of power and horrible types of sexuality. My personal experience is broader than that.”

BM-32 – James

- ◆ Taken from Bruce Rind: “The Problem with Consensus Morality”, *Archives of Sexual Behavior*, Vol. 31, No. 6, December 2002.

James, a 23-year-old Canadian, first felt sexually aroused by other males at age six and had his first sex at eight with a peer.

At eleven, he befriended a neighbor man, to whom he gave many signals, hoping for sex to occur. Eventually, it did, which made him feel proud and closer to the man.

Over the next three years, he visited the man regularly, often secretly to avoid the possibility of his parents ending the relationship.

He saw the relationship as very positive and said it built his personality (e.g., greater self-confidence) and influenced many of his tastes (e.g., an appreciation for literature).

BM-33 – James Dubro

- ◆ From: < <http://newgon.com/CPP/index.htm> >
It concerns James Dubro, now a Canadian crime writer and documentary filmmaker. The information is taken from the *Boston Magazine*, from an article called “Boy Crazy”:

In 1961, Dubro was an openly gay, sexually active fourteen year old living on Beacon Hill, and Socrates was a 22-year-old college student just coming to terms with his attraction to boys. The pair met in a Charles Street coffee shop, where Dubro stopped every day after school to sell copies of the *Boston Record-American*.

“[He] chatted me up and offered to buy the five or so papers I had left,” Dubro recalls.

Socrates took the teen back to his college dorm room, where the pair had the first of many sexual encounters and began a friendship that continues to this day.

“[Socrates] is extremely loyal to the boys he has had relationships with,” says Dubro. “And a lot of the boys could not have survived without his assistance. To my personal knowledge, he has never abused anyone – and is, if anything, too trusting and self denying to a fault.”

BM-34 – John

John, a young gay man in his early twenties, answers questions from interviewer Brandon K. Thorp about his relationship with an elderly man when he was a teenager:

Brandon: Alright, John. Just for the record, you do understand why we couldn't publish your article, correct?

John: Sure. Sure. My viewpoint can't be safely sanctioned by anybody, without a fear of legal reprisal of some kind.

Brandon: Because ...

John: ... Because that's just the climate.

Brandon: But it's not that it's illegal to want to abolish the age of consent ...

John: No. Opinions are still legal in a lot of places around the world. But it's only a very short leap from expressing your opinion to being stuck in a room filled with men in suits who want you to name names, and that's pretty scary for anybody.

Brandon: Let's talk about why we're here. When you were thirteen, you began a relationship with a ... with a what?

John: With a human being, who just happened to be sixty-seven years old. His name was Malcolm.

Brandon: How did that happen?

John: I was volunteering at a museum, and so was he. We started talking a lot, and he thought I was a very weird kid – and I thought he was a pretty weird guy. I still haven't met anyone quite like him.

Brandon: Weird in what way?

John: Him or me?

Brandon: Both.

John: Okay. Me first, then – I was weird, because I hadn't been very popular in elementary school and I wasn't very popular in junior high, and I had spent a lot of time reading books. That was my entire development – by the time I was thirteen, I already understood a great deal about literature and culture, and I was very actively interested in that. It wasn't some casual thing – I actually looked forward to sitting down with big stacks of library books and devouring them. I made time for it, and I didn't resent the fact that books had been my friends for most of my childhood. I liked it. I think that was something that Malcolm really responded to – it was a very pure thing, and guys who go for much younger guys are really into purity. Purity is a big turn-on for those people.

Brandon: And what about him?

John: He was genuinely excited about things – the things I was into, science and learning. He was very passionate about his interests, and he didn't have to fake it. That's something that – I don't want to call them 'pedophiles,' but ...

Brandon: We can call them hebephiles².

John: Okay, then – that's something that a lot of hebephiles don't do a lot. I think they always pretend to share the interests of whoever they're pursuing, but it's very rare that you actually encounter a situation where the interest is completely unforced – totally genuine and mutual. I mean to say that Malcolm wasn't interested in me solely because I was young – he thought I was an interesting person, he thought spending time around me was a really enjoyable thing to do. The fact that I was young just made it a little extra novel, I think.

2 **Editor's Note:** 'Hebephilia', or 'ephebophilia', is a term for sexual attraction to adolescents – 'pedophilia' is attraction to pre-adolescents though it is often (including in this book) used in the broader, more general sense of attraction to minors.

Brandon: Okay. But what about parents? It takes a certain kind of person to be willing to help a kid pull the wool over his parents' eyes for – how many years?

John: Seven. Yeah, but you don't know my parents. Haha. I've had to pull the wool over their eyes about almost everything forever. They're not the kinds of people you can actually talk to.

Brandon: Why?

John: They're ... um ... they're very cold. I don't think they're bad people, but they're just not the kind who were born with very well-developed parenting instincts. They were good disciplinarians: They taught me about hard work and they definitely kept me in line, they taught me how to conform, when need be. And I don't think that this is unimportant, especially these days, when it seems like no one's willing to do anything unless it's easy and pleasant ...

Brandon: You know that, but did Malcolm know that?

John: Eventually, he got it. He definitely thought he should get to know my parents, as, like, my older best friend. He ...

Brandon: But that's deceitful, isn't it?

John: No! God, no. I thought of him in pretty romantic terms long before we actually consummated anything.

Brandon: How long?

John: About two years, I think. My parents ...

Brandon: So you were fifteen before you actually slept with him?

John: I think so. And long before that, my parents knew that I spent most of my free time with this older guy named Malcolm,

whom they'd met and liked. But it wasn't like they were actively involved. It was more like, as I got farther in my teenage years, I had more and more time that was just my time, where my parents weren't structuring every aspect of my life.

Brandon: Did you feel, throughout your relationship, that there was any kind of power differential?

John: Power differential? Do you mean, like, could Malcolm manipulate me?

Brandon: Right, that. Or did you feel in any way subservient?

John: No, I wouldn't say so. There wasn't a power differential, though there was a wisdom differential. I understood that, and I liked it – I didn't expect to know as much about people or the world as Malcolm did, and neither did he. But he took me seriously, anyway.

Brandon: And you weren't manipulated?

John: No, I don't think so. He could have manipulated me if he tried, maybe, but that's true in almost every relationship. Someone has the ability to manipulate the other person. That's not what's dangerous: It's actually using that ability that causes problems. Besides, I could manipulate Malcolm, too – I was younger and could get away with a lot. I probably could have wrapped him around my finger, but I didn't need to, because he gave me most of what I wanted anyway. That's the difference between exploitation and love.

Brandon: And the sex – was that his idea, or your idea, or what?

John: I can't really recall. It just seemed to sort of develop. It seemed very natural – it didn't seem at all weird. If it had, I probably wouldn't have been into it.

Brandon: But you were into it?

John: Oh, absolutely.

Brandon: You were physically attracted to a seventy year old man?

John: Well, I was attracted to him in every way. Looks only get you so far, you know: Once you know a person really well, you stop seeing what they look like. You see through the surface. You can't really help it. You start seeing the whole package, and once you do, you can't unsee it.

Brandon: Let me read you something from the article you submitted.

You said:

“The decadent Greeks had their problems with pederasty, but pederasty had its perks, too. The passage of knowledge from one generation to the other is very seldom a function of love anymore, and this deficit makes all development as cold and sterile as the word used to encapsulate so much of it – ‘institution’ – would seem to imply.”

Did you really see this as some kind of Greek thing?

John: In retrospect, yes. I think it's pretty natural to want that kind of relationship – though, obviously, not everyone will.

Brandon: Okay. I think you've addressed most of the concerns that a lot of people would have about this sort of thing, and ...

John: But I'm not saying that *all* trans-generational relationships are good, you understand.

Brandon: Right.

John: In fact, in this culture, most of them are probably bad, because people have such warped views on sex and propriety, and also because that kind of climate has made it so that most of the older guys who would consent to this kind of relationship are scum-bags.

Brandon: I've got you. But, let me ask you this: What about ordinary friendships? I understand you weren't popular with your peers when you were younger, but that's true of a lot of people who wind up becoming popular in high school or college. Did Malcolm get in the way of any of that?

John: No. My social life really started picking up when I turned sixteen, or so – when I discovered fags on the internet. And there was time for them. But I always made sure that there was time for Malcolm, too. This was not because I felt obligated: It's just what I wanted to do. I spent maybe a little less time with Malcolm, once I started developing a social life, but I still saw him at least once a week. And we didn't always have sex, or even that often. Sometimes, I was in the mood and he wasn't, because, you know, a lot of the hormones kind of disappear when you hit a certain age.

Brandon: Did you date other people while you were still seeing Malcolm?

John: Yes. I don't think this trans-generational thing works really well if you plan on being completely monogamous, because then you won't learn how to deal with ordinary dating scenarios – the kind you're going to run into when you're an adult, looking to settle down.

Brandon: Did your boyfriends know about Malcolm?

John: The serious ones did, but it's funny – they weren't threatened. It's hard to feel threatened by a seventy-year-old. Especially since, when I was dating other boys, Malcolm and I wouldn't sleep together at all.

Brandon: At all?

John: No. It wasn't that important to him.

Brandon: Cool. Last question: Where'd it wind up?

John: The relationship?

Brandon: Right.

John: Malcolm died when I was twenty. Heart attack.

Brandon: Was that bad?

John: Yeah, really bad, but it was also kind of okay. He enhanced the quality of my youth, and his influence will likely enhance the quality of my entire adult life. And I enhanced his old age. We both got something out of it. I was never under the illusion that he was going to be around forever – I understood that we found each other at very different stages of our lives, and that the dimensions of our relationship would be defined by that difference. I miss him, but I wasn't heartbroken when he died. He was old. That's the way it's supposed to work.

Brandon: It's been two years.

John: Two years.

Brandon: I don't suppose you've struck up any relationships with any much-older men since then, have you?

John: No. You can't just go out, looking for people-replacements.

Brandon: All right. Thanks for your time.

John: Thank you! Sorry you couldn't use the original story ...

Brandon: Yeah, me, too. Try to write something a little less felonious, and we'd love to see it.

John: Haha. Got you. Thanks.

BM-35 – John from Australia

He loved the young man

- ◆ Source: Bruce Rind, "The Problem with Consensus Morality", *Archives of Sexual Behavior*, Vol. 31, No. 6, December 2002.

John, a 22-year-old Australian, first realized his sexual arousal to girls at age eight. By nine, he felt lonely and was bullied by older boys, when he met a male neighbor in his late teens. They quickly became friends, and John spent a lot of time at his house. The young man eventually initiated masturbatory sex with him.

John was at first apprehensive that others would find out, but became comfortable with the sex once he felt safe from this concern. The relationship lasted three years. He was proud to be seen with the older male, saw him as his protector, and saw the intimacy they had as the highlight of his life.

Asked if the relationship was consenting, he said yes, because he wanted it, the young man wanted it, he loved the young man, so consent meant, "Yes, do it."

BM-36 – Joop

- ◆ Joop (about 36 years old) sent several letters to Rivas in 1996 and 1997 and spoke with him on the phone. Joop is a bisexually oriented man, but sees no relation to what he experienced as a child.

Here are some excerpts of what he told Rivas

“It was June 1973; I had just turned thirteen, when I got to know Jos. He had just moved to G., and he lived in a flat near to our home. After school, I used to play soccer with some friends and that's how I met Jos. We starting talking, and after a few weeks he asked me if I wanted to visit him some time. I did.

We developed a relationship in which I received a lot of love and attention.

After a while we went to town together and bought records and cloths and we went to a restaurant. I often spent the night with him. Jos was a father, friend and brother for me, all at the same time.

It took about half a year before we first had a shower together, followed by sex. I guess it was in the Autumn of 1973 when we first slept with each other. Due to my age I was inclined to some experimentation, but Jos did not rush anything. He explained what I had to do and how I could reach an orgasm. In a way, he tried to enlighten me about sex, rather than just doing it with me. Jos never went too far; if there was something I did not want to do, he stopped immediately.

The love this man gave me, the feeling of being loved, was such an overwhelming, beautiful thing. He had a sincere interest in what I did at school and in my hobbies, such as soccer.

The relationship lasted for 4 years.

It was left to me when I visited him and how often. It could happen that I went to see him four times a week, but it was no problem if I stayed away for a while. He understood that I was still a kid, and he gave me enough space to stay a kid. He understood that my friendships with peers were at least as important for me.

Jos was a sweet, tender man. He often took me on his lap and kissed me and that's how I felt he really loved me. He didn't often use words to express his love for me, though he did affectionately call me his *little soccer player*.

I learnt a lot from him and it was a real shame that he died at an early age.

I think parents have the right to get to know their child's adult friend, but it should be up to the child whether he wants to see someone or not.”

BM-37 – Jorge Gonzalez

- ◆ Source: http://www.focus.de/panorama/boulevard/gntm-laufsteg-coach-jorge-gonzalez-gesteht-erster-sex-mit-13-jahren_aid_796665.html

German TV-Star Jorge Gonzalez recalls his first real love:

“When I was 13, I had my first real boyfriend. He was 21, a Spaniard, who had worked in Cuba. I lied to him that I was 16, and he believed me. With him I had my first sexual experience.”

BM-38 – Kadoedel

Kadoedel (pronounced as *Kahdoodle*) is the pseudonym of a retired Dutch engineer born in 1926 in Batavia, in the Dutch Indies (present-day Indonesia).

In June of the year 2007, Rivas visited him at his home and Kadoedel told him about a sexual relationship with a man, Emiel, which he used to have from the age of thirteen and which developed out of a platonic contact that started earlier, when he was eleven or twelve. The man headed a local pottery

in Bandung, and he lived in the same neighborhood as Kadoedel's family.

Kadoedel told Rivas the sexual relationship was something of a physical necessity for him as he felt he needed to be sexually satisfied by another person. It started when he spontaneously showed Emiel his erection and his body talk told the man he wanted to get a hand job. At first, Emiel did not feel like complying with Kadoedel's desire, but in the end he gave in and they started a rather peculiar relationship. Emiel never showed any signs of a desire to be satisfied by Kadoedel and the boy even wondered if he might be a war invalid. Emiel did not even seem to be aroused and he never expressed any sexual wishes. The sex was limited to Emiel's manual stimulation of Kadoedel's erect penis.

The relationship lasted for several years, and after the family returned to Batavia, Kadoedel got invited many times for a stay at Emiel's place which was combined with some kind of safari expeditions. After the war, when Kadoedel had left the Japanese camp where he was interned, he visited Emiel for the last time. Emiel satisfied him one last time, though Kadoedel felt alienated because of the years of separation. Kadoedel was about seventeen at the time.

In general, their relationship was quite superficial, and apart from the sex there was hardly any physical, let alone emotional intimacy. As neither of them was very talkative, they did not have any long, deep conversations with each other either. Kadoedel was certainly not in love with Emiel and he did not even feel particularly attracted to him sexually. He simply needed 'a hand' to satisfy his urge.

Kadoedel can't remember any negative episodes or traumas that would have affected his later years. He's very much in favor of a positive outlook on voluntary 'pedophile' relationships.

BM-39 – Kirk Read

“Intergenerational sex saved my life”

- ◆ Found on a website that now has disappeared. It concerns a gay journalist, Kirk Read, who wrote the autobiographical book *How I learned to snap*. Here are a few lines from a review of this book by ‘Trevor’.

In this, Kirk Read's first book, the nationally syndicated gay journalist explores his own childhood and adolescence, and coming to terms with his gay identity in the Bible Belt of the Shenandoah Valley.

Read finally found that longed-for relationship, at thirteen years old, with an adult neighbor named Rich, which, he attests, “saved my life.” He feels that this, and other intergenerational relationships in his youth, greatly contributed to his sexual development, and goes into some detail on the subject.

He states:

“If it hadn't been for sex at such a young age, my questioning phase could have stretched on for years, and would have gotten really tedious.

Sex with an older man probably sped up my coming-out process by years. If it hadn't been for Rich, I might have turned into a mopey Goth kid. The horror, the horror. Had our relationship been discovered, Rich could have done time in jail. During the time we were having sex, it never dawned on me that he was literally risking his freedom over me.

American culture's only frame of reference for sex with minors is abuse. I don't deny that abuse occurs, but it should be addressed on a case-by-case basis. A blanket approach that criminalizes all sex between adults and minors undermines the fact

that for many gay teenagers, sex with an adult can be a beautiful, life changing experience. It was for me.”

BM-40 – Kurt

“I loved it!”

An anonymous respondent to a thread on the Dutch pedofilie.nl forum writes on May first 2006:

“In the Seventies I was a thirteen year old boy and I fell head over heels in love with a Greek man of 22. We had sex with each other and it did not harm me at all. Quite the opposite. If only I could do it again. Besides I was the asking party, I invited him to sex.

Where on earth do some people get the idea that every minor would be harmed by such a thing!!! I'm the living proof that it is not true.

For several years in a row we traveled to the same destination in Greece and I got to know him when I was eleven.

Since then, I slowly fell in love with him. What is more beautiful than to confirm this with making love. Yes, even at that age. What should I have done? Lock my feelings inside?”

It seems this respondent is the same person as a man of 47 called Kurt. He also claims to have had a sexual relationship with a man in Greece of 23, when he was 13 years old. His message dates from April 2009.³

3 <http://www.pedofilie.nl/node/1170>

Kurt states he had watched the man while the latter was swimming in the sea and immediately fell in love with him. He was the one who took the initiative and motivated the man to have sex with him.

34 years later, Kurt is still grateful for the wonderful time he spent with him.

He would do it all over again if he could; in his view it simply was marvellous and he loved it!

BM-41 – Linca

- ◆ Found on a website that has disappeared now.
The case was originally taken from *BoyChat*.

Under My House Tent Sleeping In Age Mates Back Yard, Neighbor AF's Bedroom and Bath.

The kids of five, seven & eight in my part of the world in the newer neighborhoods (i.e., built since the 1940's) don't have the opportunity we did under our houses built up on foundations. Wonderful quiet private places to play 'Show Me Yours and I'll Show You Mine'.

Finally at twelve, Ronnie in his back yard tent that summer showed me what I could do with my penis all by myself. Ronnie was scared I would tell his own young sons their dad was the jack off champ of our neighborhood. Wouldn't let me talk with them, imagine that.

[...]

Then at fourteen, my neighbor AF⁴ did with me in his bedroom and bath what he had been wanting to do with me since I was

4 Adult Friend

eight years old. We are friends to this day. He was watching me squirt Ronnie. Wonder if they ever did anything?

➤ *What happens to the bonds that could form?*

I think they are deliberately destroyed by those in authority who are scared of losing their control over us. The destruction is usually effective.

➤ *How many of us visit with those we had sex with as boys about that sex?*

Probably almost none.

➤ *How many of us fell in love with our partners and younger friends at that age?*

I sure did. I even named my own son after one of them, the one I really – really – really loved who was five years younger than me. Hope I see him at the coming all school reunion. [TR: Please note that these remarks do not need to imply an adult ‘pedophile’ orientation in this respondent.]

Love,
Linca

BM-42 – Looking at the Boats – Ivo G.

◆ Ivo G. is a man of 68 who contacted Rivas by e-mail, after visiting pedofilie.nl. Here is his story:

“I was about thirteen years old, when I got in touch with a nice man during a visit of the naval fleet to Rotterdam. I wore shorts and I was looking at the boats, seated on my bike's rear rack. Suddenly I felt a hand stroking upwards from my thigh. I looked at the man who was doing this and allowed him to continue, because it was an agreeable experience for me and it gave me a tickly feeling in my tummy.

He carried on. The other night I went there again, but this time I didn't wear any underwear. This man really taught me a lot and I enjoyed every bit of it. The sex consisted of masturbation, stroking and anal penetration. He was the one who used to take the initiative, but he was gentle with me. We never had oral sex. The relationship was entirely sexual and we both were exclusively looking for sex during our encounters.

We continued to see each other for more than a year until, unfortunately, my father found out. The man was not convicted, by the way, and I never tried to get in touch with him again.

Nowadays, I'm a divorced bisexual and I don't feel attracted to young children. Neither do I see any connection between my gay side and the relationship I had as a child. The man did teach me how to masturbate though.”

BM-43 – Lots of love

- ◆ Dr. Frits Bernard describes several cases in his article, “De gevolgen voor het kind” in the book *Sex met kinderen* which he co-wrote with dr. E. Brongersma, Ids Haagsma, & dr. W.J. Sengers, edited by Peter van Eeten. The Hague: Stichting Uitgeverij NVSH, 1972.

An important case mentioned in his essay is *Casus 6* (pages 75-76). It concerns the testimony of a 25-year-old man. Here are the main facts.

When he was about eight years old, he met a man on the street, who told him he liked the way he was playing. The man invited him for a ride on his bike and later on he also asked the boy to visit him.

They became friends and the boy was allowed to call him by his first name. The man told him about his homosexuality and informed him about the various forms of sexual orientation. The relationship became closer and the man showed him lots of

love. When the boy was around ten years old, they started having sex with each other. The boy enjoyed it greatly and the sexual relationship lasted till he was about eighteen.

The (former) boy is married now and has shared his positive experiences with his wife. He believes the ‘pedophile’ relationship served as a good introduction to his adult love life.

He still has a special friendship with his former lover.

BM-44 – Loved and in love

- ◆ Case mentioned by Bruce Rind, in the Appendix of his article “Gay and Bisexual Adolescent Boys' Sexual Experiences With Men: An Empirical Examination of Psychological Correlates in a Nonclinical Sample” in *Archives of Sexual Behavior*, Vol. 30, No.4, 2001.
- ◆ This case was directly obtained by Rind from R.C. Savin-Williams.

Boy: 14, man: 26

“It was with a stranger; he initiated it; it involved oral and mutual masurbation, we did it ten more times. I was excited, was loved and in love, got affection, but was not prepared for sex [in this phase]. It was not so much that I wanted his affection; I was attracted to him. This relationship lasted a week; then three months later we met again and we were sexual.”

BM-45 – Loving, caring, considerate, romantic

“He was a very loving, caring, considerate, romantic lover”

- ◆ An anonymous poster on Boylover.net had a romantic relationship that started when he was 12.

“As one who has had the experience of having an intimate love relationship with an adult male when I was 12 years old, I can speak from practical experience, rather than conjecture. Was it against the law for my music teacher and me to enter into a sexual relationship? Yes. Did that stop us? No. [...]

I was definitely aware of my sexuality at age 5. I started masturbating on a regular basis at age 9. By the time I was 12, I was MORE than ready for a sexual relationship. I wanted my music teacher as much as he wanted me. Of course, it was a willing and consensual relationship. [...] Unfortunately had to go to great lengths to keep the relationship a secret. [...]

We rejoiced in the love we found. All I was thinking was how my heart was soaring and how thankful I was that my sexual desire was reciprocated. I willingly and lovingly surrendered my virginity to him. He was a very loving, caring, considerate, romantic lover. [...]

Our sexual intimacy added greatly to the quality of my life. For that I am forever grateful (and for never being found out). [...]

For me and my teacher/lover, LOVE triumphed over guilt, shame and AoC [Age of Consent, TR] laws [...]

My mother had a very open and liberated outlook on sex, and childhood sexuality. Yes, I was blessed to have come from a loving environment. That certainly contributed to my self-confidence, self-worth and self-esteem. I was never made to feel that sex was dirty or shameful. Nor was I made to feel ashamed of my sexuality. My mother was a single parent, so I only had one parent growing up. But she did her best for her son, and I will forever be grateful for her love, guidance and wisdom. [...]

My mother always told me to follow my heart. When I told her that I wanted this relationship, she talked with my teacher to make sure his motives were genuine and sincere, and that he

had my best interest at heart (which he did). Not only did I have my mother's approval at 12 to enter into an adult-child homosexual relationship with my teacher, I had her support and encouragement. God bless her!”

BM-46 – Mailman

- ◆ Case mentioned by Bruce Rind, in the Appendix of his article “Gay and Bisexual Adolescent Boys' Sexual Experiences With Men: An Empirical Examination of Psychological Correlates in a Nonclinical Sample” in *Archives of Sexual Behavior*, Vol. 30, No.4, 2001. (p. 172)
- ◆ The case was originally published by R. C. Savin-Williams, in 1997, in his book “... *And Then I Became Gay:*” *Young Men's Stories*, published by Routledge, New York.

Boy: 15, man: 27

“[It was with] the mailman, honest to God! On and off for two years. The first time was when I came to the door to get a special delivery package in my sheer designer underwear, from American Male. I was changing to go back to school.

He sprouted a boner, I got hard, he grabbed mine, I grabbed his, and we were off and running.

Every day I'd come home for lunch; my mother worked. I had to be quick so he'd not get docked for late deliveries.

He had a real thing for redheads like me. He was very forward, connected with me, and told me how hot I was. Talked about our backgrounds.

It ended when he suddenly got transferred and contact became difficult. We visited each other and had sex, but it was hard and

we agreed mutually because of the distance that it was better that we be friends and not lovers.”

BM-47 – Maurits Reijnen

- ◆ In 1991 Maurits Reijnen sent a Letter to the Editor to the Dutch newspaper *De Volkskrant*. Here are the main relevant parts of his letter entitled “News coverage about ‘pedophilia’ is way too negative”.

“Out of necessity, I engaged in sexual contacts with older boys and adults, from a very young age onwards”

Maurits Reijnen explains he used to be a sexually precocious boy and his environment generally responded very negatively to his sexual behavior. He didn't understand why sex was supposed to be dirty. He started doubting himself, became over-active and aggressive and wetted his bed. A child neurologist simply prescribed him medication.

“I can't recall any moment from that period that I felt happy. Sometimes I wished I was dead. And I was only six.

In 1969, a little ray of sunshine shone through the dark clouds of my little existence. I got to know him, Richard, when he was 23. Shortly afterwards we made love for the first time. I will never forget that first time.

Finally I had someone who also enjoyed it [sex], finally there was someone I knew wouldn't tell his mother. It was such a wonderful feeling to be touched by someone else, by someone who wanted me.

A year later we did ‘it’ for the first time.

After I met Richard, everything changed. I got calm, didn't wet my bed anymore. He was also the one who discovered my

musical talents and he taught me to listen to music of a kind I normally would have never encountered. He stimulated my learning, algebraic and reading skills and I became the best pupil of my class.

Since my relationship I frequently met older and adult boys. It simply was what I needed and I knew that I wasn't dirty or gross.

My 'engagement' with Richard lasted till I was twelve. We broke up because he got married, with a woman to be exact. I recall this wonderful time very often.”

BM-48 – Nathan

◆ Source: Bruce Rind, “The Problem with Consensus Morality”, *Archives of Sexual Behavior*, Vol. 31, No. 6, December 2002.

Young Nathan was the ‘conductor’ – he controlled the sexual interactions

Nathan, a 45-year-old Brit, began being intensely curious about adult male genitalia when he was eight. At this age, in attempt to satisfy this curiosity, he surreptitiously went into the room of his household's sleeping man servant and fondled him under his bed covers.

By age ten, his curiosity had turned into sexual arousal. He unsuccessfully tried to solicit sex from men in locker rooms.

At age eleven, he met a neighbor man, whom he worked on over many visits in attempt to initiate sex. Eventually, he succeeded. In his many repeats with the man over the next two years, Nathan reported that he [Nathan] was the ‘conductor’ – he controlled the sexual interactions.

While still a boy, he had several other sexual relations with men, all of which he viewed as very positive. He thinks the sex helped his sexual self-confidence: as he matured, he knew exactly what he wanted in sex, while his peers were still searching.

BM-49 – Neighbor

- ◆ In the article “Childhood sexual experiences and the perception of abuse among Latino men who have sex with men”, in: the *Journal of Sex Research*, August, 2002, by Curtis Dolezal and Alex Carballo-Diequez, there is the following anonymous case.

A participant was ten when he had sexual contact on twenty occasions over three months with a 25-year-old male neighbor. The events involved mutual masturbation and oral sex. The participant did not feel coerced or hurt and did not feel it was sexual abuse “because I seduced the neighbor.”

BM-50 – No abuse

- ◆ In an article in the *Journal of Sex Research*, “Gay and bisexual men's age-discrepant childhood sexual experiences”, Nov. 2004, by Jessica L. Stanley, Kim Bartholomew and Doug Oram, the authors state:

“One man fondly recalled his ‘first relationship with a man’ and opposed the label of abuse.”

BM-51 – No victim of abuse

- ◆ The following anonymous letter was sent to the *Berliner Zeitung* (see: <http://www.jungsforum.net/politik/messages/159581.htm>). The most relevant part of this letter reads:

Being 52 now, I got a relationship with a man at the age of eight-nine of whom I was told later that he was a ‘pedophile’. The relationship went on until I was about fourteen years old and we were lucky that it remained undiscovered and free of police enquiries.

Even today, so many years later, I remember my big friend with gratitude, as he made my coming out as a gay person later on – and many other things in my life – a lot easier for me.

Since then, I have met numerous people who also had [consensual] sexual relationships with adults as children and teenagers and who are not ashamed of this. It is easy to understand why such people never get in touch with abuse counseling agencies, because they really don't need such help. That's how such centers get a completely one-sided view of so-called victims of abuse.

* * *

The anonymous writer of this letter may well have been Kurt Hartmann, known for his activism in the field of sexual politics.

The directors of the German television show *Quirive* of Rundfunk Berlin-Brandenburg (rbb) received a letter from him as a response to a program from 2005 about a therapy for ‘pedophiles’.

In his letter, Hartmann states that the program is one-sided because it does not cover positive experiences with ‘pedophile’ relationships.

Among other things, Hartmann shares his own experiences as as child as follows:

“At the age of 8-9, I got to know a man with whom a friendship developed that lasted for about 5 years. With this man, about whom I later heard that he would be ‘pedo-

phile', I had my first relational sex experiences. Even now, after about 40 years, I wouldn't have wanted to miss these sexual and relational experiences. For my subsequent gay coming out they were enormously important and helpful."

◆ Source:

< <http://k13-online.krumme13.org/links.php?s=info&id=248> >

BM-52 – On the farm

◆ A person who calls himself *BourBohemian* posted the following message on a forum.⁵

"I'll more than likely receive plenty of thoughtful remarks for this, but I feel obligated to speak out. I have long protested the witch hunt hysteria against Man/Boy love in particular, as it clearly – and obviously has its cardinal roots in humanity itself; from various cultures, civilizations, and times where something that was once free of repression now consists of a moral hysteria. One has to back to the days of the Roman Inquisition to find a parallel situation in regard to the current lynch mob mentality that bears no real understanding of the phenomena that is Man/Boy love.

Why do I feel obligated? I had several sexual experiences with a 34 year old man who worked on my dad's farm when I was 11 years old. What began as a 'Man without a Face' friendship evolved into a Man/Boy romance. I consented to the sexual friendship and have always to this very day looked back on it as something benevolent.

However the legal and moral rectitude of today's sex-obsessed society would consider such a sexual relationship as 'child molestation, abuse' under the junk science mentality that since I was below the age of consent, it's automatically 'child abuse'.

5 <http://www.scienceforums.net/forum/showthread.php?t=10171&page=7>

I prefer a more eloquent, rational broach of the subject – in particular respect to the academic responses on the subject and cultural ones; like Allen Ginsberg's support for NAMBLA, and subsequently Camille Paglia's support for the liberation of Boylovers and the Boys they fall madly in love with.”

BM-53 – Peter

- ◆ From: Benjamin Rossen en Jan Schuijjer, published as
 - “Drie interviews: Johnny, Peter & Stefan”, in: *Het seksuele gevaar voor kinderen Mythen en feiten*, edited by Swets & Zeitlinger, Amsterdam, 1992, and
 - “Interviews with three boys”, in: *The Trade in Child Pornography*; IPT Journal Vol. 4 – 1992
 - The three interviews are also here:
 < http://www.ipce.info/library_2/interview_3_b/interview.htm >
- ◆ Here's a summary of the relevant parts of the Dutch interview with Peter (20) on March 13th 1990.

Peter met Ferdi [the same Ferdi as in *Stefan's story* (BM-56)] at a party when he was about nine or ten.

He did a lot of things with Ferdi. He went on a holiday with him. They often swam together and they went camping. While he was having a relationship with Ferdi, from the age of nine till the age of eleven or twelve, he slept at his place almost every weekend. He had sex with him.

After his relationship he stayed in touch with Ferdi. They can talk very well. Peter does not think there were any negative aspects to his relationship with Ferdi. He simply enjoyed himself a lot and he felt safe with Ferdi. Although decisions about their activities were taken together, he felt free. Ferdi never did anything Peter did not want to. They always clicked and if Peter did not agree with anything, he just told him. He always liked the sex a lot and felt content and protected.

Peter's mother did not like the sexual aspect of the relationship but she did not forbid him to see Ferdi. She did put him under such a pressure though that one day he phoned Ferdi to end the relationship. Ferdi came over to ask him what was going on and he convinced Peter that Peter really wanted to go on with the relationship.

Peter was also involved in the photo sessions with Fred [See Stefan's story] and although as such he enjoyed them a lot, he thought Fred had acted irresponsibly.

Later on, when Ferdi went to prison, Peter decided he did not want to see him anymore, because he realized that society opposed 'pedophile' relationships. He could not cope with that. However, they remained friends after he was released.

BM-54 – Philip

- ◆ The case of Philip is taken from Richard Yuill's doctoral research of 2004, *Male Age-Discrepant Intergenerational Sexualities and Relationships*.

“It was very good and there was equally, if not more, stimulation from the intellectual side than the physical side.”

Yuill: It concerns an individual named *Philip* (now in his forties) who, throughout his childhood and adolescence, experienced numerous sexual relationships with adult males. Philip was alerted to the research by another respondent and contacted me [Yuill] by phone, explaining that he wanted to discuss his experiences with adult men when he was a boy.

The four sexual experiences of Philip (as a young boy through to adolescence) with older men are relayed here chronologically.

Philip relates his first experience as a learning experience seeing – and being excited by – the somatic changes brought on by the man's subsequent ejaculation. Although he draws a distinction between the psychic and sexual in his recollection of the event, he defines this event as superior to peer sexual experimentation.

Philip relays both physical and psychological excitement at the event, substantiating libertarian claims that differences in subjective perceptions between adults and young people (in terms of understanding and needs in the intimate and sexual sphere) does not invalidate a relationship, or the possibility for a young person's needs to be fulfilled.

[1. Aged seven]

Philip: “My first arousal of adult men was when I was in Africa. ... It was just my curiosity was piqued and I noticed that he was washing his genitals. He started to get an erection. ... I was curious to explore his body further.

About three or four days later I crept into his bedroom. ... I think he was fast asleep and I started playing with his penis. ... I was just curious what an erection was. I think I'd experienced it a bit as a boy but they [erections] would come and go ... and I certainly hadn't seen anything as big as that. ... I was most excited by his sexual excitement.

There was no sexual excitement for myself, it was just pure curiosity but he was clearly very aroused, and my touching him increased his arousal – that excited me more. I think it was just like childhood curiosity.”

[2. Aged ten]

Yuill: During Philip's second experience when he was aged ten, there is more of a physical interchange, in which the man carried out particular sexual acts which excited him. Again, the

initiative was shown by Philip who viewed it as furtive physical curiosity and playfulness.

Philip: “There was a chap who lived in the apartment above ours called Paul. ... I got onto the bed with him and he just had his shorts on. ... He didn't resist me, my advances to touch him and stroke him physically but he was a bit taken aback when I tried to feel his genitals.”

Yuill: You mentioned the first experimentation, looking at men's erections. Can you recall the first time when you took it further, thinking about sexual activity?

Philip: “Paul actually on one occasion (when I was playing around with him and he was masturbating) inserted his finger into my backside, which really did excite me.”

Yuill: At various points in the interview, Philip reflected on his childhood experiences. He sums up his sexual experiences with adult men as seduction by him, but firmly embedded within child understandings of sexuality. He lists these as

- less selfish,
- playful,
- pleasure-seeking, and
- less fearful of rejection,

but also stresses the unavailability of labels to explain the activities in which he was involved. (...)

Philip: “Again, with time and sort of seduction, I suppose as a child it's a conscious process but it isn't quite as selfish as the sexuality you experience as an older person. So there's a genuine interest in making the other person get a response and make them happy or whatever.

So I played around with them whenever I could. ... They probably weren't gay men or ‘pedophiles’. ... I certainly didn't

have a name for them at that age. ... I think as a child you just learn to take such things in your stride. ... You don't take a rejection of a physical advance quite so personally."

[3. Aged ten or nine]

Yuill: Philip characterizes his third experience as a more overtly sexual friendship. He contrasts this with a later more mature, intimate, and rounded relationship. He reiterates his assertiveness in initiating the encounters, coupled with his careful pre-planning of the event.

Philip: "We had a next-door neighbour ... and I was probably about nine/ten years old. He was going through a divorce, and I had got to know him quite well..."

I asked him if it would be okay if I stopped over for the night. ... I got into bed with him and started playing around with him. And at first he objected, but I just persevered and got him fully sexually aroused and was masturbating him and trying to get him to orgasm. Because that was my objective: to get men to achieve orgasm...

I persuaded him that I liked to have my bottom played with. ... He loved my arse-hole. Of course that was my dream. And as our friendship (because it wasn't a relationship) developed, we would get more and more bold about inserting things into my backside."

Yuill: Philip notes significant developmental somatic changes associated with stronger orgasms. Alongside greater excitement, he explains how carrying out sexual acts in public places gave him more power in the exchanges.

Philip claims that he had control over his adult partner through the very process of initiation, whereby he could decide whether or not to begin a sexual exchange.

Rather than risk being construed as a negative debarment to adult-child sex, Philip views it as providing the impetus for a greater sexual thrill, in which he was able to appropriate a public space for his own needs.

[4: Aged twelve or thirteen]

Philip: “Now I was twelve/thirteen, and I was definitely having much stronger sexual responses. I was having orgasms. I wasn't ejaculating as far as I can remember at that time...

I used to get him to do risky things like put his fingers inside me when we were at the swimming baths in the cubicle drying afterwards. That was quite a turn on: the fact that it was in such a public environment, and I think the power I had over him in the sexual department. I could wrap him round my finger to have sex. It was quite easily done and it was me that made the advances. ... He just identified as a sexual man and saw me as this curious boy who liked his arse being played with.”

Yuill: Did he at any time give pleasure to you through masturbation?

Philip: “I used to masturbate myself. He would occasionally do it but I wasn't really interested in that. My orgasms came through being screwed, the friction of rubbing my body against the sheets. The masturbating element really developed from my playing with him but I could quite easily get orgasms from being buggered.”

Yuill: Philip draws sharp contrasts between the following experience when he was thirteen, which he characterises as more of an emotional and cognitive connection, including a greater symmetry of interests and experiences, and the former, which he views as purely physical. Although alluding to infrequent sexual contact, Philip considers learning from his adult partner, through acquiring knowledge and experience, as more important.

Philip: “This was a much older man (in his mid-fifties). Whereas the neighbour was in his thirties (a very virile docker) the older man was much more intelligent, more cultured and the relationship between ourselves was far more cerebral.

I'd go round, and we would read and listen to music. ... It was a more intelligent, mature relationship than the one I'd had with the docker, which had really been seduction on my part, very physical. ... This person didn't have a huge penis unlike the docker, but that didn't bother me.

This was a different relationship. We did things together, camping... The friendship I had with the docker (the physical friendship) there was no sort of mental connection at all. I went round there purely to get my rocks off. But with the older bloke. ... I wanted to learn more about music, about literature. It was more of an intellectual side. It was very good and there was equally, if not more, stimulation from the intellectual side than the physical side. Maybe every couple of weeks we would have sex. It was just masturbatory sex.”

Yuill: Throughout, Philip emphasizes the importance of his early familial and cultural context for scripting his early sexual experiences positively. He also positions himself through a libertarian sexual ethic of individual enrichment through empowerment. Philip also challenges dominant notions of age-appropriate interaction, by contending that the central component of his sexuality throughout his life course was a substantial attraction (physical, emotional, and intellectual) to adult men as opposed to his peers.

Philip: “I had a couple of friends, but because I was in and out of school my education was a bit all over the place. ... It was quite clearly men that interested me not younger boys at all. ... Their sexuality was (for want of a better term) now and for then ... just playful and experimental, but I wanted to push. ... I was pushing things further, but I never thought I was doing

anything wrong. My parents (my mother especially) was quite liberated. ... I grew up in quite a wholesome and healthy environment, without physical and sexual inhibitions.”

Yuill: Philip alludes to wider social contrasts between his interests and attitudes and those of his peers, ones which encouraged him to seek adult company and participate in adult activities. (...)

Philip: “Because I was quite independent and didn't have many friends. ... I had a different social attitude from my peers, different political attitudes through my grandparents. I was a socialist at seven or eight years old...”

So I developed a lot of personal interests in music, and I used to like cycling a lot, joining the Youth Hostel Association ... and I joined the Red Cross.”

Yuill: In contrast to CSA [Child Sexual Abuse] formulations, Philip eschews victim status in intergenerational relationships. Although recognizing physical power differences between adults and young people, he maintains that he was always able to distinguish consensual from coercive intergenerational experiences.

In all of his encounters and relationships he saw himself as the active seducer and initiator. He also relates that throughout these experiences, a range of his own needs (physical, educational, emotional and social) was met.

Philip's account criss-crosses the mentor-child empowerment positions often referred to in positive discursive presentations of intergenerational sexualities (...).

Whereas there is a prominent theme of learning from his adult partners (commensurate with mentor-protégé conceptions), Philip clearly emphasises the multiple ways he was able to assert himself and push the limits of sexual contact. Although mindful

of physical power differences, he asserts that he was the one who had control throughout such situations and knew exactly what he was doing.

Yuill: You mentioned that you always had an interest in adult men?

Philip: “Yeah! I would say that from the age of seven onwards that my focus on sex and men have always been more mature men... In all the relationships and friendships I was involved in, I knew exactly what I was doing, and knew what I set out to do and was fully in control.

And there were times as a boy, I travelled to and from school by train ... and you would occasionally get old men into the apartment. ... Sometimes I'd get turned on by that and hope that something happened and I'd engineer a situation. I'd play with my crotch or something to see if they were watching out the corner of their eye but if ever a man made an approach on me that would terrify me. ...

I had to at all times be the seducer and initiator, and I think that was right and proper because I was a child and I knew my circumstances, I knew I was smaller and they were bigger and stronger men and I knew what rape was, and knew what physical assault was, and I wasn't going to let that happen to me. ... It never happened to me.”

BM-55 – Roland

- ◆ On Saturday October 18th 1997 Dutch newspaper *De Volkskrant* published an article by Rob Gollin and Bas Mesters entitled “In de hoek gedrukt” (page 1). It includes a testimony by Roland, then 21, about his friend Patrick:

“I liked him. At home things were not going as they should. One time we were together in the dressing room of the swim-

ming pool, naked. It was quiet, we did not touch each other. Such a big penis, I loved it. If I had not wanted to, Patrick would not have pressed me. That is not the way he is.

Around my 17th, I became too big and hairy for him. I accepted it. Our contact was as great as before. I went looking for something on my own, no children, they don't appeal to me. I do not at all believe that I suffered any harm from this relationship. Quite the contrary, Patrick helped me.”

BM-56 – Ronald

- ◆ This case is taken from Ralph H. Tindall: “The Male Adolescent Involved With A Pederast Becomes An Adult”, *Journal of Homosexuality*, Vol. 3(4), 373-382, Summer 1978.

Ronald was referred at age fifteen because of rapid mood swings, unpredictability and periods of depression. He was doing poorly in school at the time, was of low average ability, and was reading at about 1½ years below grade placement.

By his own report he had reached puberty between twelve and thirteen. He had been introduced by two older brothers to mutual masturbation and fellatio.

Toward the end of his 14th year, he was doing yard work for a married, childless high school teacher. They became aware of mutual sexual attraction. During the following four years, mutual masturbation and fellatio occurred at least weekly between the two. They became fond of each other, but no sexual relations occurred after Ronald's 20th birthday.

Ronald is now 46 years of age. He has lost touch with the teacher. He has a family of three children and holds a blue-collar assembly line position. He is buying his own home and seems to have the typical problems of the upper lower-class family man. He has had no law violation except traffic. At age

45, the age of last follow-up, he personally reported that he has had no desire for homosexual relations since age twenty.

BM-57 – Sander

“What I experienced and learned was very special and very nice”

- ◆ Source: *Sander* by Jan Lievense; *GG* (Gezond Gezin, Maandblad over relaties en seksualiteit), Vol. 18, no. 12; December 1979
- ◆ Via: < http://www.brongersma.info/index.php?title=Sander_had_als_jongen_een_relatie_met_een_volwassen_man >

Sander had a sexual relationship with Henk, an adult man who was 18 years his senior. He was 11 when it started and the relationship ended when he was 16.

Sander: “I knew that I was doing something that I was not supposed to. But I never felt sorry for it and I never felt threatened. [...] What I experienced and learned was very special and very nice. Henk was very kind and sweet.”

Henk made him discover what spots on his body felt good and all he could do with them. The sexual contact was always different, and each time he made a new discovery, though they never had anal sex.

After he was interviewed about the relationship (at age 18), Sander realised he felt guilty because he had stopped seeing Henk when he was 16. He visited him and, for the last time, they had sex together.

BM-58 – Science teacher

- ◆ Case mentioned by Bruce Rind, in the Appendix of his article “Gay and Bisexual Adolescent Boys' Sexual Experiences With

Men: An Empirical Examination of Psychological Correlates in a Nonclinical Sample” in *Archives of Sexual Behavior*, Vol. 30, No.4, 2001 (p. 163).

- ◆ The case was originally published by R. C. Savin-Williams, in 1997, in his book “... *And Then I Became Gay:*” *Young Men's Stories*, published by Routledge, New York.

Boy: 12, man: 22

It lasted nine months

“It developed over time and was great. We became friends and I invited him over once when my parents weren't home. I practically had to force sex on him because he was afraid about losing his job. Ended when I went away for the summer and he wasn't a teacher at my school no more”

BM-59 – Sergio

- ◆ This case is taken from an article of January 18th 2011, entitled “When A Boy Wants A Man”, written by Marina Fontanascura.

It concerns *Sergio* (a pseudonym) – an accomplished, handsome and quiet middle-aged resident of Wilton Manors, in a fifteen year relationship – who wanted his story told, albeit anonymously.

Fontanascura remarks:

Over dinner, I recorded that story and deliver it to you in his own words. Without judgment. Without commentary.

“I grew up in a city on the Italian Riviera that had been devastated by World War II. It was rebuilt but it had lost its soul and its prosperity. My father struggled to find work to support his family of seven. In the 1960s, he took a second job running the

movie theater owned by our parish church. My mother was the cashier and I sold candy in the lobby.

My father was a deeply religious man. When the canisters of film arrived on Fridays, he would pre-screen them and if he saw a kiss or even a bedroom, he would cut and splice them.

He didn't know that I was downstairs in the theater watching the uncut versions. My job was to clean up the projection room for him. I would save the scraps he had cut and hold them up to the light in my bedroom.

Very Cinema Paradiso

Parents dropped their kids off at the theater on Saturdays because it was safe. Before the movie started, the priest would get up on stage and make us say ten *Hail Marys*. The church was the center of our life and I was leader of the altar boys. We each had a card that the priests would sign every time we served Mass. After twenty times, we got a prize, like candy or a soccer ball. If you didn't go to Mass on Sunday, you couldn't play soccer on the church team or use the church recreation field.

Even as a small child, I learned that sex was a sin. I confessed it all the time. There were seven priests in that parish. Each one had his own confessional with his name on it and a bell. When you rang the bell, that priest would come to the church and hear your confession.

I went all the time because of sex and because they taught me that in confession I could wipe the slate clean. I had to lie in each confession because I didn't want to admit I had just gone the day before. Each day I rang a different bell and confessed to a different priest so they wouldn't know it was me again so soon, and I never said that I masturbated, only that I had 'done bad things behind my mother's back.'

One of the altar boys who was my age took me alone into a room at the church youth center. He put my hand on his dick and taught me how to rub it. I loved it and wanted to do it every chance we got. Soon there were other altar boys in our group. This kind of fun is how we ended all our Catholic activities until one time, one of the boys ejaculated and that scared the shit out of us.

When I was about ten years old, I was in the movie theater in the back row on the aisle. One of the priests was sitting next to me. He was the youngest of the seven, maybe 25 or 30, and he was in charge of the youth groups. The other altar boys were spread throughout the theater. I felt his knee against my leg. I didn't move away. It felt very nice, all through the movie. Next week, the same thing, only I put on a lot more pressure. I started leaning against him.

He took my hand and drew it into his robes and into his pants and I grabbed his dick, and I have to say it was the best thing I ever felt in my life. I didn't want to let it go for the rest of my life. I didn't move it. I just held it. I felt that either I had died and gone to heaven or that I was home.

Next day, I went to the church and rang his bell. Instead of the confessional, he took me into the storage basement of the church where we were surrounded by statues and all the stuff used on feast days. The only thing I wanted was to take out his dick. I was really the aggressor. We did it frequently. I only knew that it felt good.

He never asked me not to tell. He never forced me to do anything I didn't want to do. Sometimes it was with the priest and three altar boys. Never kissing or hugging. Just the sex organ. No incentives offered, just my own pleasure. If I did not have that experience with the priest, I would have found it somewhere else.

One time, my father kicked a man out of the theater because a boy said he had been touched by him, and my father chased him down the street yelling insults at him. The only thing I wanted to do was to run after that man, grab him by the hand and say, *Take me with you.*

I had fantasies about our family doctor, that he would take me away and we would live on an island where everyone was just like us. No wonder I live in Wilton Manors which is exactly that kind of island.

After the priest, I started seeking other opportunities. There were always several married men at the church who I was having sex with.

- With one I had a code. If his wife was not home, there was a white towel on the door.
- With another one, I would go to the cemetery with him when he bought flowers to place on his wife's tomb in the little chapel over the family vault, and that is where we had sex.

In my little head it began to click that I should get married like them but still do this forever. The other altar boys I had sex with all got married. I did not want to be a priest. I hated the priests who came into our church to recruit for the seminary. They would take me for a walk and put their arms around me and say that Jesus was calling me.

Also in my head it began to click that sex was forbidden by the church but that everyone did it anyway. We were strictly forbidden even to watch when the bull was brought to a neighbor's house to stud the cows; but every time we saw the truck go by with the bull in it, all of us boys would say, *Okay, we know where we're going later.*

When I was 18, the pressure was on me to get married. For two years, I had a girlfriend who broke off our engagement because I would not have sex with her.

I left the country and went to London where I joined a huge gay community. I met mostly older gay men and one friend brought me to an Anglican church that hosted gay nights with dances and raffles and events. My friend said, *Honey, you're home*. I went home with someone on my first night there. It's funny that some church is always involved in the milestones of my sex life. The experience of religion is the experience of the erotic, and that is something people won't talk about.

They say we repeat our early sexual experience, but I would never have sex with a boy. I shy away from young people. I'm not comfortable. I don't know why. I owe a lot to what some older guys did for me. Maybe I should be helping younger guys.

I was absolutely not abused. After the first contact with his knee, I was going after that priest more than he was going after me. That is the truth.

There is no doubt in my mind, that I wanted it more than he did.

I have a very difficult time with these people who are suing priests because for me, there was no coercion. He didn't even offer candy or gifts. There was no incentive but my own pleasure. All these years when all of these abuse stories came out, I never felt sympathy for those who brought charges against priests.

I know that I was very young when it happened to me but I could have stayed with it or walked away. Some of my friends walked away. I didn't. I went back. I rang that bell. I liked it.

Today kids don't have the same opportunity. Those married men would today be classed as predators. It never occurred to

me, never crossed my mind that I would turn in any of them. I believe that now kids 12-16 are a lot more aware of things than I was. I think they have some malice that I didn't have.

I believe that what I was doing was not wrong. It was consensual. Some would say that you can't have consensual sex when one of the parties is a kid. That's bullshit. I was the 'aggressor'. I had to ring that bell. I had to go up the stairs. I had to seek it out. Either I am a freak or there is something else that I either can't explain or don't understand.

Sex comes with the baggage of guilt. The fact is that when I was a kid, I couldn't talk about sex with anybody, and this sense of sin screws you up with your whole life.

I think I am a better person because of what happened to me. That's how I was able to understand who I was. That so many people in the church did what I did, there is not anything wrong with it.

We are sexual beings. We can control our urges as we get older only because they diminish. The church gave me not just my sexual identity but my whole identity. It showed me that what they preach is not the truth, and I think the priests wanted me to know that. My experience freed me from big baggage."

BM-60 – Stefan

- ◆ From: Benjamin Rossen en Jan Schuijjer, published as
 - "Drie interviews: Johnny, Peter & Stefan", in: *Het seksuele gevaar voor kinderen Mythen en feiten*, edited by Swets & Zeitlinger, Amsterdam, 1992, and
 - "Interviews with three boys", in: *The Trade in Child Pornography*, IPT Journal Vol. 4, 1992
 - The three interviews are also here:
http://www.ipce.info/library_3/files/trade/appendix_e.htm

Here's a summary of the Dutch interview with Stefan (19) on March 20th 1990.

Stefan's parents were divorced and he often stayed over Elly's. Elly was the sister of his mother's new boyfriend's. He got to know his adult friend Ferdi [the same Ferdi as in Peter's story (BM-49)] through Elly, when he was about eleven years old.

“It was a lot of fun. We clicked immediately. We dived from the diving board and we played ball at the swimming pool.”

[...]

After some time, Stefan slept over with Ferdi for about ten times while his mother thought he was staying at Elly's place. Ferdi decided he wanted to talk it over with Stefan's mother, who accepted their friendship and even believed Stefan's behavior had improved considerably since he had been seeing Ferdi.

“Whenever I felt like going to Ferdi, I went to see him, and if I did not feel like it, I simply did not go.

At first we just played games at Ferdi's place. And we went to amusement parks. We continued to do so later on [when they were also having sex]. And we also used to swim a lot together in the beginning. And we rode our bikes as well. And when I had to study or do my homework, Ferdi helped me with it. Yes, it all was a lot of fun.”

Stefan adds that they often also went to the dunes or played hide and seek with friends, or soccer.

“I went to see him, simply because I liked him, because I thought he was nice. At that moment in time, I saw something of a father figure in Ferdi, because my parents had just been divorced.”

They started having sex after about two or three months.

“It happened very naturally. I used to be a nudist, so I always slept naked. And so did Ferdi. And I just felt attracted to him.

Everything was exactly like in any relationship between a man and a woman, for instance. The first night we had sexual contact, we made love, by which I mean stroking each other and Ferdi gave me a blow job.”

After this experience, Stefan felt he had to cry because of the strange sensations the blow job produced in him, and Ferdi really tried to comfort him and felt guilty for putting Stefan through this. All the same, the sex became a normal part of their relationship. It more or less increased their emotional attachment to each other.

In the end, Stefan realized that he liked girls and that's when the sex with Ferdi stopped.

Stefan used to love Ferdi a lot and he still continues to love him. He considers him a very good friend and they talk a lot. Ferdi supported him and taught him important things about people and life.

Stefan is convinced that his relationship with Ferdi had almost no negative aspects. He stresses that his relationship should not be seen as a surrogate for the insufficient parental skills of his father and mother; it was a goal in itself.

There was only one negative experience related to the relationship, which concerned an erotic photo session by a friend of Ferdi's, Fred. Though Stefan enjoyed the session as such, he was afraid the police would discover the pictures. [Cfr Peter's story]

When Ferdi was arrested and sent to prison, Stefan remained in touch with him. The sexual contact had stopped already, but they remained friends after his release, and continued to talk and do things together.

At the time of the interview, Stefan and his girlfriend were happily living together.

BM-61 – Stephan

- ◆ Case taken from an (undated) article by Pierre van der Aalst and Frits Molenaar, entitled “We konden urenlang vrijen” (We could make love for hours) and it is subtitled (actually part of a whole series by this name) “Tieners van toen” (Former teenagers).

It concerns a young man of 23, called Stephan, who's being interviewed about his relationship with an adult, Patrick (then 37), which started when he was eleven years old. This means that when their relationship began, Patrick must have been around 25. At the time of the article Stephan and Patrick still continued to be friends.

They met at an ice rink and while introducing themselves they discovered Patrick knew Stephan's family quite well as he used to live in their street. They saw each other several times at the ice rink and then also went to the movies together. After this, Stephan wanted to know where Patrick lived. He started visiting Patrick and during the first two visits everything remained platonic. They first had sex during Stephan's third visit.

Stephan's father had physically abused him and his elder brother. About the time Stephan started seeing his friend Patrick, his father had left the family. Stephan felt very relieved, but within one year, his mother got a new boyfriend with a severe drinking problem who wasn't very nice to him either.

Stephan decided to run from home, and ended up at Patrick's place.

A social worker agreed to this situation and the boy stayed there for three months.

Stephan states that he liked the sex with Patrick so much that he almost could be called addicted to it. They made love for hours. This mostly consisted of caressing and kissing each other and playing with each other's genitals. They tried anal sex, but did not like it.

Stephan often used to help Patrick with daily chores such as peeling potatoes, rinsing the dishes, etc. but sometimes he simply did not feel like it. This sometimes irritated Patrick and they solved their conflict by sharing a shower or the bed.

Stephan also started seeing girls and he told Patrick about his experiences with them very openly.

Other activities they used to share were ice skating, swimming and riding their bikes. One time they did a tour by bike around the Netherlands of about 300 kilometers.

Stephan adds that he felt very much at ease while approaching girls, which earned him the nickname of 'Mr. Bodycheck'. He considers himself a bisexual though.

More generally, he is a very sociable person with lots of friends.

BM-62 – The attic and the waiter

- ◆ In the paper by dr. F. Bernard, "De gevolgen voor het kind", in *Sex met kinderen* by dr. F. Bernard, dr. E. Brongersma, Ids Haagsma, dr. W.J. Sengers and Peter van Eeten, there is the following testimony of a 67-year-old man:

“When I was seven, I was in touch with a man who was especially nice to me. He used to take me to his attic, had me sit on his lap and we had sexual contact with each other. I really found it pleasant and enjoyed it. I was always looking forward to Wednesday afternoons, the days we saw each other. This went on for a long period of time.

[...] Now, as a nearly 68-year-old man, who has had a good life, I regard these contacts I used to have as very positive for my development. I would not have wanted to miss them, and I do not envy people who have never not had these opportunities.”

- ◆ This case is also mentioned in another article (as “Case 5”) by Bernard,
 < <http://exitinterview.biz/rarities/pan/htmfiles/pan3p13.htm> >
 “Paedophilia: what it means to the child”, in: *PAN – A Magazine About Boy-Love*, Number 3 [Vol.1 No.3], November 1979, page 13-17. It contains additional information, namely:

“Later I had many contacts with other men, but never with boys my own age. One day I went with a waiter to his house. I was very interested and excited. We had unusually satisfying sex together. I must have been about 14. Back home I was restless and went to see him the very next day on my own initiative. We had intercourse about twenty times in the following period.”

BM-63 – Tommy

- ◆ Tommy, 20 years old, shared some of his early experiences with an interviewer. What concerns us here, is his relationship with an adult man, Niels. Here are a few of his statements about this relationship.
- ◆ Source: *Crime Without Victims: A book about paedophilia*.
 < <https://www.ipce.info/library/miscellaneous/crime-without-victims-book-about-paedo> >

Interviewer: *What attracted you to Niels?*

Tommy: I've always done what they say you shouldn't do. Occult and mystical things fascinate me – and gays and child-molesters. I was curious and wanted to find out what it all meant.

[...]

I couldn't do it with a boy my own age. Even now I couldn't. I don't know why. Maybe because I never felt secure or friendly with my father and mother. That was something I always lacked. Security and friendship I got from Niels. It is from him that I received the support I needed.

At that time I was committing crimes. I got caught and sentenced. I was sent to Randers. I ran away several times – hitchhiked. I always went straight back to Niels. So, I think our relation will continue for many years. I don't think I'll forget Niels until the day one of us dies.

You were in love with Niels?

I wouldn't say that I was in love. I don't think I could ever fall in love with a man. No. I couldn't say that. It was more a question of feeling safe. Niels was the only person I could visit and talk with, whatever was wrong. There were never any inhibitions on my part – probably because we had this intimate relationship with each other.

Could you have had the same confidential relationship if you hadn't gone to bed together?

I don't think so. Strong emotional bonds grow out of it. People think that a child-molester is a big, brutal pig wallowing over a poor little child. But it was not like that.

[...]

Did you ever feel it was somehow perverse or bestial to have sex with a man?

I was attracted to it, drawn to it. I thought it was exciting.

You realised it was forbidden, didn't you?

That didn't bother me in the least. It didn't matter to me what adults thought. I had met so many teachers and they always just stood there and talked over my head. I lived in my own world. As long as I was allowed to do the things I thought important for me, the rest didn't matter.

[...]

It was much too difficult being young. There was always somebody who could make decisions about me. I was a criminal then. I began very early with booze and cigarettes. Suddenly, I had developed some needs that had to be satisfied. I didn't go to school. My whole existence was very troubled. I calmed down only after I met Niels. Until a few years ago Niels was more important to me than my mother and father. He was my friend, my comrade, my lover.

And father?

Yes indeed. My father is 57 so I don't have a very good contact with him. My mother is 55. They could never understand me and I could never understand them. We have been running around in opposition to each other for years. My mother has a bad case of nerves because of me. I've always been obstinate. When I got angry, my aggressive feelings were so strong that I just had to do something. And I couldn't very well beat my mother, could I? So I would smash up my own things as an outlet. This, too, stopped after I got to know Niels.

I stopped with crime after a four month sentence for car theft and burglary. I never did anything like that again.

What did your parents say about your visiting Niels?

They weren't happy about it. I remember that once Niels wanted me to go with him on a trip to Sweden. He came to our house to talk it over with my mother and father. It was all right – until they heard he was gay. Then they refused to let me go.

I got real mad. I ran away. It was only to get away from home. Without my parents' permission, Niels couldn't take me with him. I was under 15 and it would only have caused problems.

I was already quite independent by then. Nobody could tell me what to do or how to do it, and certainly not my father or mother. The only one I really listened to was Niels.

I was really afraid that the authorities would intervene. A few years ago I didn't want to stay at home any longer, or live with a foster family. The authorities finally accepted it then, and I was allowed to live with Niels.

BM-64 – Turning point

◆ Here's a case from *CLogo*, a disappeared website;

◆ quoted by O'Carroll 1980, p. 83-84 at:
< <http://www.ipce.info/host/radicase/> >

As a boy he became sexually mature at age twelve-and-a-half

“It was like the world was beginning to make sense, to take on purpose and meaning. (...) I regard my meeting with Mr. S., then

aged twenty-six, as a critical turning point in my love life. Until then, sex was fun, felt good and left me only moderately guilty.

Once I approached Mr. S. (Yes, I approached him) with my thirteen-year-old impatience for intimacy, he told no one, responded positively to my shaky advances (didn't even laugh at me!) and simply embraced me. (...)

Here was a masculine adult man (happily married even), who was interested in doing with me what I was already finding exciting with my boy-friends. And through this relationship a new dimension was added to my experience which has not occurred to me before – tenderness, affection and love. (...)

This affection was, in its way, just as satisfying as the ecstatic orgasms that punctuated our days and nights together. I regard this man, this relationship as a turning point because I was never the same after knowing him for two years – I was more in tune with myself after that ...”

BM-65 – Victor

- ◆ *Mi primera vez* by Jesús Generelo and Marcos Benítez (Ediciones de la Tempestad, Barcelona, 2003) includes the case of Victor from Lleida, who is 36 now.

Having sex was the only thing still lacking in their close friendship

When Victor was fifteen, he went on a holiday to San Sebastian together with his close adult friend Roberto. They shared the same hotel room.

One rainy afternoon, Roberto told Victor that he used to have erotic experiences with boys.

Although at first Victor felt confused about this confession, his friendship with Roberto went beyond all doubts or bad thoughts.

Back in Lleida, Victor suggested that he and Roberto become intimate because he felt that having sex was the only thing still lacking in their close friendship. They did it at Roberto's place and limited the sex to fellatio and masturbation. They continued to be intimate after this.

Their relationship went on until Victor moved to Barcelona to study Spanish Literature.

BM-66 – Wim van de Braam

- ◆ In a letter of June 2003 to *De Nieuwe Sekstant*, the journal of the NVSH (Dutch Society for Sexual Reform), Wim van de Braam stated the following:

“When I was young, I had a relationship with an adult man, although I need to add that I already knew I was gay when I was thirteen. [...]

I personally am a proponent of such relationships as long as everything happens with mutual respect and consent.

Unfortunately, the outright ridiculous sex offender legislation makes it impossible for youngsters to flourish. [...]

Concerning my own experience: it was thirty years ago, but I never got a negative feeling about it.

I endorse it. It's high time that people come to their senses (scientists first), before youngsters are damaged beyond repair by persons who aren't capable of seeing things in the right perspective, and who close their minds to standpoints and opinions that clash with their own.”

BM-67 – Zven Szambruth

- ◆ A student at the University of Stockholm wishes to be known as Zven Szambruth (pseudonym). He is 23 y.o. and active in politics and gay emancipation. A psychologist, Tim Rolsson, asked him some questions about a relationship with an adult man he had as a teenage boy of fourteen.

Zven told Rolsson that the man in question must have been in his early forties. Zven had just come out as a homosexual and generally felt attracted to (much) older men.

He first met the man, whom he prefers to call *Carol* (pseudonym), in a bar. He looked quite attractive, and Zven, being an outgoing/extravert person, spontaneously started a conversation with Carol.

“At first, the contact was relaxed. Somehow, I made sure that our conversation would touch upon homosexual feelings and experimenting with homosexuality. I noticed that Carol was feeling a bit uncomfortable. Maybe because there were a few friends of his around.

We did have intellectual conversations about politics and such things. Not that I want to boast about this, but at that age, I really was a gifted teenager.

After we met about three times in the bar, I persuaded him to have an intellectual conversation alone, without his friends. We did so in a snack bar where we had a Swedish version of French fries.

I noticed how it fascinated him to be with such a young person who was already quite knowledgeable about things that usually belong to the adult intellectual domain.

After we had eaten our fries, we decided to continue the intellectual conversation at his place. I still didn't know if he

was a homosexual or bisexual, because he hadn't said anything about it yet. But I did have the impression that he was not straight.

Then, I entered his place and I saw a room with a wall filled with extremely interesting books. History, politics, literature and prose... he had it all. Carol put on some classical music and I immediately started whistling the melodies. This made him even more enthusiastic about me, because he certainly hadn't expected someone who was fourteen years old to like classical music, let alone know anything about it.

Carol decided to have a glass of wine and asked me if wanted to join him. However, I settled for an ice tea because I can't bear alcohol.

Thus, the evening went on and I called my parents to tell them I was with friends whom I used to visit frequently.

The classical music made me decide this was the time to go ahead. I began talking about sex a bit more freely and saying that I had never done anything sexual yet, which was true. At the time, I had only masturbated.

At first, Carol reacted in a relaxed manner, saying I was only fourteen and I would get at it pretty soon. He was startled however when I told him I thought he was handsome. He didn't know how to react.

Oh, thank you, he said rather insecurely.

I immediately asked him if he was a bisexual as well. *Well, now you surprise me with your questions*, he told me. He thought I was outspoken about what I was thinking and he could appreciate that somehow. Finally, Carol tried to change the subject to politics and so nothing happened that evening.

The next time I was with him, Carol admitted that he'd never had a girlfriend. I immediately said: *Oh, so that means you're gay!* Rather hesitantly he answered something like: *Well alright, I'm gay, are you happy now?* I certainly was, because I found him super sexy with his dark brown hair with a few gray hairs mixed in.

That evening we only talked about boys and I asked him how he found out he was gay and whether he'd run into any trouble with people who didn't accept him.

I must say those conversations offered me a lot of support in a period in which I was feeling insecure about the way the environment was going to react to my orientation. Carol had it all: sexy looks, an intellectual mind and experiences he could share with me.

However, we didn't have sex yet. We just talked about finding out that you're gay, coming out and its repercussions, while we continued listening to classical music and jazz.

Carol also showed me a photo album with pictures of his last ex-boyfriend. It struck me that the boy – who was years older than I – did resemble me. Carol also found this striking. He liked it. He said that I resembled his ex in terms of personality as well.”

It took two additional visits before Zven felt secure enough to show more initiative.

“I just told him I found him attractive and sexy. Carol laughed out loud and told me I couldn't know because I was still so young.”

Carol suggested that it could be just a temporary phase, which Zven found quite annoying because his parents also treated him

as a young boy who just couldn't be taken seriously. He felt that even if many teenagers don't know what they want, this certainly didn't apply to him.

Carol stopped laughing and asked Zven what was so special about him.

“We were sitting on the couch when I told him everything and as I was finishing my story, I went to sit next to him and laid my hand on his thigh. Carol didn't know how to react, but it was apparent that he did like it.”

After finishing his story, Zven gave him an furtive kiss on the mouth. Carol kissed him in return.

“That's how I had my first sexual experience that evening. There was no penetration or French kissing. I simply didn't feel like it. We did masturbate each other, Carol gave me a blowjob and I really liked the way we cuddled. By the way, I never gave Carol a blowjob and I was never penetrated by him.

At my request, when we had finished, Carol put on the song *I'm getting sentimental over you* and we continued talking about politics, high school and history, as we lay against each other really snugly.”

Carol doesn't seem to have a sexual preference for younger boys. His ex had been in his late twenties or early thirties and his resemblance to Zven seemed to play an important role in his feelings for the boy.

Zven describes his relationship with Carol as a close friendship with erotic aspects. He didn't fall in love with Carol, but definitely felt attracted to him.

“I liked the fact that Carol was a fairly shy intellectual who didn't know how to respond to such a provocative boy like me. I liked to tease and provoke him a bit. To be frank, I had the feeling that I was the dominant party within the relationship. He did nothing if I didn't show the initiative. At the moment I still am the dominant boy in a relationship.

But that wasn't the main reason why I liked being with him.

He was a handsome and intelligent man with whom I had very nice conversations. I really liked being with him. My feelings for him were different from feelings I'd have for a brother or for a father. There really was more.

I only realised what this relationship was like when I wrote a paper about homo-eroticism in ancient Greece. That's how I could best describe my relationship. As a relationship in which an older man exerts some kind of sexual or erotic attraction on a teenager or adolescent and also fulfils some kind of function as a mentor, I mean apart from the sexual aspects of the relationship.

In my view, there weren't any negative sides to the relationship. The only thing I didn't like was the secrecy. Many people find relationships of teenagers with adult men disgusting.

Now that I live in Stockholm, I've finally lost all of my shame in this respect.”

The relationship probably lasted between four and five months. It ended when Zven got into trouble with his father. He had been quarrelling with his conservative parents for years, but this time he was thrown out and he ended up with a foster family in another town, which made it impossible for Zven to continue seeing Carol.

“In those days it wasn't so easy for me to call him as it would be nowadays, because I didn't own a cell phone. When after a considerable amount of time I tried to contact him again, he turned out to have moved. It's a shame that it should have ended that way. Maybe he thought that I wanted to split up.

The relationship helped me a lot in my intellectual and sexual development. So much so that I would do it all over again.”

His positive experiences naturally influenced Zven's views of relationships between minors and adults.

“I really get upset about the way ‘pedophile’ relationships are depicted nowadays. The standard view is that the teenager is ‘pathetic’, ‘ignorant’, and ‘abused’. As if I used to be a retard who didn't know what he wanted. I most certainly knew what I wanted.

Another thing that enrages me is that I'm usually considered a ‘pedophile’ whenever I'm defending ‘pedophile’ relationships. As if every person who defends ‘pedophile’ relationships automatically has to be a ‘pedophile’.

I can imagine that someone who had positive experiences will feel ‘abused’ later on. The more people repeat such things, the more a teenager can get brainwashed, to the extent that his or her positive feelings end up being transformed into negative ones.

In my opinion, that is precisely what needs to be stopped, because it can do psychological harm to the teenager. I mean, people may convince you that you were traumatized, even though you really weren't.”

Zven told Rolsson in 2010 that people within his political party, took advantage of this interview by linking his name to 'pedophilia'. That way they managed to stop his candidature for a function by scaring its members: he was massively outvoted.

BW – Boys with women

BW-01 – Consensual relationship

Sources:

- ◆ < http://www.newgon.com/wiki/Barbara_Ochoa >
- ◆ < <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XCeEMVMtrL8&list=PLE345627BA18891F1> >

Whilst in her twenties, Jan Kruska also known as Amanda Rogers had a consensual sexual relationship with a boy in his mid-teens, who since the relationship ended, has always recalled his encounters positively. The boy was not coerced into the relationship and simply had found Kruska attractive.

Even so, Kruska was forced to register as a sex offender. As such, she became the online target of several ‘anti-pedophile’ activists and organizations, and defended herself against their allegations. She also opposed the registration of sex offenders in general. One of her statements reads:

“As I have said many times before in various other articles, there are far too many individuals on the sex offender registry who simply do not belong on there, because they pose no threat to anybody. Period.”

BW-02 – George Hamilton

- ◆ Source: < <http://www.foxnews.com/story/0,2933,440001,00.html> >
- ◆ Video: on monstersandcritics.com

According to FOXnews, actor George Hamilton reveals in his new autobiographical book *Don't Mind If I Do* (Touch Stone,

2008) that he slept with his stepmother when he was only twelve.

“When I was very young, twelve, I had a relationship with my stepmother,” he told the ladies of the *View on Thursday*.”

The tanned star released his memoir *Don't Mind If I Do* on Tuesday which includes the revelation that he slept with the wife of his father, bandleader George ‘Spike’ Hamilton.

“It actually went on for a short period of time when I was twelve and then strangely enough when I was of age, and I was an actor in Hollywood, I met her again and she was as beautiful as ever and we had a sort of follow-up,” Hamilton said.

The star of *The Godfather Part III* and *Zorro, The Gay Blade* said that his stepmother was about 28 or 30 at the time of the first sexual encounter.

“My father never knew about it, and it was a very strange thing. But it was very normal, in a strange – she didn't make me feel bad about it,” Hamilton said on the program. “It wasn't dirty.”

Hamilton said that his stepmother called it ‘cuddling’ and he didn't feel abnormal about it.

“I was molested?” he said. “Damn, I'm down for it again.”

BW-03 – Girl next door

◆ A case from the *Newgon* Website

An anonymous man recalls his relationship with the girl next door.

My Story of Consent

Yes, consent. I gave consent when I was seven years old. My parents were friends with neighbors of ours who had a daughter named Patty. She used to babysit me, but never overnight. I remember being smitten with her.

She was seventeen, slender build, and had long brunette hair with about a small C cup. She was very feminine but liked to roughhouse. Pinning me down and tickling me, play jokes on me, make weird noises (one she called Retarded Donald Duck) to make me laugh, play records for me. All of the fun stuff I can still remember. I really loved her and used to call her my girlfriend.

My parents left her with me for a few days while they went out of state. I had a much older brother (mid twenties) who used to come and go out of the house. He had clothes and all of his stuff still there.

Anyways, I found his 'stash' in a drawer. Playboys and Hustler. I got them out and started looking at these nude women. I knew I liked it because I could feel my heart and pulse racing. Didn't know about masturbation but I was feeling something stirring in my pants.

Patty came into his room and saw me looking at the magazines. She gave me this 'oh shit' look and I thought I was going to get in trouble. But I didn't. She came over and asked me if this was the first time I'd ever seen a naked girl. I used to bathe with my mom when I was like two or something but she didn't look like what I was looking at currently.

I then asked Patty whose 'these' are, pointing to breasts. She told me they were boobs. I then pointed and said "what's this?" She said "it's called a pussy." I asked her why there was hair down there. She said everybody, boys and girls, have hair. I asked her if she did and she said yes. Then I rather boldly asked

if I could see. She became embarrassed and after what felt like an eternity said OK. She drops trou and shows me. YES!!!

Then we started looking at the Hustler mags. I saw pictures of a man performing cunnilingus on a woman. I knew about it before because a girl named Alicia I went to in Kindergarten asked me to do that to her.

I told Patty that I had done this 'pointing to the oral pic' before. She laughed but I told her I was serious and started to basically re-enact it to her. I guess it might have been a bit too much for Patty because she was completely dumbfounded.

After the awkwardness she asked me if I liked it. I said "I guess so, yeah." I then asked if I could see her naked. She grabbed a stool and took all of her clothes off. I walked around her, marveling at her naked body. She asked me if I wanted to lick her pussy and said I didn't have to if I didn't want to. I said I did. She started pointing out where and how to lick. I went down on her off and on. She started making these small moaning sounds and asked her what was wrong. She said "nothing, I like what you're doing, don't stop."

I don't know how long it lasted initially but over the course of my parent's absence I performed oral on her. She never once asked to see me naked or 'play' with me. Those couple of days were the only days we engaged in heavy sex play.

I mean she still babysat me and all that. I always asked every time she came over to let me do those things to her. Sometimes she did but briefly.

Me and her shared and strengthened our bond for each other up until the day I never saw her again.

She joined the military is the last thing I know. But she had the decency to tell me she was leaving for service and I cried and I cried begging her not to go. Even though I was around 9 then

she gave it to me straight as I “deserved to not have the news sugarcoated.”

We loved each other. She told me she did and that we should always have a special place for each other in our hearts.

I might be an adult now and society says I should look at my precious Patty in a negative light but I can't and I won't. She did nothing wrong because there was love attached to it, because I felt it then and I feel it now. The fact still remains true that I hold her very dear to me even after not seeing her all of these years.

BW-04 – Jeffrey

- ◆ *Viva*, a Dutch popular magazine that mainly aims at female readers, published the following testimony in the article “Man in bed” in issue 26 of 2010.

“It was very exciting”

Name: Jeffrey

Age: 39

Occupation: Telecom branch

Physical characteristics: Brown eyes, dark blond hair, 1.91 meter, 90 kilos.

Number of sex partners: A great number.

Serious relationships: 2 (which lasted 5 and 9 years).

First time he had sex:

“With a woman living nearby when I was 13, an acquaintance of my parents. It was very exciting. She was about 25.”

BW-05 – Kirk Douglas

- ◆ A story in the *New York Post*, January 24, 2007

“I had been a ragamuffin kid of 15 coping with a neighborhood filled with gangs ... under her guidance I became a different person ... I am eternally grateful.”

KIRK DOUGLAS is 90 years old – but time hasn't dulled his memory when it comes to some of his more colorful sexual experiences.

In his new memoir, *Let's Face It – 90 Years of Living, Loving and Learning*, due in April from Wiley, the cleft-chinned Oscar-winning star of such pictures as *Spartacus* and *Gunfight at the O.K. Corral* recalls a fling with a “big, tall blond” German airline stewardess who liked to be disciplined in bed. During their enthusiastic sex sessions, “she would scream, *I'm a Nazi!* – which was his cue to slap her, which he did,” Douglas writes.

He also remembers getting deflowered in high school by his English teacher.

“I had been a ragamuffin kid of 15 coping with a neighborhood filled with gangs ... under her guidance I became a different person ... I am eternally grateful. By today's standards she would have gone to jail. I had no idea we were doing something wrong. Did she?”

Douglas didn't stop at his teacher. He also wanted to bed a “beautiful young redhead” who sat in front of him, and wrote her a drippy, Shakespeare-like sonnet that ended:

“Bewitched by a vision so fair,
I reach out and touch your hair;
happily you turn and smile at me,
and change my humble state to ecstasy.”

Despite his stab at “bad poetry,” it worked, and “I got the girl,” Douglas writes. Much as he loved sex, Douglas occasionally drew the line. One summer vacation during college when he was working in a steel mill,

“I met a very attractive girl with rich parents ... She said her father would buy us a nice apartment in New York and take care of all of our expenses while I was in drama school ... She had a beautiful Cadillac and there was the extra dividend of good sex. What else could a poor Jewish boy want? But deep down inside I knew I would end up as a man without character. Bottom line, I just couldn't do it.”

The Hollywood legend also recalls once being awakened by Ava Gardner, then wed to Frank Sinatra, who showed up at his door at 2 a.m. and sobbed to him:

“Frank and I had an argument. He had a gun. He threatened to commit suicide. I don't know what to do.”

Douglas told her, “Ava, married people have arguments ... Frank loves you. You must go back and try to act like nothing happened.”

BW-06 – My friend's divorced mother

- ◆ An anonymous poster – simply calling himself *umgud* – on a forum connected to the conservative *Free Republic Website*⁶ recalls in 2005:

“This happened to me when I was thirteen, but she wasn't a teacher. She was my friend's divorced mother. I haven't had any hang-ups over it, but it was pretty emotional at the time. I would have felt bad if she'd been arrested over it. Of course, I'd be the first to want to fry any male perp that had sex with an underage girl (or boy).”

6 <http://www.freerepublic.com/focus/fr/1316372/posts>

BW-07 – Sardonicus

- ◆ This case was posted on the forum at [pedofilie.nl](https://www.pedofilie.nl)⁷ by a person who calls himself *Sardonicus*. He revealed his real name to Rivas but has asked him not to disclose it to anyone else.

At the age of seven, he had a sexual relationship with a young woman – he refers to as *Liesbeth* – in her early twenties, the daughter of an old schoolmate of his mother's. The woman was studying to become a school teacher.

She stayed over at the boy's place for a week during the summer holidays, together with her mother. During their stay, the boy had to lend her his bed “for grown-ups” and temporarily return to his children's bed. He didn't fit in this bed anymore and couldn't fall asleep. That's when Liesbeth asked him to share the larger bed together.

This turned out to be the beginning of a tender and erotic relationship, which physically consisted of activities like: fondling, caressing, kissing, hugging, undressing each other, etc. In the end they also engaged in mutual oral sex. However, their relationship was not at all limited to its erotic aspects, and it also involved things like going for a walk, having a pick nick, feeding the ducks and deer, going to the zoo, watching ships, going to the beach, playing with toy cars and animals, reading children's books together, etc.

Sardonicus states that his experiences with Liesbeth were by far the most pleasant of his early years. He also states he used to be very proud of his ability to please Liesbeth so much and that this boosted his ego and self-confidence. He calls it a golden age about which he can still feel nostalgic.

Remarkably, one of his sexual experiences with Liesbeth also involved a young girl around his own age, ‘Saskia’ with whom

⁷ <https://www.pedofilie.nl/node/404>

Sardonicus also developed a separate erotic and multifaceted friendship.

When Sardonicus later experienced some psychological problems which were in his view completely unrelated to his childhood experiences, a therapist tried to link this to the 'pedophile' relationship he told her about. This really shocked him as it was exclusively based on prejudices, rather than on his own story. He's very glad nobody discovered his relationship while it lasted.

He writes:

“According to prevalent opinions today, this experience should by definition have made me a ‘serious victim’, but I never experienced it like that. Now that I’m an adult, I never feel sexually attracted to children.

I have very good, warm, and dear memories of that sexual experience in my childhood; I wouldn't have missed it for the world. But if anything is a taboo nowadays, this is it.”

BW-08 – She was an artist

- ◆ Here's yet another case from *Newgon*, originally taken from Edward Brongersma's *Loving boys*, Volume One.

“My first serious relationship was with a much older woman. She was twenty-six and I was thirteen, but she thought I was fifteen. It was in the summer in New Hampshire. She was an artist, and she really loved me. We were very serious. I loved her a great deal too. I couldn't believe anything so big could happen to me.”

The boy's father discovered, however, what had happened, and put an end to the summer romance.

“I never, ever saw her again, never talked to her again. I still think about her once in a while.” (p. 62)

BW-09 – Topper

- ◆ A person who calls himself *Topper* on a forum connected to the website *People You'll See in Hell*, recalls the following in 2008:

“When I was fifteen I had casual sex three times with a 24 year old English teacher from my high school. IT WAS GREAT! She was kind, considerate, and taught me a great deal about myself.

It was very therapeutic. I have gone on to lead a ‘normal’ life with no hang ups at all about sex. By the way, I was never one of the teacher's students. I believe that she slept with several other boys in my class. Mostly those of us on the football team.”

BW-10 – Vili Fualaau

- ◆ Here are several articles about the relationship of teenager Vili Fualaau with adult woman Mary Kay Letourneau.

“Teacher's Lover at 12 Still Loves Her”

By Sue Fleming, 21 August 2004, Reuters

Now an adult, the former twelve-year-old lover of Mary Kay Letourneau said on Thursday he still loved his ex-teacher and hoped they could be reunited now that she was out of prison.

Letourneau, 42, left prison in Washington State on Wednesday after serving seven years for raping her sixth-grade student, Vili Fualaau, with whom she had two children.

In an interview with NBC's *Today* show, Fualaau, who is now 21, said he still loved Letourneau and had asked the judge to lift a lifetime 'no contact' order so the two could be reunited.

"I can't be fully happy without her," said Fualaau.

Asked whether even after not seeing her for seven years, he was still in love with Letourneau, Fualaau said:

"Yes I am."

Their affair, which started when Letourneau was 34 and Fualaau just twelve, shocked the world and sparked a barrage of media coverage, including books and a television film. Fualaau has denied he was a victim and said the two were "separated without choice."

[...]

Fualaau said he constantly thought about what it would be like to see Letourneau again.

"What am I going to say? Am I going to hug her first, am I going to say something nice? Say something romantic? Is she going to run to me or who is going to run to who?" he said. "I want to see who she is and if she is still the same person I fell in love with," he added.

Fualaau's mother has custody of their two children, who were allowed frequent contact with Letourneau in prison. Fualaau said he realized people were cynical about their relationship and said he was often urged to go out and meet girls his own age.

"People say there are a lot of other girls out there ... but other relationships have not made me happy," he said.

Asked whether he thought the relationship with Letourneau had been worth it, he replied:

“I don't know yet. There's still more to come.”

* * *

“Letourneau engaged to 21-year-old former student”

CNN, Feb. 9, 2005

< http://www.ipce.info/library_3/files/letourneau_engaged.htm >

SEATTLE, Washington – Mary Kay Letourneau, the former schoolteacher jailed for more than seven years for having sex with a thirteen year old student, says she and the now-grown former student are engaged to be married.

LeTourneau, appearing Monday night on *Larry King Live*, also said that, at the time, she didn't know that having sex with a sixth-grader was a felony. LeTourneau was 34 when the relationship began, in 1996.

The former student, Vili Fualaau, is now 21. LeTourneau is the mother of his two children.

[...] The former schoolteacher made international headlines when she was arrested not once but twice for her relationship with the underage boy. After her first arrest, LeTourneau pleaded guilty to second-degree child rape and was sentenced to six months in jail.

With credit for time served and good behavior, LeTourneau was released early but ordered not to have contact with the boy.

Just weeks later, a police officer came upon the pair in a parked car. A judge re-imposed LeTourneau's original 89-month sentence.

[...] She [...] said that she and Fualaau, from the beginning of their relationship, have always shared “a deep spiritual oneness.”

“We had a really compatible sense of humor,” she said.
 “And just our perspective on life ...”

LeTourneau, who told King she hopes to begin working with incarcerated women, said she believes her life had been “blessed.”

“I’m healthy,” she said. “My children are healthy. And I still have a mother. And I come from a very loving family. And I have Vili.”

* * *

Ex-teacher weds student

“Letourneau served seven years for raping boy, now 22”

CNN, May 21, 2005

A teacher who served more than seven years in prison for raping one of her sixth-grade students is now married to that former student.

They already have two children.

Mary Kay Letourneau, 43, married Vili Fualaau, now 22, in Woodinville, Washington, outside Seattle Friday.

Letourneau was released from prison in August after serving seven and a half years for raping a child. Fualaau was thirteen – and a student in Letourneau’s class – when the two began a sexual relationship.

She gave birth to their daughter shortly after her 1997 conviction.

She served six months and was released on probation, but was ordered to serve her full sentence after she and Fualaau were found together in a van, in violation of a no-contact order.

She gave birth to their second daughter while in prison.

Letourneau told CNN's Larry King last year that their daughters regularly visited her in prison while living with Fualaau's mother. She said her relationship with her four children from her previous marriage was not as close.

Letourneau told King she did not know having a sexual relationship with Fualaau was a felony.

“It just – I knew it just didn't – just wasn't normal,” she said. “It's not that I wouldn't have still had feelings, or that he wouldn't still have feelings, but ... I don't know how anyone does something knowing something's a felony.”

During her October appearance on *Larry King Live* Letourneau said she planned to begin volunteering in a program to aid incarcerated women and said she may look for a paid job as a legal research assistant or a teacher at a community college.

She said Fualaau, who never finished high school, was not working.

- ◆ A transcript of an interview with Vili Fualaau on the *Larry Elder Show* can be found here:

< <http://larryelder.warnerbros.com/transcripts/VILI%20FUALAAU%20Transcript.pdf> >.

- ◆ See also

< http://www.ipce.info/ipceweb/Library/overview_women.htm > and scroll to *LeTourneau* and to *Kuehl, Michael*.

BW-11 – Yo, very proud

- ◆ A person who calls himself *Yo* (Spanish for I) contributed the following comment to a Spanish blog about 24th June 2008, ‘pedophile’ Pride day.

Yo – I always feel very proud

“I had my first sexual relationship with a girl of 25, when I was ten. Before that, we just fooled around with each other.

I share this experience with my friends and always feel very proud, because it was great. They confess that they would like to have had such an amorous neighbor when they were young.

‘Pedophilia’ does not exist, it's just a name with which they label a normal action that they have demonised. What does exist is rape.

How many guys wouldn't like to have had an experience like mine?”

GM – Girls with men

GM-01 – Anonymous

- ◆ An anonymous female poster on a forum is obviously influenced by societal taboos when (in 2011) she writes about the man with whom she had a positive relationship as a girl.

I was a child in a happy relationship with a ‘pedophile’

“There is a part of me that thinks he must be a sick man to have sex with a child.” She also stresses: “I understand I am the minority and do not support adult/child relationships”.

However she adds: “Just thought I would put my positive experience on to the radar”, and describes it as a beautiful, sexually fulfilling, safe relationship.

Here's her story

“I am now 31 years old but from the ages of eleven to thirteen, I was in a relationship with a 42-year-old man. I enjoyed the sexual instruction he gave me at the time and understood what we were doing was secret and taboo. It felt good and nurturing to be with him physically, emotionally, and sexually. The broken relationships were with my parents, which he helped to fulfil. I do not feel damaged in any way by the relationship and my memories of it are all generally happy ones.

He was the father of my best friend. Lived two doors down from my house. He was a single father. I would go over to play with my friend and just stay an hour or so longer. I would also be allowed to sleep there at least two nights a week so I would stay in his bed once she fell asleep.

The first time it happened was when I slept over. She fell asleep and I was in the kitchen. He took me into his room to watch

TV as to not wake her. He started by light touching my legs. I don't know why, but I turned from my stomach to my back and opened my legs a little when he did that. He never forced it and kept asking if it was okay with me to continue. I told him it felt good. I was very interested in how it felt and for a long time he never did more then just light touching and exploring with his hands.

It ended when I got a boyfriend at age thirteen, who was in my own grade. He [her adult lover] actually found me on Facebook three years ago. We chatted a few times back and forth but that was it. The conversation wasn't sexual.

I agree it is abnormal and does not reflect the experience of the majority of people. I would not report him because I do not believe he would do this to a child who did not want to participate. I wanted to participate and he constantly checked to make sure that was still the case. I don't think our relationship reflects the typical adult/child sexual relationship which is usually non-consensual.

My feeling is that he was not a molester or a rapist. I feel he and I were in a loving relationship. I do not think he would have the desire to be in a relationship with someone who didn't have the developmental level to be in that kind of relationship.”

She mentions one particular aspect she finds problematic

“I am turned on by things that make the men I am with in my adult years feel disgusted (liking to be called little girl, or calling him daddy).”

Though she ascribes this problem to the relationship, the real problem obviously seems to consist of the way men respond to such predilections, based on the taboos surrounding any type of ‘pedophilia’.

GM-02 – Bella

- ◆ *Bella* is a former member of the *Newgon Forum*. Judging from her posts she is a college student who as a young girl had a relationship with an adult man. She opposes child pornography.

She shares the following information about her relationship.

“As long as it is a consensual relationship and not abuse or incest, I see nothing wrong with it. Obviously the girl (or boy) should be old enough to know what is going on. That is an issue itself as each child is different.

I had a relationship with a 19 year old guy when I was almost ten and it lasted over a year. It had a pretty big impact on my life and it wasn't negative.

The only things I could perceive as negative is how it mainly revolved around sex but that wasn't his fault. We had to keep it discrete so that really limits your options. When the relationship ended, I became pretty promiscuous and that wouldn't have happened had we stayed together. (...)

Considering writing a book about that relationship and its impact on my life once I finish college. Not enough attention is paid to the female perspective in these relationships/flings. Its easy for society to paint the male as a ‘monster’, and the online communities that allow discussion on these issues are overflowing with inexperienced guys that drown out the voices of others.”

In a later post, she adds:

“I've led a pretty good life and had tons of fun and don't need an expert telling me I'm ‘depressed’ because I had sex on an almost daily basis when I was ten.”

GM-03 – Beth

- ◆ A case taken from a disappeared website, but still available at < http://newgon.com/_CPP/index.htm >.
- ◆ See Beth's story in “Rage of Consent” (excerpt) by Heather Corinna in *Soapbox Girls*, July 2001.

A woman talks about her relationship with an adult from the age of fifteen to twenty.

“With the peer was what I would describe as a typical teen relationship; somewhat shallow intellectually and emotionally. The relationship with the adult was much more what I would consider a whole relationship; balanced in terms of emotional, intellectual and sexual intimacy.”

GM-04 – Complete agreement

- ◆ A case taken from a disappeared website, but still available at < http://newgon.com/_CPP/index.htm >.
- ◆ See “Once against – now supporting” by C, in *HFP Mailbag*, April 2005.

An eighteen year old writes about being raped as a child, as well as her consensual relationship with a nineteen year old when she was twelve:

“I was in complete agreement with all that went on in that relationship, and I was not at all manipulated.

As of right now, I am an 18 year old girl, with a past with sexual abuse. When I was a child, I was raped and molested by the adults that I felt I could trust the most on three different occasions, by three different adults. This has given me an intense

distrust of people, in general, as the child molesters consisted of both men and women.

[...]

Being a girl that refuses to define her sexuality, I firmly believe that love is never wrong. If coercion, manipulation, and force are completely absent in your interaction with children, there is absolutely nothing wrong.

[...]

As a girl, I was always attracted to older men. The oldest I had ever dated was seven years older than me, and I was only 12 years old. And technically – that's 'pedophilia'. I was in complete agreement with all that went on in that relationship, and I was not at all manipulated.

I can attest that children are indeed sexual creatures – but I think it really all depends upon the child. I myself, for instance, began masturbating at the age of 4 years old. But I don't believe that I was ready for a romantic relationship with anyone until I was about 11 years old. Even now, as a technical adult in the United States, I am romantically involved with a man 4 years my senior. And while that isn't a big deal now that I'm of age, it was much more so when it was initiated!"

GM-05 – Ebonychong

“I did really love him”

- ◆ A woman who calls herself *ebonychong* shared the following (slightly edited) story on an internet forum, about her early teenage years, and asks for response (which turns out to be mostly negative of course):

“My story is: I had sex at 12 with an older man, and I liked it.

It was my very first sexual encounter with a man. He took care of me, would buy me pretty things.

I would go home and my mother would wonder where I got all these things and money from.

Now this was not a perv[ert] paying me for sex. He was more like a sugar daddy, but I did really love him. Not only that he was my training ground for sexual experiences, far from what I knew.

It was a turn on at such a young age to have this older man caressing, and holding me in his arms, sexing me night and day.

So what I wanted to ask is why is it so bad to some people if a older guy wants to take care of a young girl. He's not hurting her or abusing her. So why do so many people have a problem with it, and label it as paedophilia? What do you think about this, honestly?"

GM-06 – Fond memories

- ◆ In May of 2011, a Dutch-speaking anonymous woman of 27 shared her positive experiences as a young girl with an adult man on a forum at pedofilie.nl.

“From the age of around six, I've had a sexual relationship with a grown-up. It's been very nice and I have only good memories of it. It concerned Peter, he was around 40 and he was living nearby. He was living alone and was something of a family friend. He often used to help my father with chores around the house or in the garden. And he also enjoyed joining in at our meals. I really clicked with him and we often used to frolic around with each other before I went to bed.”

Peter also used to take her on a boat trip. He had a nice parrot and a large model train track. He was a gifted babysitter and a combination of an older brother, a friend and a playmate. He used to read her old copies of Donald Duck Magazine while she was sitting on his lap and he would stroke her hair and give her a few kisses on the head. “He really loved me and I loved him. We were always very fond of each other.”

The sexual part emerged gradually, in a playful fashion. They ended up having sex on an almost daily basis. During secondary school she did have a boy friend of her own age but she continued to see Peter. Even now, they occasionally have sex, although not as often as they used to, because the woman has moved to a different region after finishing university. “Looking back at my childhood with Peter, I have very fond memories of it.”

GM-07 – Gabby

- ◆ A woman called *Gabby* wrote the following [slightly edited] words on an internet forum:

“I don't have issues that people that never did this kind of thing have”

“I was 14 years old and not a virgin – by no means – when I started to have sex with my best friend's dad. It was a thing that went on for over six years and after a few years apart we ended up getting married. He was a young dad but still a lot older than me. He was married and she knew about us having sex, but they had a open relationship.

Today I am still married and I don't have issues that people that never did this kind of thing have.

[...]

So my point is there may be laws rules and by popular demand people's opinions about right and wrong. But look at them, look at our ex-president Clinton. All these people in government getting caught being homos and they were the ones saying it was a sin. So you might hear people's opinions on this, but they don't matter. You do what you like and don't let anyone tell you what to do that you don't want to do.”

GM-08 – Handsome neighbor

- ◆ In his book *By silence betrayed: sexual abuse of children in America*, John Crewdson includes a woman's recollections of her consensual sexual relationship with a handsome neighbor, Clay, at age seven.

She recalls that she really loved Clay romantically, like a woman would love a man. She found it exciting to have him so near, and found it beautiful to be embraced and touched by him. Although having orgasms was not the most important aspect, she also liked the sexual part.

In general, she already liked the male body at that young age.

GM-09 – Hannah

“As a child I had sex with adults”

- ◆ On June 20th 2003 a British woman, Hannah, posted a message on a forum, called LogicalReality.com that is now offline. It was archived at:
[http://web.archive.org/web/200503251147 ... 424&page=1](http://web.archive.org/web/200503251147...424&page=1) >

Here is Hannah's long message:

Heya everyone,

I'm a woman of 33 living in the UK. I'm married, two children, and I guess I've got a pretty good life, so I thought it may be of interest here to recount my own experiences and how they have shaped my current views, as I remember being aware of sex as something that was somehow 'naughty but special' from quite a young age, maybe about 5 years old.

I'm an only child, and was living with my single mum, seeing my Dad every week or two. We had several neighbours that had kids around my age so I was never lonely or short of playmates. We lived in a two bedroom terraced house, in a long road of similar houses, and our gardens backed onto a large area we called 'the dump' – overgrown scrubland, covered in bushes, trees, etc., ideal for us kids to play, make secret dens and hide-outs.

This was also the perfect area for us to play 'show me' and 'doctors and nurse' type games with our friends. Although these involved both looking and touching, I didn't really equate this to being the same kind of 'sex thing' that I considered was somehow an adult secret.

When I was about six, my friend Karen and I were hiding in one of our dens when an adult couple sat down in a nearby secluded clearing in the bushes and began canoodling. I guess they may have been teens or twenties – they were simply adults to us at that age. They hadn't noticed us hiding nearby and so we spied on them. We were absolutely rapt as they started heavy petting and the girl finally gave the bloke a blowjob. I was completely fascinated by his cock – I'd never seen an adult one before and couldn't believe men had something that had been so secret from me.

Of course, as soon as they had gone we went running back to tell all our mates, and despite being barely believed, the memory and fascination stayed vivid in my mind

(Karen's too, but this is about me... :-)

For the following year or so, I certainly paid more attention to watching and, when possible (e.g. when sitting on someone's lap) touching the crotch area of every man I met, though nothing much happened other than the odd red face from some male visitors, or an extra big cuddle from others.

The next thing to happen was about a year later. I remember exactly when – it was June, about a week after my seventh birthday and I'd been off school because I'd had measles. – Despite having been vaccinated! My birthday party had been cancelled because of it and as I was recovering I was really looking forward to the re-scheduled party.

It was very warm and Mum had let me go out to play, so long as I stayed on the area of the dump we called the lanes. This was the area directly behind the houses – pathways through the undergrowth linking peoples back gates – and was considered pretty safe by most of our parents as it was so cut off from the outside world and pretty much within earshot of the houses.

I'd been wandering around the different paths, maybe a little too far out into the fields, imagining I was exploring somewhere, when I suddenly came across a man lying down in the grass.

At first I thought he must be hurt or something, but at the same time couldn't have not noticed he had his erect cock out. I suppose traditional 'wisdom' says I should have been scared and run, but he wasn't threatening, and actually I was mostly fascinated, although somewhat confused by how come he was there.

(It wasn't accidental of course – he'd seen me playing and laid down where he thought it was most likely I'd pass by).

After a few moments awkward silence he smiled and asked if I wanted to watch. Well despite warnings I'd had about 'strange

men' etc., he just wasn't scary and I saw no reason not to. So I ended up sitting down next to him and watching while he tossed off. As he did it he explained what he was doing, along with a lot of other 'sex secrets' that I was dying to hear.

I was really pleased with myself for having 'found' him, and when he asked If I'd like to meet again the next day to learn more I was over the moon.

Well, that meeting happened, and many more followed. His name was David and he was always very gentle and kind to me, and in the course of the next few weeks I was happily trying out all kinds of sex with him. Within the first few days he had contrived to 'accidentally' meet my Mum, and by the time of the school summer holidays he was a trusted enough friend to be asked to pop in and look after me occasionally while Mum was out.

It was on one of these afternoons that we first made love. Yes – you read that right, and NO I'm not making this up.

We had been 'practising' for some time – that is I knew how to do it in theory, and considering everything he'd told me about how good it was, well, I really wanted to, but the problem was he wouldn't fit. So I'd been practising relaxing and getting used to being penetrated (by fingers, other objects, etc.). It had been slightly painful a few weeks before when we broke my hymen, but nothing really bad, and now I was really enjoying the feeling of having something moving in and out of me, and was keen to be able to 'do it' properly.

Now I'd particularly like to say to all those nay-sayers who claim, without any practical experience, that it's impossible for a girl of the age I was then to have intercourse – rubbish! David was not particularly small sexually either, not huge, but certainly a bit bigger than average

(and what the hell is average anyway? No-one seems to agree!)

Yes, it was somewhat uncomfortable the first time – not painful, but uncomfortable.

(A little like being very constipated in the wrong place and in the wrong direction.)

But with a lot of vaseline, plenty of time and gentle squeezing and pushing, it was also quite pleasurable in the sense of being an incredibly exciting and unusual feeling.

Not especially sexually exciting to start with (as a physical sensation, I preferred being stimulated by his tongue; I'd already had some orgasms that way

(yes – that's right – at seven – research online a bit, you'll even find medical sources that admit it's possible)

though the feelings I got through intercourse intensified pretty quickly over the following weeks as penetration became easier and deeper, and I had my first vaginal orgasm a few weeks later.

Over the few weeks leading up to that I'd told Karen about him and, at David's (and her) suggestion she had started to join us sometimes, at first just watching, then becoming involved – initially only wanking, but later giving and receiving oral sex. This went on for the length of the summer holidays (about six weeks) then sometime shortly before we went back to school she also started having full intercourse with him.

Now for some reason it hadn't bothered me to have Karen there watching us, or both her and I together messing around with David, or even watching her give him a blowjob or similar stuff; but once she started to have sex with him, I started to feel jealous. I guess looking back, I felt like she'd pinched my boyfriend or favourite toy even! Anyway David noticed this and

tried to make it up to me, but I pretended it was all okay and things carried on like this for a while.

I should have mentioned, we had also done some 'shows' for want of a better word – for other girls we knew that we had told our 'secret' to.

David had been pretty annoyed at first on finding we'd told anyone, but in the end he couldn't resist having sex with us while other girls around our age watched, and of course getting them to 'help out' (join in, in other words) whenever he could.

There were also more 'spin offs' from this that I don't have time to go into now

(three or four girls who watched regularly also started having sex with older boys or men)

but the main point is that one of them 'knew' that her uncle would be interested

(he'd felt her up a few times and got her to feel him, but she'd never let it or wanted it to go further).

Anyway she told him about us, and he soon started chatting to me and Karen whenever he got the chance.

He was actually a really funny bloke

(made us laugh with lots of silly stories funny, not weird – funny!),

very good looking, and, at 25, a fair bit younger than David (who was about 45).

Though I didn't think of it that way at the time, I kind of think now that all that had a combined effect and I decided I was gonna get my own back by making him my boyfriend and then

Karen would be jealous. Of course making him my boyfriend was far easier than I'd dared hope as he was already dying to get into my knickers.

I'd met him (his name was Carl btw) only about four or five times when he called out *Hi* to me from the bottom of our garden. I ran down to him and I know I said something silly like *bello sexy bum* that I immediately felt was really stupid and wished I hadn't said it.

But of course I must have got really nice and very rude comments back from him because about two minutes later, I'd run up to the house and asked Mum if I could go round Nicole's to play (Nicole was his niece) already pretty sure of what sort of 'playing' he meant. Of course he'd asked me because the house was empty, not because Nicole wanted to play

(Nicole's Mum was Carl's older sister, and he had keys for her house because he often stopped in for a break, he was a delivery driver and came past most days).

Anyway, Nicole's house was about ten houses along, so it was just a few minutes later I ended up in her bedroom sucking Carl's cock and again, feeling really pleased with myself.

Yes I know in the view of (sadly I think) many people, I was being used or even abused. But I'm sorry, I just can't see it like that. I was enjoying myself hugely, felt really good about myself and privileged that I was getting the chance to do what I wanted

(even though I knew I wasn't really supposed to do it)

and what made me feel good. I wasn't being forced

(I was even taking the lead as much as I could)

and I think the main thing that makes girls feel bad about such experiences is that there is so much negative pressure from

other people telling them it is bad. I'm afraid if you tell someone often enough that what they've done / want to do is bad then they will start to believe you.

Fortunately, at the time I simply felt it was a naughty but fun secret, and so I was just incredibly excited, like a kid at the fair, or, as I saw it, playing naughty fun games with a new special friend.

I was a tiny bit disappointed he hadn't shagged me straight away but realised afterwards it was kind of my own fault. When we'd got there the pretence was

(and we both knew wasn't true)

that he had a new toy for me, and of course I'd said something like *show it to me*, he'd said it's in here and so I'd unzipped him and got his cock out. Within a minute or so I'd started sucking him and hadn't stopped till he'd cum. It was only afterwards we were laying on the bed and he'd started playing with my pussy he realised that the story he'd heard just bits of through Nicole was more true than he'd even hoped and asked if I thought I'd be able to shag him.

Being – as they say nowadays – young, hung, and full of cum, he didn't have any problem getting it up again and shortly I was feeling like the most important girl in the world and thinking of what it'd be like telling Karen all about it. He was better at it than David too.

David used to lay down and I always used to be on top

(though that was partly him being concerned – he didn't want to hurt me by pushing in too far and that way I had most control)

but it meant I had to do most of the work, jiggling up and down on him like a little jack rabbit. With Carl that first time he picked me up bodily, lowered me gently onto him

(he was sat on the edge of the bed)

then bounced the whole of me up and down.

(Kind of back to the kid on a ride at the fair thing!)

Anyway, it took me a week or two to get the courage to tell David and stop having sex with him, but funnily enough when I saw Karen I didn't want to get my own back at her anymore, so I was really nice to her about it.

From then on, me and Carl probably had sex of one kind or another at least a couple of times a week for the next year or so

(usually once at Nicole's and once in his delivery van)

Then his delivery round got changed, and a while after that we also nearly got caught by his Nicole's Mum

(she was just suspicious mostly – she came back unexpectedly and found us in Nicole's room one time – we weren't doing anything and he said he'd just taken me up there to look for a book I thought I loaned to Nicole, but we must've looked guilty or something and we didn't do it there again).

So after that we still did it, but maybe only six times in the next year, and I started doing it with David and Karen again.

At some point over this time my Mum had also got suspicious that something was happening, but I didn't think at the time, or for years afterwards, that she even had a clue what was really happening.

It was only last year when we were having a slightly drunk and giggly Mum and daughter heart to heart that she let on she'd suspected something about David and me from about the October of that first year. Yes, she'd been shocked at what just might be happening, and worried of course, but she wasn't at all sure at first either, and also knew that I seemed so happy all the time, and especially when with him, so she felt strangely ambiguous about it.

Apparently as she gradually became more sure that something was going on she also felt less inclined to do anything that might upset what was clearly a very happy relationship for me. So when she did finally find out for sure

(apparently there was a time we thought she was asleep on the sun lounger she had come in to go to the loo and glimpsed me rubbing his cock through the crack in the door)

she decided to keep quiet and only say anything if my responses to her hints and questions gave her the feeling I was in any way bothered or upset.

Obviously I wasn't, and I LOVE her SO much for that and for not doing anything. I hate to think how f****d-up I might be now if she'd made a major issue out of it and all the repercussions that I would have had to go through if she had.

Hmm – there's a lot more detail I could go into of what happened over the next few years, but this is ridiculously long already and I want to make some comments about my life now too. Just briefly though, I should fill in the outline of between then and now.

I did get back with Carl on a more regular basis after about a year, but then out of the blue found I was falling in love

(you might not think that possible, but that's what I felt)

with another guy I met.

I was about eight and a half, maybe coming up to nine at the time and of course he was another adult, about 30

(I just didn't think of anyone other than adult men as being potential 'boyfriends').

I was almost shocked to find that he was scared and pulled back when I started acting sexy with him

(he wasn't interested in little girls)

and I was worried I'd done or said something wrong. Gradually I realised how it was and decided I'd have to change his mind.

It took about three months, but I managed it, and feel I learned a huge amount over that period too. I was quite weird at first, almost like I was teaching him how to have sex

(no he wasn't a virgin – he just had trouble accepting a little girl could have, and did want to have, sex).

Over the next six or so years I had several other relationships with older men – none obvious or overt until I was about fourteen, when I got into this much more usual

(ok – still pretty age disparate by most peoples standards)

boyfriend/girlfriend relationship with a guy of 24. That was the first one my Mum officially knew about, though at the time I'd been dead scared of telling her about him

(telling her was something that he wanted to do so we could be more open).

From then on I guess I dated pretty much like a normal teen, even going out with a few boys my own age (!) though I still

used to have sex with both David and Carl occasionally until I was about seventeen.

(In fact I still know them both, but it's just a platonic friendship now. David is 71 after all! – though I'm sure he'd be quite happy if he could find another seven year old!)

Carl, sadly, was arrested about three years ago for possession of child pornography and went to prison for six months. He's lost his house and some so-called friends because of it, but he's gradually recovering now.

One thing that made me made incredibly mad about it was the way the newspapers described what he had as – vile filth, pictures of little children being tortured and abused, etc.

Now I'd seen all the collection he had, I make no apology for it – he's wanted to show me several times over the years, and I've always been interested to look.

What upsets me most is that that newspaper description is SO far from the truth. He had about 4,000 pictures: I've seen them all – NOT ONE showed any girl that even looked slightly like she might be being forced to do anything, let alone being tortured etc. Most of them were VERY clearly enjoying themselves and I'd be surprised if anyone could have truly described any of them even as looking unhappy! It's the way the papers demonised him, libeling him, because there was no way he could fight back.

Which kind of brings me back to me. Over the years, while at both junior school and high school, while at work, and as a mother and voluntary worker, I've met many girls and women who've been in, or who've had sexual relationships with adult men while they were under sixteen, very often under ten. Yes, there have been a few that feel they were abused, traumatised; that their life was ruined, turned on it's head, that they could never feel 'right' or 'clean' again.

And the one thing that has struck me about nearly all of these instances is that they were 'discovered' one way or another and that there was a huge furore about what had happened. They couldn't help but feel because of the reactions of those around them that it must have been 'bad'. And so that's how they came to see it.

There are also very many women that I've talked to where they weren't discovered, and almost universally they have good feelings

(or at the very worst, ambivalence)

about the experience.

There was a girl who joined my junior school when I was ten who had been in a relationship with a neighbour since she was eight and at the time told me it was the most special and wonderful thing in her life. I hope no-one has found out and persuaded her otherwise since.

There were two girls when I was about twelve that became great friends when we discovered we all had lovers who were in their thirties. One had been having sex as long as she could remember, the other for only about three months, but none of us were ever discovered and we all went on to be popular, go university, got decent jobs, and two of us have families, without any apparent psychological or physical trauma from the experience. One girl is still a great friend and we often reminisce about those years.

There are two other close friends I see regularly, and a third I see occasionally, who have all had sexual relationships in their pre-teen years, and the one thing we all feel strongly about is the way that the whole subject has become not just taboo, but is made out to be the worst crime imaginable, worse than murder or rape!

And this when we KNOW that in fact if not for the hysteria the huge majority of children in sexual relationships with adults could have a fulfilling and wonderful experience that helps them learn, feel loved, and enjoy physical love in a way that every human being, whatever age, is entitled to.

These aren't the only women I've met over the years that feel that way. There are many others, but most are too cautious to ever say anything to anyone but another woman who feels the same way. You would just get tarred with the same brush that the accusers use for all the child lovers they so glory in attacking.

I'm so glad I found this site and would like to thank the founders or webmaster or whatever for making this place available. A lot of this is stuff, as you might be able to tell (!) that I have been aching to get off my chest in some kind of PUBLIC way for, well, years.

I know if I wrote to a newspaper there is no-way it would ever get published and I'm afraid I'm not brave enough to create my own web site and put it on there. I talk to as many women as I dare about it, and have occasionally made the mistake of hinting at what I feel and believe to someone who wasn't very sympathetic. But to any of the other girls out there reading this and feeling like you can't really say anything, because no-one will understand – some girls do!

You'd be surprised how many women will have actually had some kind of pleasant sexual experience when they were young – it's overcoming the conditioning that it must have been bad that's the tough bit. But it is possible, so good luck to you all. And to everyone who's read this far, thank you. And sorry for any typos or sentences that don't make sense!

Try to understand, and if possible, send other open minded people here in the hope that they may too understand.

Love,
Hannah.

GM-10 – Hilde Dillen

◆ Source: < <http://www.martijn.org/blog/?p=864> >

The first book by Belgian writer Hilde Dillen, called *Koordddansen*, consists of the fictional story of sixteenth-year old Daniel who tries to come to terms with the dead of his teacher Leonard with whom he had a relationship during about a year.

In the May-June 1997 issue of *Ziggo*, a magazine for gay and bisexual men and women, Mark Sargeant published an article entitled “Ik rouw van jou – Jeugdschrijfster Hilde Dillen”.

A few quotes from Hilde Dillen

“At first I had intended to write about a very beautiful love relationship I used to have with a man who was 17 years older when I was a child of 13-14. But I think one should not be too revealing about such things, because it won't do you any good and it won't do your book any good either.”

“There's a lot of personal stuff in this work, based on my own life as a child and as a developing adult. Because of the relationship I experienced some situations in which I was dissected and rejected, at school, in your immediate environment... I think it is good for parents to realise that 12- to 13-year-old teenagers – who are supposed to be neither children nor adults – can sometimes be very intensively involved in erotic relations.”

GM-11 – Janneke

◆ On the Dutch forum at pedofilie.nl, a woman named Janneke shares her experience.

“From the ages of ten to twelve, I had a sexual relationship with my neighbor who was much older than I. He used to tell beautiful stories and I loved sitting on his lap because he would caress my legs. I felt special and cherished and it was a wonderful feeling.

After a while the caressing got more intimate and a very playful ritual developed during which I let him watch and touch me and in the end he also satisfied me orally. He's never done anything against my will, and everything happened with love.

I often yearn for it, as it was a special period in my life.”

GM-12 – Jezyka

- ◆ The following lines from a person who calls herself *Jezyka* are part of an answer to a question from a 16-year-old girl about her relationship with a 32-year-old man.

“I loved him and gave my virginity to him”

When I was 14, I fell in love with a 22 year old. I loved him and gave my virginity to him and I don't regret it. It wasn't all romantic but it was what we both wanted and to this day I still am glad that I gave it to him, because four years later I am still with him and I am pleased to say that we are engaged and we love each other like crazy. He's now 26 and I'm 18 and we live together and after I finish College we are going to have children.

GM-13 – Joke

- ◆ This case is taken from ... *en me vriendje houdt van mij: 23 verhalen uit het leven gegrepen*, edited by Ben Füss and Gorrit Goslinga (Eindhoven: Stichting Uitgeverij NVSH, 1981).

Summary of the case of Joke (30)

Joke's parents started running a café when she was almost eight years old. They had boarders, two of whom had their own room. The rest of them only stayed for a couple of months and then left again. There was no bathroom, only a toilet upstairs with a washstand. They all had to wash themselves there. They had to undress and go naked to the toilet.

One of the boarders, Herman, met her while she was going to wash herself, when she was around ten. Before that, Herman had shown his attraction to her by allowing her to polish his shoes more often than her step-brother, for pocket money.

After they had met while she was going to the toilet, they secretly arranged to meet each Saturday as she went to wash herself. At first he only looked at her while she was washing herself. After a few times, he started to touch her body.

Later on, he also stimulated her sexually in her room, playing sexual games with her.

She liked it. He caressed her all over, including her vagina. She remained passive and he showed his appreciation by giving her some extra money or helping her with her household chores. She used to wonder whether this was meant as a kind of payment, which would make her something of a whore (a concept she did not find particularly attractive), but now she realizes it was just a token of affection.

She also asked him to enlighten her about sexual matters, for example how he got an erection. He showed her, but never tried to have genital sex with her, though he entered her vagina with his finger. He also told her about menstruation. In general, he always tried to help her and be nice to her.

They became close and after he had a very serious accident, which damaged his back, she visited him very often until her father did not allow her anymore. He died a few years later.

The relationship lasted for about three to four years and she really felt attached to him and liked being with him, and vice versa. She thinks the sexual contacts helped her in her sexual development.

GM-14 – Judith Levine

- ◆ *Summer of Love: The Romance a Teenage Camper Couldn't Have Today* by Judith Levine (July 2, 2002)
 < <http://www.villagevoice.com/2002-07-02/news/summer-of-love> >
 < http://www.ipce.info/library_3/files/lev_romance.htm >

“This is an innocent story. In **1967**, the summer before my 15th birthday, I fell in love. It was my first intense erotic love, and its object was the photography counselor at camp – a lean, bearded, blue-eyed guy I'll call Jake. He was 26. Nothing sexual happened. Still, I think of those two months as the summer of my *épanouissement*, a French word meaning *blossoming* or *opening*, which also means *glow*. Jake took hundreds of pictures of me, and his affirmation and his camera opened me to myself. They helped me begin, sexually, to glow.

If the same events had occurred in **2002**, they would not be viewed as innocent. The adults around me would write my chaste romance as *a perverse tale*, casting Jake as a predator and me as *his hapless, clueless prey*.

Had I started my sex education with good-touch-bad-touch lessons in kindergarten or listened for a decade to media reporting on a world allegedly crowded with sexual malefactors sniffing the world for young flesh, I might even have believed that my friend and mentor Jake was one of them. That sweet idyll would have been, instead, the summer of my *victimization*.

And instead of opening me, Jake's attentions might have closed me down in fear and confusion.

The photographs were another kid's idea. Jake and I and a few other campers were messing around in the dining room after supper early in the summer, and a boy named Ezra suggested I model for Jake. *Judy would make a gas model*, he said. *Gas*, in 1967, meant *cool*. And looking back, I have to say, I was a cool kid.

I wrote poetry; I played guitar and piano pretty well. According to the adults who knew me then, I was precocious and perceptive. My friends remember me as witty and impassioned. I affected a late-beatnik-early-hippie look: skimpy tank tops worn without a bra (I didn't need one anyway), low-slung bell-bottoms that revealed the curve of my belly where it dipped between my hipbones.

Come to think of it, the clothes weren't so different from the ones today's parents (who wore them as kids!) condemn for prematurely 'sexualizing' their daughters. The clothes were sexy then; they are sexy now. And to this day I can almost taste how good I felt in them.

Before that summer, I still considered myself a little ugly and plenty awkward. In my high school, girls like me, who didn't have pageboy haircuts and didn't wear mohair sweaters with matching knee socks – and worse, who were smart – were untouchable.

At camp, though, I had suitors to spare. That summer several boys pursued me. One wore wire-rimmed glasses – avant-garde at the time. Another kept pleading with me to take my first acid trip with him. I was unmoved. I idolized the glamorous Jake, who had spent a year photographing guerrillas somewhere in Africa, who drove a battered Volkswagen, who meditated at an ashram. And he – miracle of miracles – liked me, a lot.

He liked me, I felt, and he saw me – saw the person I was beginning to know as myself. I could read his recognition in the photographs. They are straightforward, not arty, not pushy. I posed as I wanted; he shot. My body in them is at that heart-stopping stage between baby plump and adolescent fleshy. My face varies from picture to picture: Here I am a giggly kid, here a dreamy near-woman. One photo, which still hangs on my mother's wall, shows me holding Queen Anne's lace, gazing into the distance. It's a bit hokey: I'm working hard at looking soulful. But Jake's camera didn't mock. It's as if he believed I really was thinking deep thoughts.

What I was thinking about was sex. I tried to seduce him. In the flowery fields where we often went, I struck what I thought were enticing poses, leaning back in the long, scratchy grass, arching my back to reveal a bit of belly, dropping a shoulder so that a strap would fall invitingly off. In the little hand mirror I kept in my bunk, I rehearsed sucking in my cheeks and pouting my lips. And in the evergreen-smelling nights, I fantasized the day Jake would ask me to take my shirt off, brush his lips over my nipples, then pull down the short zipper of my pants. I imagined the bristles of his beard as he kissed me there.

He never did. In fact, he mentioned sex only once that I remember, as I sat on the counter in his darkroom, watching his red-lit face concentrate on the images emerging in the trays (the smell of developing fluid is still erotic to me).

He said,

*There are two things I know I can't do while I'm working here:
smoke pot or make love to a woman.*

Was that woman me? I closed my eyes for a second and imagined I was, pictured him stepping between my dangling legs, taking my face in his hands, and kissing me. I opened my eyes, unknissed.

Maybe Jake considered me a little girl, not a woman at all. But somehow, as he gazed at me through that lens, I began to see myself as a woman, at least a little.

One hot sunny afternoon, shingling a roof with Jake and some other campers, I admired the muscles of his tan, bare back flexing with each hammer swing. The bitter-salty odor of his sweat drifted toward me on a breeze.

Hmm, I said to myself, smiling as I noticed that I liked the smell. This must mean I'm growing up.

Once, skinny-dipping, I felt my body go as liquid as the lake as I watched him climb onto the shore, the red-blond fuzz on his body beaded with water.

Today, camp policy, like that at many schools and community centers, might forbid Jake and me to spend those hours alone in a dark little room. The camp director might pull him aside and ask pointedly what we were doing out in the fields. A counselor might interrogate me about his actions and insinuate that he was exploiting me. She might even persuade me it was true.

Of the dozens of rolls he photographed, there are a few shots of me with my shirt off, folk-dancing in a downpour with some other girls. I remember stepping back toward him, breathless and ecstatic, my face hot in the cool rain. *You're amazing*, he said, and raised his camera again. Today those photographs could be called child pornography, and Jake could be arrested for taking them.

He never touched me, except to drape an arm over my shoulder or sit close to me on a bench. He kissed me on the lips only once, mouth closed, on the last day of camp – and gave his boots to another girl, throwing me into paroxysms of jealousy. But he made me feel beautiful. He made me feel desirable.

Recently, the publication of my book *Harmful to Minors: The Perils of Protecting Children From Sex*⁸ lit a conflagration among conservatives, who called for its suppression – and called me an apologist for, even an advocate of, ‘pedophilia’.

Why? In one chapter, I suggest that statutory rape laws are often unjust and unrealistic. They not only criminalize consensual teen relationships and categorically deny teens the right to consent to sex, they erase the very possibility that young people might desire – or initiate – sex at all, especially with an older person. At the same time, the book says, we’ve come to suspect all adults as sexual con artists, cajoling kids through popular culture and advertising to want sex, or seducing or coercing them to have it, before their time. It’s as if adults, should they find a young person sexually appealing, could never control their impulses.

My book acknowledges that kids desire – and I know they do, because I did – and this apparently makes me a ‘pedophile’s’ patsy. Writing the book, I often felt lucky that I came of age during the brief moment when young people’s sexuality was considered lovely and good and when adults who appreciated it were not regarded as perverts.

In the summer of ‘67, a man gave a girl the innocent gift of her emerging erotic self. I wonder if I could receive it with such happiness and grace were I a girl today.”

GM-15 – Karina

- ◆ A female member of a German forum⁹ who simply calls herself *Karina* responds to someone who is in a relationship with a notable age difference.

8 http://www.ipce.info/ipceweb/Library/reg_1.htm#Levine

9 http://forum.gofeminin.de/forum/f244/___f141_f244-Sie-14-1-2-ich-22-3-4.html

Apart from giving the person in question some advice, she also writes:

“I know this. I was 15 and my boyfriend, as well, already was 22. If that's supposed to be a serious problem...”

“And love is not a question of age.”

GM-16 – Kate Winslet

“He was very much the love of my life”

British academy-award winning actress Kate Winslet had a relationship with her colleague Stephen Tredre that began when she was 15 and lasted for about five years, from 1991 to 1995. Tredre was almost 13 years her senior.

Shortly after he died of cancer in 1997, Kate Winslet confessed he had been the love of her life.

She confirmed this again for an interview in 2008¹⁰ connected to her performance in *The Reader*:

“He was very much the love of my life during those years.”

GM-17 – Kathy

- ◆ Jon Katz, who is not in favor of ‘pedophile’ relationships, put this message on the internet. It does not involve an adult woman (I mean a person over the age of 18), but she's very close to it, so it seems to reasonable to include it in this collection.

“You often pass along messages with odd points of view,” wrote a teenager who identified herself as Kathy and said she

10 http://nymag.com/daily/entertainment/2008/12/three_out_of_four_the_reader_s.html

would very soon be at the ‘age of consent,’ by which I presume she meant 18. This is what she wrote to Katz:

“I want you to know that for several years, I have had a real-life relationship with an older man, a person in his late 30s that I met online in a chat room. I guess under the law he is a rapist and sex offender. My parents would call him that, I'm sure. So, I guess, would the police. He could go to jail for life for meeting me, having had sex with me. But he is somebody I have loved very much.

He's been great to me, gentle and sweet, and has never forced me to do anything. He's taught me things, given me books. He has always been the one to say that maybe this isn't a good idea, maybe we should stop, maybe we should wait. But I don't think so.

I think this relationship has helped me, maybe even saved my life. I know it probably won't last, but I decided to write you because in my world, this isn't all so black-and-white...

The guy in New Jersey who was arrested seems to be a creep who stalked children. He should go to jail. But not all of the meetings between older and younger people are horrible, and people should make some distinctions.”

GM-18 – Kimxxxyyy

- ◆ A woman who operates under the nickname of *kimxxxyyy* has had a channel on YouTube¹¹ which contains videos on controversial subjects, and has described her own sexual relationship as a young girl with an adult man.

“I'm not speaking from ideas or beliefs, I'm speaking from my own personal life experience, being that I as a child of twelve,

¹¹ <http://www.youtube.com/user/kimxxxyyy>

thirteen, had a relationship with someone much older than me. I never once thought that he or I was doing anything wrong. We had a normal relationship and I still see nothing wrong with it.”

GM-19 – Koekie

- ◆ The case of Koekie and her friend Ben is taken from the article “Al met al een mooi verhaal: Losse eindjes van tien jaar vriendschap” by Gertjan Cobelens in *OK Magazine*, 1992, March/April, pp. 16-21.
Here is a summary based on a conversation between Koekie and her friend Ben when she was about 21.

Koekie (11) and her friend Ben (29) met during an anti-nuclear power campaign in the summer of 1982 consisting of a ‘caravan’ of theater and music groups that tried to spread their message through their artistic performances.

Ben fell in love with Koekie. He stared at her and she looked back at him and after a while they started talking. Ben was always looking for her and he constantly stayed close to her and although Koekie liked this attention most of the time, sometimes it became too much for her and then she wanted him to leave her alone for a while.

In general, Koekie found it exciting that an older person was crazy about her and wanted to play with her and girls she was friends with. She felt secure and safe with him. She also felt some excitement when they went for walks together and there was an erotic tension in the air.

Koekie now realizes that he was her ‘ideal love’, though she asks herself whether she may have developed too quickly for boys of her own age, because she knew more about relationships than they did. On the other hand, she felt proud of Ben and all of her friends wanted to see him.

After the caravan, Ben visited her at the farm where they lived and they had some mild non-genital erotic contact. She also visited him in Amsterdam. Ben sent her a lot of letters and tapes explaining that he was very much in love with her and why he felt that way. His explanations went a bit too far for her and after a year she decided that the relationship had become too serious for her tastes. She tore up his letters and only kept his tapes.

In 1984, Koekie was delighted to see Ben again at the annual 'caravan'. However, Ben fell in love with a young boy and Koekie felt very jealous of him. The irony of the situation was that the boy had fallen in love with Koekie. Nonetheless, Koekie and Ben did sleep together again. Koekie admits that she really fell head over heels in love with Ben, when she was about thirteen.

Some time later, she wanted to have sex with him but Ben did not even want to cuddle very much, as he admitted that he had fallen out of love with her. Koekie cried all night long and it took her a long time to get over Ben.

When she was seventeen, they had 'real', hot sex with each other though neither of them was in love anymore.

A real problem for Koekie during her relationship with Ben consisted of his constant doubts and fears about the legitimacy and sense of the relationship, and his inability to get mad at her during conflicts. She longed for the joy of reconciliation after a good quarrel.

All in all, Koekie concludes that it is a 'beautiful story.' She's mostly satisfied with the way things went and she feels she owes her best friend to the relationship.

GM-20 – La Chispa

José Monge (or Monje) Cruz, known as *Camarón de la Isla* (1950-1992), was one of the greatest flamenco singers of the 20th Century and he still has many followers today.

What is less known about flamenco singer Camarón is that, in 1976, he married a gypsy girl, Dolores Montoya, whom he nicknamed *La Chispa* (the Spark). He had first met the girl about a decade before and he asked for her hand in marriage when she was only fourteen.

Together they had four children. On a range of websites, La Chispa is mentioned as the love of his life and she is also mentioned as his *viuda* (widow).

The *Reportaje de TV del entierro de Camarón* (TV Report on Camarón's funeral)¹² consists of a video about Camarón, his funeral, and La Chispa. In it she says that he *was a very good person and a very good husband and artist*.

According to other sites, the often deified Camarón turned out to be human after all, because he really smoked too much, which brought about the lung cancer he died from at a very young age. He also did some drugs. The most negative thing I read about him was that for some time he wanted to be a bull-fighter, something which unfortunately is not all too uncommon in flamenco circles, for historical reasons.

On a more neutral note, he could be quite capricious about expensive beautiful cars, while at the same time being *callado* (introverted) and *raro* (eccentric).

12 <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=10wxc1Fou9g>

See also: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kdTWIWSfc5g>

In this show we see Camarón, La Chispa and their children.

I haven't found anything bad about his relationship with La Chispa (as such) though. I did find: “La Chispa, que lo adoraba” (La Chispa who adored him).

La Chispa also used to visit (or still visits) his grave for years after his funeral. For four years, she mourned for him (“ella estuvo cuatro años llorando”) and she became so depressed that she did not eat enough. She simply did not know what to do without him and their children were being looked after by her father and sister. Dolores was saved from her depression when her children told her that if she stopped eating, they would too.

GM-21 – Lori Mattix

“I saw David many times [...] and it was always great.”

- ◆ Source: Michael Kaplan: “I Lost My Virginity to David Bowie: Confessions of a '70s Groupie.” *Thrillist*, 11 March 2015.
< <https://www.thrillist.com/entertainment/nation/i-lost-my-virginity-to-david-bowie> >

Journalist Michael Kaplan interviewed former teenage groupie Lori Mattix, also known as Lori Maddox or Lori Lightning, for *Thrillist* about her relationship with David Bowie and other rock stars. (These included Jimmy Page of Led Zeppelin with whom she had a love affair but who finally dumped her, from which she never really recovered.)

Kaplan writes:

“In the early 1970s, the Sunset Strip was a magnet for rock stars: Bowie, Zeppelin, Iggy Pop, Mott the Hoople, The Who. They all hung out in the VIP rooms of louche LA nightclubs like E Club, the Rainbow, and Rodney Bingenheimer’s English Disco. And with them, of course, came groupies. Scantly clad 14- and 15-year-olds like Sable Starr and Lynn ‘Queenie’ Koenigsaecker sipped cherry cola,

dropped pills, and evolved into pubescent dream girls for the platform-shoed rockers who could get anything and anyone they desired [...]

Decades before Drake dissed Tyga for dating 17-year-old Kylie Jenner, and R. Kelly faced multiple allegations of having sex with minors, the most visible rock stars in the world blithely made it with girls who were barely out of junior high school. It was all glorified in the pages of a glossy magazine called *Star*, which reveled in the underage groupie scene for five issues. Other publications, such as the rock 'n' roll bible *Creem*, flicked at the Sunset Strip doings without so much as a wagged finger. Hell, in 1973, a leisure-suited Tom Snyder devoted an entire show to interviews with some of LA's highly desired teenage groupies.

Starting from the age of 15, Lori Mattix ranked among the most desired of these so-called baby groupies who were helping to satisfy the sexual appetites of Jimmy Page, David Bowie, Mick Jagger, and others. She hung out at the Playboy Mansion and modeled in the pages of *Star*. [...]

These days, she has found success as a partner and buyer for the Glam Boutique on Melrose Ave in West Hollywood.”

In the interview, Lori Mattix told Kaplan among other things:

“Sable Starr lived to fuck rock stars. She was so glamorous, totally one-of-a-kind, wearing scarves for shirts and going topless without hesitation. My junior high school friend Queenie became friends with Sable and introduced me. I was 14. Sable was the same age. I felt completely in awe of her. My mother owned a concession at the movie star restaurant Chasen's. On weekend nights, while she worked, I snuck out of the house to hang with Queenie and Sable at the clubs on Sunset Strip.

What I remember most about the E Club was Bowie. I met him when he was doing the Spiders from Mars tour. I had

not yet turned 15 and he wanted to take me to his hotel room. I was still a virgin and terrified. He had hair the color of carrots, no eyebrows, and the whitest skin imaginable. I grabbed on to [DJ and club co-owner] Rodney Bingenheimer and said I was with him. So we all just hung out and talked. I had probably kissed boys by that point, but I wasn't ready for David Bowie.

Next time Bowie was in town, though, maybe five months later, I got a call at home from his bodyguard, a huge black guy named Stuey. He told me that David wanted to take me to dinner. Obviously, I had no homework that night. Fuck homework. I wasn't spending a lot of time at school anyway. I said that I would like to go but that I wanted to bring my friend Sable. She was dying to fuck Bowie. I figured that she would sleep with him while I got to hang out and have fun. At the time, Sable and her sister Coral were both dating Iggy Pop, spending time at the home of Tony DeFries [then-manager of David Bowie and Iggy] up in Laurel Canyon. People there were so high all the time – Quaaludes, heroin, whatever. In the limo ride to the Rainbow, Sable said, *If you touch David, I will kill you*. I didn't think she was kidding.

We sat at this corner table in a private room. Stuey rolled enormous blunts. John Lennon and Yoko Ono stopped by to say hello. We were drinking cocktails and looking at menus when some crazy guy dove over the table and said to David, *You flaming fucking faggot. Kill Bowie!* Next thing you know, Stuey's got the guy pinned down and we're being escorted out a side door and back into the limo. *Danny's Song* was playing on the radio and Sable started singing to David: *We ain't got honey, but I'm so in love with your money...* He laughed so hard. He thought it was hilarious.

We got to the Beverly Hilton and all went up to Bowie's enormous suite. I found myself more and more fascinated by him. He was beautiful and clever and poised. I was in-

credibly turned on. Bowie excused himself and left us in this big living room with white shag carpeting and floor-to-ceiling windows. Stuey brought out Champagne and hash. We were getting stoned when, all of a sudden, the bedroom door opens and there is Bowie in this fucking beautiful red and orange and yellow kimono.

He focused his famously two-colored eyes on me and said, *Lori, darling, can you come with me?* Sable looked like she wanted to murder me. He walked me through his bedroom and into the bathroom, where he dropped his kimono. He got into the tub, already filled with water, and asked me to wash him. Of course I did. Then he escorted me into the bedroom, gently took off my clothes, and de-virginized me.

Two hours later, I went to check on Sable. She was all fucked up in the living room, walking around, fogging up windows and writing, *I want to fuck David*. I told him what she was doing and that I felt so bad. Bowie said, *Well, darling, bring her in*. That night I lost my virginity and had my first threesome. The next morning, there was banging on the door and it was fucking [Bowie's wife] Angie. I was terrified of her. David said not to worry about it. They were already at the point where they had separate rooms. She probably knew he'd be in there with girls... or boys. He was totally bisexual. I saw David many times after that, for the next 10 years, and it was always great.”

Kaplan: *Still, you were a 15-year-old kid and he was an adult man with a lot of experience, and power, and drugs. You don't see any problem with that now?*

“I was an innocent girl, but the way it happened was so beautiful. I remember him looking like God and having me over a table. Who wouldn't want to lose their virginity to David Bowie?”

Kaplan: *But did it ever feel like there was something unusual about it?*

“No. You need to understand that my life has never been normal. I have always been special. I always felt like the universe was taking care of me. [...]”

Kaplan: *Still, a lot of people would have a hard time with an underage girl having sex with rock stars.*

“But you need to understand that I didn't think of myself as underage. I was a model. I was in love. That time of my life was so much fun. It was a period in which everything seemed possible. There was no AIDS and the potential consequences seemed to be light. Nobody was afraid of winding up on YouTube or TMZ. Now people are terrified. You can't even walk out your door without being photographed. It has become a different world.

[...]

For me, now, I'm in the fashion business and look back very fondly on those years. I was really special. I knew it the night after I lost my virginity to David Bowie, when I went to see his concert at Long Beach Arena. It was still the Spiders from Mars tour, and, literally, the night that he became a star. But he had the spotlight shined on Lee Childers [Bowie's publicist], Sable, and I, sitting in the audience. That's when he thanked me for being there. Who cares what people said about me? I feel like I was very present. I saw the greatest music ever. I got to hang out with some of the most amazing, most beautiful, most charismatic men in the world. I went to concerts in limos with police escorts. Am I going to regret this? No.”

GM-22 – Mama1990

A female member of a German forum¹³, who calls herself *Mama1990*, started a thread about age differences in relationships. Now twenty, she describes her own relationship that began when she was 14 and her boyfriend was 34. They are still together, have a son together and love each other very much. They've been living together since she was sixteen.

“We aren't rich, but we're happy! That's the most important thing, isn't?”

The relationship developed when he repeatedly comforted her when she was sad.

GM-23 – Mary Ivanova Gogol

“It is impossible to describe how much my husband loved me”

◆ I owe this case to Cyril Galaburda. Sources: Boris Sokolov, *Gogol, enciklopedija* (ISBN 5-9265-0001-2)

See also:

< <http://www.litmir.co/bd/?b=255840> >

< <http://www.litmir.me/a/?id=12022> >

Mary Ivanovna Gogol (1791–1868) Kosyaróffsky was Nicolas Gogol's mother. She married his father, Basil Athanasievich Gogol in 1805, aged 14, when the latter was 27 years old.

In a letter dated March 4th 1856 she described how they first met, in a letter to S.T. Aksakoff:

“When Basil Athanasievich Gogol was spending his vacations at home, he visited his mother at Akhtyrka, in the [Ukrainian] province of Kharkiv. They prayed to a miraculous icon, attended mass, participated in public prayer and

13 <http://www.gutefrage.net/frage/wieviel-altersunterschied-ist-okay>

spent the night there. That night, he was dreaming about that same church. He was standing at its left side, and suddenly its royal gates opened. Some crowned queen dressed in purple walked towards him and started to talk to him. He only remembers her words: *You will be possessed by many maladies [...] but it will pass.* Our Lady said to him, *you will recover, get married, and this is your wife.* While uttering these words, she raised her right hand, and he noticed a little child sitting on the floor by her feet. He clearly remembered the child's face.

Later on, he returned home and got his mind off these things. The dream was forgotten. His village didn't have any church so they had to visit the village of Yaresky, close to the river Psjol. There he met my aunt and when the wet-nurse delivered a seven-months-old baby he was stunned, because the baby's face was identical to the one he'd seen in his dream.

He didn't tell anyone but started watching me. When I was older he'd been amusing me with various toys. He never got bored when I was playing with dolls, he'd build homes of playing-cards. My aunt had always wondered why a young man like him didn't get tired of playing with a child for days. I got to know him well, saw him often and began to love him.

Then, 13 years later, he had the same nocturnal dream about the same church. But this time, the doors he saw opened weren't royal gates, but doors leading to an altar. A pretty girl in white clothes and wearing a shining crown came to him. She pointed to the left and said: *Here is your bride!* He looked and saw a little girl in a white dress sitting and working at a table, who had the same face.

Soon afterwards, we returned from Kharkiv and he asked my parents to give us permission to marry.”

Mary also told Walter Ivanovich Schenrok (a biographer of Nicolas Gogol) how she became acquainted with Basil Gogol (free translation):

“I was just 13 years old. I used to feel something special whenever I was in his presence, although I always remained calm. My fiancé visited us very often. Sometimes he asked me whether it was hard for me to bear him or whether I felt bored by him. I always replied that I liked our being together. And he has always been really kind and thoughtful towards me from my very childhood.

Sometimes, when I was walking towards the river Psjol, together with some other girls, I could hear wonderful music coming from the bushes on the opposite river bank. It was not difficult to understand that it was him playing. When I was going for a walk, music coming from hidden places in the garden used to accompany me until I'd be home again. I told my aunt about this and she smiled and said: ‘You go for a walk at precisely the right time. He likes nature and enjoys music when the weather is fine. But don't go very far from home.’

Once he didn't find me home and he went to the garden. I noticed him and started shivering, so I returned.

When we were alone, he once asked me whether I loved him. I replied that I loved everybody. I don't understand how I could hide my feelings for him, being just 13 years old. After I left him, he told my aunt that he wanted to marry me very much, but was not sure whether I was in love with him. My aunt replied that I was; that I was kind and that I would make a wonderful wife; that she was sure I loved him because I'd always longed for him; that I'd replied the way I did just because I'd been afraid of men, because she used to tell me how cunning men were.

Once he had left, my aunt called me and told me about his proposal. I said I was afraid of being ridiculed by my friends. But she brought me to reason. I was taken to my parents for they wanted to prepare something. I didn't feel lonely, because my fiancé visited me often. When he couldn't come, he'd write me a letter. Whenever I received letters, I handed them over to my father without opening them. My father once read one of his letters and told me, smiling: *He's certainly read too many novels.* There were a lot of tender and affectionate phrases in his letters. [...] The letters written by my fiancé were always with me.

The date of our marriage was set to be a year later. When I was 14 years old, we were married in a church at Yaresky. Then my husband left and I lived with my aunt, because I was still too young to be living alone in his absence. Then I stayed with my parents at the place where I'd seen him often. But at the beginning of November he started to beg my parents to send me back to him, for he couldn't live without his wife. So I didn't spend a whole year with them as I had planned to do, but only one month. My parents gave me their blessing and let me go. He took me to the village of Vasiljeffka, where his parents met us. They accepted me as their own daughter. My mother-in-law dressed me in her old dresses.

It is impossible to describe how much my husband loved me. I was absolutely happy. Even though he was thirteen years older than I. I never left the village and this didn't disturb me at all.”

The village life in Vasiljeffka followed a steady rhythm and Mary described it as follows:

“Our family possessed 130 serves. I didn't attend balls or other gatherings. All of my happiness lay with my family. We couldn't spend even a day without each other. So he

never drove his droshky [specific type of carriage] over his fields without me.

In one case I had to stay at home and I was constantly worrying about him, as if I would never see him again. Until Dimitry Troschinsky [Nicolas Gogol's distant relative] arrived from St. Petersburg, he spent almost all of his time with me. Troschinsky loved my husband and did not want us to leave St. Petersburg. There I saw the high life I had always avoided: balls, theaters, the aristocracy from both capitals. But I have always been glad to return to Vasiljeffka where I sometimes lived alone for the sake of my mother-in-law as she couldn't stand loneliness. My husband had to stay with Troschinsky [...].”

Mary Gogol gave birth to twelve children. Five of these, two sons and three daughters died in childhood.

When Basil Gogol died in March 1825, Mary became totally occupied with her household. She later recalled:

“I first took care of all the men's work [sic] in the field and then I took care of the paper work. I felt sure I had to economize for my children's sake, to make things better as much as possible. When my husband was alive, he was doing all this on his own, but now I had to deal with it somehow. Maybe these troubles and my perfect health saved me from my sorrow. I sought consolation in my son. Thus, I could overcome all my pain and returned to my original state of mind.”

GM-24 – Maya

- ◆ The following account is taken from a letter sent to the Dutch journal *OK Magazine*, number 36, April 1992.

Censorship in *Rondom Tien*¹⁴ – Letter from Maya

“I’m a woman of 29 and from the age of fourteen, I have had a sexual relationship with a man of 35 for the duration of one and a half year. In the meantime I’m myself a mother of two children of ten and seven.

I experienced my relationship with Roel – the man in question – as very secure and pleasant. Immediately after my parents found out they tried to make the relationship impossible as much as they could, but they did not involve the police. Also, the end of the relationship was natural and therefore it was not traumatic.

Whenever I think of Roel, I still get a good feeling inside.

Now, after a while, I notice that the program [of the Dutch show *Rondom Tien* about ‘pedophilia’] left me with a feeling that [the message was:] *this can never be good for a child*. Without my own experiences in the past and my present friendships, I would probably have believed this.”

GM-25 – Melkor

- ◆ On an online Belgian discussion forum, *Noxa Forum*, a woman who calls herself *Melkor* joins in on thread about the acceptability of ‘pedophile’ relations.

On January 15 th 2009 she claimed the following:

“I started a relationship with a man of 29 from the age of 11, and all went very well and I feel absolutely no regrets about it.”

14 A Dutch TV show about ‘pedophilia’

GM-26 – Mona and Jim

- ◆ A person who uses the nickname *Bottle* posted “A true love story” on *Girl Chat*
< <http://annabelleigh.net/messages/550437.htm> >.
- ◆ It concerns Mona, a young Norwegian mother-of-three. Bottle translated the following from the original site he/she found the case on
< <http://www.p3.no/dokumentar/gal-av-jaerlighet/#MonaPlussJim> >.
- ◆ Here it is (slightly edited by Rivas):

Mona fell in love with Jim Håkon when she was nine years old. She sent him a love letter, and has had his picture hanging on the wall for ten years. And now they have been married for almost three years and have two kids. [...]

Translated from the audio interview:

- *But how old was Jim in those days?*
- Eighteen.
- *You were nine and he was eighteen?*
- Hehehe, yes!

I don't remember when I sent him that loveletter, but it was maybe the first thing I did, more or less. It is true that he of course needed to know my thoughts about him. I remember the letter paper, that it was yellow, with blue elephants. [...] yes, around that age.

Every time I find that letter, I remember. That it was that one. Eh, I remember that I wrote it, I remember that I posted it, and I remember that when it left (with the postman,) I was feeling very sick and wished I hadn't done it... And I was

hoping that it wouldn't arrive. But, clearly, it arrived the very same day.

[...]

So when I think about it, I have experienced some strange stuff with that man.

GM-27 – Nino Chavchavadze

“The most important thing for her was Griboyedoff's glorious name”

◆ I owe this case to Cyril Galaburda. – Sources: see below.

Alexander Sergiovich Griboyedoff (1795-1829) was born in Moscow into a noble family, which was part of a longstanding aristocratic clan. He was highly educated and successfully graduated from the departments of Philology and Ethics & Politics. He knew nine languages and was a gifted musician who composed several well-known waltzes. He is said by A.S. Pushkin to have been one of “the most intelligent people in Russia”.

During the 1812 Patriotic War, Griboyedoff volunteered for the army but he never took part in any battle. During that time he began to write his important literary work. In 1818 he was sent to Persia as secretary of the Russian embassy. There, he proved to be a skillful diplomat. On 30 January 1829 in Teheran he fell a prey to Muslim fundamentalists who attacked the Russian embassy.

He first met his wife Nino (also known as Nina) Chavchavadze (born in 1812) when she was a young girl, and he ended up giving her piano lessons. Her father was Alexander Chavchavadze, the Major-General of Russian Army, one of the greatest Georgian poets and writers, Governor-General of Nachitsche-

van and Herivan Regions, who founded a cultural center for the aristocracy, military authorities and intellectuals in Tbilisi. Griboyedoff had been serving in Tbilisi in 1822 so he was welcomed in prince Alexander Chavchavadze's home.

One of the literary essays about Nino Chavchavadze reads:

“Nino was an incomparable musician, singer, and dancer; director and participant of family performances; artist; [a] magnificent embroider [and] rider; and a true lover of literature. At first sight, she charmed women and men of all ages and ethnicities – Georgian, Asian, Russian and European.”

Nino received her initial education at home. Later, she attended a famous private boarding school in the St. Petersburg home of Praskovya Nikolaevna Arsenyeva Akhverdova. Praskovya Akhverdova's school attracted children of many noble families, and played an important role in Nino's life as well as the lives of her siblings. Here, they received a general education, studied foreign languages, learned to draw, and received a variety of special lessons. Praskovya Akhverdova also hosted meetings in the 1810s and 1820s where ideas were exchanged among public figures, writers, and other Georgian, Russian, and European intellectuals.

Alexander and Nino married when he was 32 and she was 15. He died when she was only 16.

Nino later told her sister's husband, David Dadiani:

“I could never imagine a happiness greater than my love for Alexandre Griboyedoff. Unfortunately, this love was kidnapped from me, and my happiness followed. My love is buried on Mtatsminda Hill, and my heart, still burning in love, lies in my husband's grave. When this love disappears, I will also die physically and morally. There are many who

cannot imagine this. They surprise me. They have probably never loved and cannot love anybody.”

She never remarried and continued to mourn for him until she died 28 years later. After her husband's death, Nino dressed in black and she never wore anything else until her own death. In 1857 a cholera epidemic broke out in Tbilisi, but Nino did not want to leave the city. While nursing her diseased relatives, she fell ill herself and died. Before dying Nino said she wanted to be buried with Griboyedoff.

Husband and wife lie buried next to each other high above Tbilisi, at the St. David Monastery on the Mtsaminda Mountain. Their two graves are still frequently visited by admirers. On one of the graves there is a kneeling bronze female figure embracing a cross. Nino expressed her strong feelings of love and tenderness in words that seem to be burning on the cold, heavy and black stone on one side of the monument:

“Your mind and acts are immortal in the memory of Russians but why did my love survive you?” On the opposite side we can read the words “For the Unforgettable from His Nino.”

For almost three decades, Nino suffered in silence. She bravely hid her sorrow.

A contemporary wrote about her:

“The most important thing for her was Griboyedoff's glorious name, as sanctified by this beautiful and holy woman.”

The love of Griboyedoff and Nino Chavchavadze inspired a lot of beautiful works of art.

Sources:

- ◆ <http://achp.si.edu/chavchavadze/ninotchav.html>
- ◆ <http://www.ermanok.net/news/comment.php?1611>
- ◆ <http://www.peoples.ru/family/wife/griboedova/index1.html>
- ◆ <http://www.lovestuff.ru/lovestory/xix/280.html>
- ◆ <http://telegrafua.com/social/13566/>
- ◆ <http://www.loveorigami.info/story.php?aut=366&story=159>

GM-28 – No regrets

- ◆ On the Dutch forum at pedofilie.nl, there is an anonymous short message:

“I’m a girl of 27 and I when I was only eleven, I used to have a complete sexual relationship with a man of 26. I won’t go into any details, but I’ve never had any regrets.”

GM-29 – Passionate relationship

- ◆ A woman sent T. Rivas several messages revealing her identity but wishes to remain anonymous here.
Here are some relevant passages of her e-mail from August 2004:

“From my 14th to my 18th year, I had a relationship with someone who was thirteen years older. I actually knew this person all my life, and my first memories in this respect date from when I was four.

I vaguely recall how he was ‘playing’ with me and that he allowed me to play with his penis as well and that he got

aroused. I was a young, naive and innocent child and did not know something was wrong about that. I think I even liked it, because I have the impression that I don't have unpleasant memories of it.

When I was fourteen, he helped me improve my English. At the time he also had a girl-friend. As the lessons continued, he fell in love with me. In those days I also met my first boy-friend [of my own age], but when I was with him I noticed that I was fantasizing more about the older person than about my own boyfriend. I felt a bit guilty and forced myself to fantasize about the boy-friend. [...]

During the six months that followed I also fell in love with this [older] person but I did not know what to do with those feelings. They confused me. He was much too old for me and I knew that my parents and environment would never accept it. All the same, my feelings kept growing stronger.

After a while he tried to touch me, but I got scared and pushed him away and walked away. On the one hand I really wanted to, but on the other hand I was afraid. He was so much older, he had a girl-friend, and still I felt he wanted me and I wanted him.

A couple of months later we started something after all. The first kiss, the first real touches and I liked it all. This relationship began when I was fourteen years old, around Christmas. The following four years, I only saw him now and then, there were often months, half year or even a year between our meetings. He often went abroad for his work. Also, our relationship was not supposed to be revealed. [...]

We had a pleasant, passionate relationship. We played with each other until I was sixteen and then I finally wanted to go 'further'. [...]

During our relationship I did not see him as a ‘pedophile’, but simply as a man I passionately fell in love with and with him I had a passionate relationship.”

◆ **Comment:**

From a researcher's perspective, this case is far from ideal. The erotic contact between the respondent and the man who was later to become her lover appears to have started in a possibly dubious manner, and the respondent has only vague recollections of this.

Also, one may describe her position when they started seeing each other more regularly as that of a secret mistress. However, the respondent herself is very positive about the relationship and that is why I have decided to include it anyway. (IR)

GM-30 – Play Eva

- ◆ This account is taken from from the research of Frits Bernard, as quoted in *Paedophilia: The Radical Case*.
 < <http://www.ipce.info/host/radicase/> >

“I had an experience with an adult man when I was hardly twelve years old but the circumstances were not such that I look back on them with horror.

On the contrary, I have very fine memories of the first, though rather bizarre, acquaintance with sex, and what happened eight years ago has had no bad consequences.

I have no trauma about it and have become neither oversexed nor frigid. All that happened was that I learned, at a very early age, how a man and girl can satisfy each other, and obtained practical sexual instruction by means of which I did not have to learn from a book what a naked man looks like, how he gets an erection, ejaculation, masturbation, and so on.

In the circumstances that surrounded my case there was no question of rape. He was a darling, and as we say, ‘opportunity made the thief’ and I instinctively made use of my art of seduction

(although, naturally, I did not understand this until afterwards)

which is decidedly a challenging attitude demonstrated by us women at an early age, especially when at that age, you spot that a man looks at you as though you were no longer a child.

[...] I look back on it now as an odd but fine first experience; in fact I liked it so much that, when I went home, I asked if I could come and ‘play Eva’ (as he called it) again. [...] It certainly has done me no harm.”

GM-31 – Rachel

- ◆ This case is taken from a disappeared website, but is still available at < http://newgon.com/_CPP/index.htm >. It concerns a woman called *Rachel*. Here are some relevant passages:

“When I was six years old, I was ‘molested’ by a neighbor. I don’t feel quite right calling it that, because he didn’t really ‘molest’ me, the way they talk about it on TV and in school.

It all started ‘innocently’ enough. He used to sit me on his lap and read to me, and he’d massage my shoulders, and run his fingers through my hair. The way he’d hold me made me feel warm and secure. He’d tell me how pretty I was, and how much he wished he had a daughter like me

(he had one son, a year older than me, who was my best friend until my family moved away so Dad could take a promotion).

He'd often have both his son and me on his lap to read to us.

He'd be running his one hand through my hair and his other hand would be rubbing his son's tummy. One day he asked me if it was OK with me if he rubbed my tummy like he did his son's. I had always been taught not to let anyone touch me where my body was covered with clothes, but I knew how much his son liked it, and I was curious, so I said it was OK.

He would routinely let his son romp around the house in just his underwear, and sometimes fully naked, which I found odd, because at my house we had a strict 'cover up' mandate

(I come from a strict, neo-puritanical born-again 'Christian' household).

Eventually he asked me to join in, and because I liked his back/tummy/chest rubs so much, I would also remove my shirt when I was over.

I never felt violated by this, firstly because he'd asked me if it were alright, and secondly because I'd liked it. I really enjoyed the closeness and the feel of his fingers on my skin. I especially liked how he played with my tiny little nipples, though I didn't understand at the time why that was.

That's how our relationship always stayed, too. He'd always ask me if it was alright for him to touch me a certain way, and when I'd say *no*

(that only happened on two occasions, once where wanted to French kiss me, and once where he wanted me to 'suck' him ... both of which I later wanted to try of my own accord),

he respected it, and didn't ask again.

Our physical contact progressed from back/tummy/chest rubs to having him kiss my body and neck, to him rubbing my butt and thighs, to him masturbating me. I was also physical with his son, touching, lying together, mutual masturbation, and the like. Eventually things progressed as far as intercourse

(my first time was at the age of 12, with his son, while he supervised, sort of guided us into how to be good lovers to each other).

My current boyfriend, who is a psychology major at the local university, now tells me that I should hate that neighbor and his son for 'what they did to me', but I can't bring myself to do that. I enjoyed the intimacy, the touching, the emotional bonding that occurred. I was not 'molested', I was a willing and active participant in the whole process, and I am not scarred in any way by what happened.

I am a happy, fulfilled, self-confident, self-respecting professional woman. I work as a legal assistant. I am very comfortable with my body and with my sexuality, which I am convinced I would not be had it not been for that neighbor, since I would not have learned about my body and my emotions at home. Sex was something that was just plain not discussed in my home. My parents never even tried to have 'the talk' with me!

Why should I feel guilty about the wonderful relationship I had with that man

(and still have with his son ... we are no longer lovers, but are still close friends)

right up until his death?

I enjoyed and participated fully in all that happened, and I can simply not bring myself to think of those things in any other way but with fondness. What happened back then did not turn me into some kind of psycho- or socio-path.

I did not become a child molester because of what happened to me, as a matter of fact, I still find myself attracted to older men. I dare say that my early sexual experience with my neighbor and his son did more good for me than any kind of harm, contrary to what the law and the media would have people believe.

I think it is sad that such caring individuals as my neighbor should be lumped together with the most vile scum on the earth, simply because they gave a little girl like I was the opportunity to discover herself more fully than our screwed up laws say she is allowed to know herself. I would not be the whole person I am today without him, and I miss him very much.”

GM-32 – Saggie

Cyril E. Galaburda translated an interview for me, given by a 25-year-old heterosexual Russian woman, nicknamed Saggie, to a person who calls himself “Dodo”. Interviewer Dodo knows the woman personally.

The interview was published on a Russian girl lovers' website on May 5th 2011. Galaburda's excellent translation was slightly edited for this book.

Interviewer Dodo: *Did you ever have sexual relations with adults during childhood?*

Saggie: Not during childhood but as a teenager, from the age of 14. I had a serious romance with a constant partner from the age of 15 till 18.

Was your partner related to you? If not, how did you meet?

He wasn't, he was a friend. There was a stop for the buses conveying passengers to the countryside near Moscow. I ap-

proached him to ask him for the time and we started a conversation. He was with his friend, I was alone. As it turned out, we would get out at the same station. But no coaches arrived and so we all took an electric train. During the trip we had two hours of conversation extra. We exchanged our phone numbers. I don't remember who called up first. We proceeded with our conversation.

Who was the initiator of your sexual relations? Tell me how it was for the first time.

Ah, both of us! First it happened when I visited him at work. He was a guard at a shop in the center of Moscow. I visited him out of my own free will and was neither made to do so nor did I need to be persuaded very much. He'd just told me we could meet there. I had got ready for something like this and arrived with such willingness. Though he had never talked about sex, even in a roundabout way. So I went there. I don't remember who took the initiative (it was ten years ago!) but as a result we used the general director's room and everything happened in that room. By the way, it was marvellous! I was madly pleased by it.

Maybe your partner threatened you? Had you been afraid of him? Generally speaking, what had your relations been like?

He sure did! He promised me a severe carnage on the Dolgo-prudny rubbish pile, he would tear me apart and feed my mortal remains to the dogs! I'm sorry, of course not. We used to attend a cinema. Before it happened, he had paid me a visit himself and my mother had been nice to him. Our relations had been so touching, trusting, friendly. At the time, I was writing poetry and he was my only and fair critic. I used to know everything about his family problems (he'd been divorced shortly before we met) and offered him my shoulder to cry on. He'd been my FRIEND! The best and the closest, understanding and forgiving. To a certain extent he had even been my father.

How did your relationship develop? What was your relationship like? What kinds of sex did you practice?

Well, there had been no special development. After that first arrival, I'd routinely visit him at his work. He also came to my place several times and we'd be doing the same. When I was 17 he found another job and I started coming there. We usually met in the evening. And if we think of it, what kind of relations can a man and a woman have? Ordinary relations, just like everyone else. There'd been no constraint, but we weren't playing any extreme games either, or anything like that. We just had vaginal and oral sex. Does this answer your question enough?

At what age did you reach your first orgasm? Did your adult partner help you to orgasm?

When I was 3 or 4 years old, when I was going to kindergarten. [...] My adult partner helped me to reach orgasm, yes. In this respect, he differed from the friends of my own age I was seeing, both before and in the same period.

Was anyone aware of your relations? Did your partner make an effort to cover things up?

Everyone had been aware of it. My mom had been guessing we were seeing each other. All my girl friends knew. I can't say if my male friends were also aware. Nobody ever did anything to end it. Anything! We'd be going for walks in the park and going to the movies, just like average people.

How do you consider your experience? Has it given you something or do you consider it a mistake?

I consider it an exceptional, very positive experience! It brought me a lot. In the beginning of our relationship, he taught me not to be ashamed of my body, he made me feel myself sexy, he emancipated me. He taught me how to enjoy sex. There is no way I could see it as a mistake. The only mistake is the way we

broke up. This happened on my initiative, by the way. I still can't forgive myself for this foolish decision. I also regret it that I didn't meet him earlier as then I would have had no time to make the thousands of stupid mistakes I made before I met him. If he had been my first male partner, my life would have been much easier and a lot of silly mistakes could have been prevented, both before my relationship with him, and afterwards.

Did your partner teach you anything about sexual hygiene, contraception, or the structure and functions of the female and male genitals? If that is the case, was it interesting and meaningful?

Yes, he did. He's taught me about contraception and how to be serious about these things. By then, it would have been a bit late if he taught me about the structure of anything, as I'd already learned everything from the available literature and from my friends.

How did your sexual activity influence your study? Was there any change in your interests and habits after your sexual life started? If so, in what sense?

My studies were not affected by it. Neither were my interests. To be honest, this question is not very relevant, since my sexual life did not start with him (it started with a boy of my own age when I was 13) and had already been in full swing for two years. But my sexual life really did change. It became more serious. He had never been my only male partner but the more casual relations I had been having stopped when I was with him. He'd tried to teach me responsibility in this area of life. He did not succeed (for which only I am to blame) but he'd tried to do so very much and I appreciate the grains of common sense I learned from him.

How and when did you end your sexual relationship with the adult partner? Did you also end your friendship with him?

I ended the relationship when I was 18 and he proposed to me. At the time, I did not feel any need to get married. I just turned down his proposal and that was the end for us. But he really showed me a lot of patience. I still dream about him and I have been burning with shame for my dirty tricks for years. Because he'd cared for me as for some cut-glass vase and I had not valued it. Because I'd show up drunk knowing that he couldn't stand the smell of alcohol. Because of the disgusting, cynical way I broke up with him. A day or two ago, I found him in a social network named *Odnoklassniki*. I just wanted to see him. He wrote to me, and finally I apologized for what I'd done. "It's all in the past," he wrote, "I only remember the good things." Me too. I hope I will communicate with him, I want it so much! He does not mind. Perhaps we'll be friends, maybe something more than friends. Anyway I apologized and don't have this burden anymore. I remember everything and I think I still love and miss him. Though I've got a totally different life now, with a family, and I don't know what I should do. We'll see what will happen. It was a stunning, pretty, tender story with a host of advantages and no negative sides for me.

Did you have sexual relations with peer in your childhood and youth?

I did, from age 13. But it's another story.

How easily did you enter into relations with your peers now and then? How many friends do you have? Have your early sexual experiences created an obstacle for you in your friendships?

I didn't have any problems, neither now nor then. I've got five or six friends, I mean real friends, and plenty of everyday friends. And my experiences have neither impeded nor helped my friendships in any way. I have always had something to talk about with my friends. But all the girls without exception were jealous of my friend and partner. When I was 15 and 16 EVERYONE (whether they were virgins or not) wanted to be taught about sex by an adult man. EVERYONE!

GM-33 – Salamander

- ◆ A Dutch woman who calls herself *Salamander* posted the following message on pedofilie.nl:
 “The friendship I had [with a man] started when I was thirteen, but the erotic aspect began when I was fifteen.”

She simply felt she wasn't ready for it before

It turns out Salamander is against relationships with children under the age of fourteen, but for ‘pedophiles’ who “fancy children who are fourteen or older” her main message is:

“Go for it. There's nothing wrong with a beautiful friendship, and challenging each other is a natural part of this.”

She even stresses that such ‘pedophiles’ should not be afraid of the consequences but “live in the here and now”.

GM-34 – Sarah

- ◆ Sarah, a young woman who calls herself *sarahbing*, states on a German forum:¹⁵

“When I met my boy-friend, I was 14 and he was 58. We've been together four years now... very happy.”

GM-35 – So what

- ◆ An anonymous woman responds to an incest story on a Dutch website dedicated to personal confessions:¹⁶

15 http://forum.gofeminin.de/forum/f244/___f1652_f244-Treffen-mit-30-Jahre-alteren-Mann.html#11367

16 <http://www.vergeefmij.nl/bekentenis/265020916>

“I don't have any experience with incest myself, but I hope my contribution will help you somewhat:

I'm 48 now and from the age of 11 to 16, I used to have sex with a man who was 30 years older than I. After I became 16 it stopped because I got a (another) relationship.

Nevertheless, we always stayed in touch (not sexually). Till this very day he's remained a friend of mine.

He never forced me and he was always very sweet and respectful towards me. It was not just about the sex; he always helped me with everything, and pulled me through dark periods in my life.

He simply is a good man and yes, he's a ‘pedophile’. I'd like to say: so what? [...] Life is not black and white.”

GM-36 – Two doors down

- ◆ A female poster on an internet forum who calls herself *TwoDoorsDown* contributed her views on age differences within relationships.

Among other things, she wrote,

“I am a 19-year-old woman recently married, quite happily, to a 42-year-old-man. However, I consider our relationship to be out of the ordinary. My husband was my Dad's best friend from before I was born and I have known him all my life. His first wife died while I was still a child. We developed a friendship and a bond that eventually blossomed into romance.

He was extraordinarily patient. He never asked anything of me that I considered inappropriate. He nearly always allowed me to take the initiative, yet always made me feel comfortable about it.

We did have a period of time when our love was supposed to be secret, but when we publicly announced our engagement, we discovered that our family and his friends were so used to seeing us together that it didn't come as much of a surprise at all. My friends were envious.”

GM-37 – Wendy

- ◆ From: “Taking up a position: Discourses of femininity and adolescence in the context of man/girl relationships” in *Gender & Society*, Vol 8, No 1, 48-72; March 1994, by Terry Leahy, pp. 57-8. Leahy presents the following testimony.

Leahy states:

In her account, Wendy describes Paul's behavior in these terms:

“I mean he did want to. He wanted to be sexual, he wanted to be physically close and I felt that. I remember rubbing up against him when he had a hard on and things like that but most of the time it felt like he just wanted to be really close and warm...

We used to cuddle a lot and kiss and things. It got vaguely sexual for a while. Tongue kissing ... a great wet beard. He was really really really gentle. More gentle than I think anyone else I've known as far as that goes. He was obviously being really careful. That was Paul too, because he was that sort of person anyway, it wasn't just because I was young.”

There are instances in the interview where she characterizes her relationship with Paul in accordance with Green's definition of the romantic hero as a paternal, guiding, and protective figure. At one point she comments on the feeling of protection she felt when Paul carried her in his arms.

We can see that Wendy validated and understood her experiences in ways that do not depart from an established and conservative discourse of romance. However, she also distanced her experience from this model of romance in important ways. The most central of these is that Wendy does not describe herself as having been in love. She points out that Paul often declared his love for her but that she rarely reciprocated:

“I felt like ... I don't know. It's really hard to tell how I felt then because I guess I've thought about it so much since. But I guess I felt like he was giving more than I was and he was being really really nice to me and I really liked him. I really really did. I thought he was just wonderful but I didn't feel like it was that head-over-heels, you know, all time love affair.”

In statements on this topic Wendy explains her position in terms of popular ideas about the status of adolescence as a transition to adulthood. She was happy to try out a romantic relationship with Paul but her youth provided her with a reason for not taking it too seriously:

“I just think he wanted something more than I had to offer at the time and I think that was really unfair of me but I just didn't know, you know. I just didn't have enough experience to realize that that's what he wanted ...

In fact I used to flirt with him all the time sort of giving him the come on but stopping when it got a little bit too passionate but that was all part of the game too. I could get very poetic and say he was showing me my blossoming womanhood or something.

Just the fact that I could attract somebody and how to actually do it and have someone respond without them just diving on me which is what would happen if it was somebody my own age if I did some of the things that I did

to Paul. But in fact, I don't know, perhaps they just wouldn't even notice because the communication was much more subtle. He was much more responsive and much more concerned about me than the boys of my own age.”

GW – Girls with women

GW-01 – A young woman talks

- ◆ Found on a now disappeared website, but still available at http://newgon.com/_CPP/index.htm.
- ◆ See Alex's story in "Rage of Consent" (excerpt) by Heather Corinna in *Soapbox Girls*, July 2001.

A young woman talks about the relationship she had with an adult woman as a teenager.

"If more people of any age could have that kind of relationship we'd be better off."

GW-02 – Anna was very kind and considerate

- ◆ In the Martijn archives there is the following case in *Martijn Magazine*, Volume 1, Issue 3, 18-19, January 1981 ("Anna – een vrouw vertelt over haar relatie met een lerares").

An anonymous woman recalls her crush for the 36-year-old music teacher, Anna, from the age of 13

Anna was very kind and considerate and the girl really wanted to become close to her. At the time, she was quite lonely.

The girl tried to get in touch with Anna and waited for her after school so that they could walk to the tramway together. Anna didn't seem surprised and so this became something of a ritual for them. They talked very openly about many different subjects, ranging from problems at school to personal issues. Even at school they talked a lot and this attracted some attention from her peers and other teachers. The girl could not imagine that there was anything wrong about her friendship with Anna.

After about a year, the girl also visited Anna at her place. Anna enjoyed her visit so that she could repeat it.

One day, Anna had some minor health problems and had to stay home. The girl really felt sorry for her and she started stroking her hair. Anna also started caressing the girl and the latter joined her in bed. They kissed and stroked each other, which was initiated by Anna. The girl felt very safe and enjoyed it a lot and afterwards she had a strong urge to tell her parents all about it, which she did not, because she felt it might destroy everything.

After this first erotic episode, it had become a lot easier to touch each other and the girl often initiated such contacts. In the end, they stroked each other till they both got an orgasm.

For the girl this meant an enjoyable experience, comparable to what she felt when she came during masturbation. She does admit that Anna's orgasms frightened her a bit, because it seemed as if Anna became someone else during her climax, rolling her eyes and making a lot of noise. The girl did not particularly like this, but she did continue to touch her because she knew how much Anna enjoyed it.

After a while, social pressure as school mounted so much that Anna thought the girl had talked about their relationship. The school's principal told her she had to stop seeing Anna.

Anna started panicking about the whole affair and she even told the girl's mother that she was stalking her.

Her parents wondered whether the girl was a lesbian.

The girl had several relationships with boys, until at the age of twenty, she fell in love with a woman. Their relationship still lasted at the time of the interview.

GW-03 – Aunt Addie

“Our feelings for each other were deep, strong, and multi-faceted”

- ◆ Source: *Op zoek naar identificatie*, addition to artikel ‘COC: Jongeren moeten kunnen experimenteren – Nieuwe zedelijkheidswetgeving’ by Marty P.N. van Kerkhof; *XL*, Vol. 9, no. 2; 2000
- ◆ < http://www.brongersma.info/index.php?title=Op_zoek_naar_identificatie >

Gea Zijlstra, a Dutch activist for homosexuals, lesbians, bisexuals and transgenders, believes that gay youngsters of both sexes may benefit from a relationship with an adult. To illustrate this, she refers to a case of a anonymous woman who as a teenager had a relationship with a much older lesbian by the name of Aunt Addie. The relationship took place in the 1950s and lasted several years.

Zijlstra quotes the woman as saying (free translation):

“The first woman whom I also loved and with whom I had sexual contact was an aunt of mine; our feelings for each other were deep, strong, and multi-faceted. And yes, I knew what I was doing; I was aware of every step I was making, even though I hardly had the words to talk about such things at that age. Aunt Addie was a dynamic, intelligent and creative woman. She had been in a monogamous relationship with a woman for over 20 years. When our relationship began, her girlfriend had died about two years before.”

Aunt Addie taught her things like knitting and embroidery, but she also liked it when the girl was running or climbing trees and she encouraged her during swimming.

“Addie was really exciting. I was desperately looking for women with whom I could identify, women who showed me there were alternatives to the kind of life my mother was leading.”

GW-04 – Beth Kelly

- ◆ Beth Kelly published the article “On woman/girl love, or lesbians do ‘do it’”, in *Gay Community News*, 3 March, 1979.
- ◆ It is mentioned in a Dutch translation in the Dutch book *Op een oude fiets moet je het leren*, about female girl love.
- ◆ Her case can be found online in Tom O'Carroll's *Paedophilia: The Radical Case*, Chapter 4.
< <http://www.ipce.info/host/radicase/> >

Beth Kelly, now mature in years, and a radical lesbian feminist, who, as a ‘precocious’ eight year old, developed a relationship with a grown woman? She writes:

“The first woman I ever loved sexually was my great-aunt; our feelings for each other were deep, strong, and full. The fact that she was more than fifty years older than I did not affect the bond that grew between us. And, yes, I knew what I was doing – every step of the way – even though I had not, at the time, learned many of the words with which to speak of these things.

Aunt Addie was a dynamic, intelligent, and creative woman – who refused, all her life, to be cowed by convention. In an extended family where women played out ‘traditional’ housewifely roles to the hilt, she stood out, a beacon of independence and strength. She was a nurse in France during the First World War, had travelled, read books, and lived for over twenty years in a monogamous relationship with another woman.

Her lover's death pre-dated the start of our sexual relationship by about two years. But we had always been close and seen a great deal of each other. In the summers, which my mother, brother and I always spent at her seashore home, we were together daily. In other seasons, she would drive to visit us wherever we were living, and often stayed for a month or so at a time.

I adored her; that's all there was to it. I had never been taught at home that heterosexual acts or other body functions were dirty or forbidden, and I'd been isolated enough from other children to manage to miss a lot of the usual sexist socialisation learned in play.

It never occurred to me that it might be considered 'unnatural' or 'antisocial' to kiss or touch or hold the person I loved, and I don't think that Addie was terribly concerned by such things either. I do know that I never felt pressured or forced by any sexual aspects of the love I felt for her. I think I can safely say, some twenty years later, that I was never exploited physically emotionally, or intellectually – in the least.”

As so often happens, this joyous liaison eventually foundered on the rocks of parental disapproval, when Beth's mother chanced upon her and Addie in bed together. But disapproval of paedophilia or, rather, disapproval of child sexuality, has a significance far beyond its disastrous impact on the lives of the relatively limited numbers of children and adults in paedophilic relationships.

The impact of the sex-negative outlook has to be seen in a wider societal context in order to appreciate its full significance.

GW-05 – Heidi

- ◆ Here is a Danish case, that was published in Paidika in 1991.
 < <http://www.ipce.info/ipceweb/Library/heidi.htm> >

Heidi is an attractive Danish woman of 24, a mixture of shyness and tomboyish behavior; slim, blond, with an intense interest in the world. The interview took place in her house in Copenhagen, in the fall of 1990.

Heidi: “When I was thirteen I wasn't particularly interested in school, just going there like everybody else. I was a bit fast, a tomboy. I liked to party and have fun.

One day our teacher was sick and we got a new substitute teacher. She was cute and very charming; rather young too, at least in my mind. I think she was 28. She had a strong personality. The whole class talked about her; the boys were madly in love with her, and I fell in love with her too.

After substituting for us she was given another class, of retarded children with learning problems. Every morning I'd arrive an hour and a half before school started just to see her walk into the school yard, and say hello to her. I tried to be wherever I thought she would be. I knew I had to do something, so I made a plan. I became good friends with one of the retarded children in her class. We got along so well that the school asked me if I could help him with his homework. That was a good opportunity for me to get close to her, because I could go to the class when she was teaching them. We started taking the children to the park for their exercise.

I remember, sitting there as usual before school, waiting for her to come. She knew I was sitting there and waiting. She came through the gate and there was this big flagpole in the middle of the school yard. I was waving and saying “Hi!” She turned and looked at me and waved and kept looking at me while she was

walking on. And so she walked right into the flagpole. And broke her glasses! It was funny, but it was also important to me because it was a sign; it made me realize that something was going on also for her.

I had an hour off in the middle of the day and that is when, almost every day, I went to the park with her class. I would put my arm in her arm, or we would hold hands. Then one day in the park, when the kids were playing soccer, I don't know how it happened, we started to hug. That was wonderful, I felt very good about it.

I made sure we saw each other as much as possible. What I did, for example, was tell my history teacher that I had an awful headache and asked if I could go for a walk. Then I would go to the class where she was substituting and she would tell the children that I had been bad in my own class and she would let me sit an extra hour there. We would flirt a bit. She'd walk over to where I was sitting, stand behind me and put her hands on my shoulders looking at my work. She would say *No, that is not the right way; you can do it better like this*. It was a way for her to show me that she liked me. It was exciting, because nobody else knew and we shared a secret.

Teachers in Denmark are not allowed to have relationships or anything like it with the pupils outside school, so we met in the school building or in the park. Not just in the classroom though. There was a school recreation room where there was a ping-pong table, and billiards. We met and talked together in a corner, even holding hands.

Sometimes I bumped into her during the day. For instance, I would go upstairs to the bathroom and then by accident she would come upstairs too. I was the chairwoman of the student council and I made sure I always had something to do in the teachers' room. I'd stand around while they were drinking coffee and she'd come up to me and talk to me a bit and touch my arm

or my shoulder. Not much, just a little. I could feel that she also wanted to be with me, which was a wonderful feeling.

By final exam time I couldn't concentrate at all. I was dreaming about her. I saw her everywhere; I couldn't think of anything else. During the math exam I took a compass and scratched the first letter of her name in my hand. It's still there, you can see it when it's cold. I was so in love with this woman! I told everybody I was in love with a teacher and all the other students tried to figure out who it was, all the men's names that started with *E*, but they couldn't find out. She knew, of course.

One day when I had gone to the park again with her and her class, we started hugging and kissing. I think she started it but I didn't say no. I had kissed boys, but I was never in love with them. This was totally different. I was in love with her, so it felt much more intense, more exciting, because it was so secretive. We were in a public park and somebody might see us. The kids might come running over any moment. We were hiding behind a tree, kissing. It was exciting, but also a little scary. I had this strange feeling in my stomach I didn't understand or know what to do with. But it was wonderful to be so close to her, to feel her body and her warmth. To hug and be hugged, and be touched by her. It was all physically exciting. I wanted to be close to her. But I never thought about having sex with her or anything like that. That was not what was going through my mind.

The hugging and kissing also meant that we had moved to another stage in our relationship. The kids in her class knew about the hugging; we would hug them and each other, that was all right. But to kiss was something else. We became more careful, because we were afraid the kids would find out and scream, *They are kissing each other!* It went on for a couple of months. We wouldn't kiss all the time, but when we couldn't stand it any more we'd hide in the bushes and kiss while the kids ran ahead.

During this whole period I felt a lot of excitement. I was so attracted to her, I had to see her, speak to her. But I also felt good about school in general; got to love it. Even when I was sick I'd go to school in order to see her. I couldn't get her out of my mind.

Trust and Separation

I had a lot of problems at home at that time. She paid a lot of attention to me and took me seriously.

As I look back on it, I think that it was the fact that I could trust her and that she treated me like an adult, that made me fall in love with her. I needed someone to trust, somebody who did not treat me as a child. It's easy to fall in love with someone who gives you that. She was also willing to take a big risk because of me. I was a minor, a girl, a student. It was all forbidden. Her taking a risk for me also made me trust her. It made her special. She thought I was important enough to take such a big risk. We were very close, we were in it together and that gave me a strong feeling. The contact we had was special, really because there was so much trust. She told me about her life and she wanted to hear everything about mine. I told her about my problems, about everything. That's how she helped me.

Of course I knew I was doing something 'wrong.' Not because I was underage, but because it was a woman I was in love with. That made it more complicated. It was why I felt I couldn't tell anybody. But I never felt guilty about it, even though I knew it was 'wrong.'

One day, all of a sudden she told me she couldn't do it anymore. She was afraid the school would find out and she would be fired; that it probably was best for us to stop. I asked her why and she said it was too dangerous, she couldn't be with a student the way we were.

I was very, very sad; my world fell apart. I had been dreaming that she was also in love with me, and then suddenly she stopped it. I tried to get in contact with her, but she pulled away. So that was that. It was the biggest fiasco of my life. I thought to myself that it must have been only a flirtation for her. It hadn't meant enough to her for her to continue. But now, looking back, I realize that maybe it was not just a flirtation for her, the way I thought it was then. Maybe we had become too close and she didn't know anymore how to handle it. Maybe it had grown into something bigger and she wanted more, which was impossible with a student under fifteen. I don't know, we never talked about it again.

I continued seeing her in school and in a way I was grateful that I could still see her, look at her, know that she hadn't gone away or been fired. I did try to talk to her, when she had to correct my homework at home, I would write her notes.

But she never answered, she kept her distance. It was the fact that she broke it off so abruptly and completely that hurt me so much. She had been the light of my life and by losing her I had to go back to everyday reality.

It had been a wonderful summer and a very important episode in my life. I had always had feelings for women, but through her I realized that I might be gay. I had had such strong feelings, I hadn't slept or eaten. It was so clear to me that I was in love, which meant to me that I must be gay. After the fiasco with her, for about four years I had boyfriends. What was left if I couldn't get her? I didn't want to get hurt again. Then, when I was about eighteen, I made a clear choice for women.

Looking Back

Looking back, I think I would have liked to have had sex with her. At that time it was not the most important thing for me. I don't know how much I knew about sex at the age of thirteen. I

think I would have been afraid – afraid, that is, of not knowing how to do it or how to do it right. I had read about sex and heard about it on TV. But to actually do it? On the other hand, she was so gorgeous, it would have been wonderful if we could have been close, to feel her without her clothes. She meant everything to me. I really regret that we didn't do it.

I did masturbate, while imagining being with her. I would build up stories in my head when I masturbated. Before I met her it had been fantasies about anonymous women, somebody without a head. After we met I would think about her; my anonymous person had a face. I felt closer to her.

The other side is that maybe it was better that sex didn't happen because of the mess it might have caused. I already had enough problems with my parents and if they had found out we were having sex, it would have made things more difficult with them; for me and for her. She might be fired.

I wanted to take the risk, and in fact I did take some risks, like kissing in the park, and hugging. But nothing more. I was too frightened to go further. I didn't know whether I was gay or not. I tried to talk to my mother a bit about being in love with a teacher without telling her whether it was a man or a woman. She was nice about it. She said it was normal for kids at that age to have feelings for a teacher and she told me that she had been in love with one of her teachers, a woman. And that it would pass. She never knew though that it was a woman I was in love with until just a short time ago. I told her now, because we were having the interview. She was surprised I had had these feelings for women at such an early age. She had always thought that I had become gay when I was 18 even though I had told her that it had started much earlier. She never wanted to hear that, and I think mothers in general don't want to hear that kind of thing. She had the idea that something had to happen to become gay, like being seduced by another woman; that I had had a weak

moment and a woman had come by and seduced me. She couldn't think of me as the seducer.

It is amazing how much this teacher meant to me and how strong the memories still are. I saw her again about six years later. I went back to school one day to say hello to my old teachers and I saw her. I just saw her; we didn't talk at all. I thought, is this the woman I had been so much in love with? Was this the woman I had all these fantasies about, was this my dream-princess? I still think of her sometimes, still have loving sexual memories of her. If I met her again today, and we talked, I don't know, maybe I would try to come on to her; to get to know her sexually, since I am still very curious. We would talk and get to know each other, talk about what had happened and, well, who knows? Today it wouldn't be forbidden; I'm older and out of the closet.

I have also been asking myself whether the teacher seduced me, but she didn't. She didn't have to say much to encourage me to come on to her, and she certainly didn't have to do much to get me to hug her and kiss her. I would have loved to have walked hand-in-hand with her in the streets and have our arms around each other, to show the whole world that I loved her and that somebody loved me.”

- ◆ **Comment:** One may wonder whether the adult's behavior was unethical because she ended the relationship rather abruptly. In my view, it was not because the adult did not do so for callously selfish reasons but to avoid a disaster, and she explained her decision to the girl.

GW-06 – Ina

- ◆ I found this case on a website against child abuse, but it originally belonged to a website that doesn't exist anymore.

“She was always so gentle and caring”

A lesbian woman, Ina, shares her experiences with her babysitter

Although I'm not a girl-loving lesbian, I'm still a lesbian and I have an interesting experience from my childhood which probably determined my sexual orientation.

From the time I was eight years old, I was baby-sat by a girl who was in her twenties. Her name was Mary and at first there was nothing unusual about her. I remember I loved to be around her and I couldn't wait for her to come to our home and look after me. It was mostly because she loved to play games with me and gave me all her attention to the point I wished she was my sister and lived with us in our home.

After couple of months since she first started to look after me, she became more affectionate towards me. She was giving me kisses whenever she had an opportunity, which was almost all the time. And I loved to be the center of attention, of course. Who wouldn't at that age.

I never found her affection to be forced upon me. It was almost as if it came naturally, in course of our friendship. We couldn't play anymore without embracing first, and we kissed and hugged as often as we could.

She was always so gentle and caring. I don't remember a time that she yelled at me even when I know I deserved it on several occasions. After some time I even stopped looking at her as my babysitter but as my playmate, a best friend, someone who is equal to me and who shared my interests and ideas.

Mary continued to baby-sit me for years, or more exactly until I turned eleven. During this time our friendship grew to a real, grown up love. We were lovers even though I didn't know it back then.

We became more intimate, she taught me how to masturbate when I was only nine and she often went to bed with me during my afternoon naps where we continued to play with our bodies. I was never shy around her. She gave me countless baths and I learned more about my body during the baths with her, than I did by exploring it myself.

Our time together wasn't always spent on sex. She took me out to the movies, playgrounds, fun fairs. She loved to meet my girlfriends from school and she always played with us, trying to create as much fun for us as possible.

Sometimes the attention she gave the other girls made me jealous and then I would refuse to speak to her. I pretended not to care about her, not to love her any more, but she knew it was only a phase and as soon as we were alone again, I was hers and hers only. There was nothing to stop us from sharing our love.

Then one day my parents decided I was too big to have a babysitter. It was the worst time in my life. I was eleven and entering puberty. I needed all support I could get and Mary was just the person I was looking for. But she couldn't see me anymore without attracting suspicion.

We wrote letters to each others but it wasn't the same. I needed her hugs and kisses, I needed someone to hold me and look after me. I don't remember how many times I went to bed crying, thinking about her.

This withdrawal period lasted for six months until I got used to her absence. But by that time I was becoming aware of other girls and my feelings for them. It was always girls, never boys that I looked at, admired and loved. And so since I've lost Mary, other girls and women entered my life. I grew up knowing I was different, that I was a lesbian.

GW-07 – Lola

- ◆ Lola's story as published on the website *Butterfly Kisses*, now offline.

Lola's Story – by Lola

I guess I realized I was lesbian when I was about ten. I got a huge crush on one of my mum's friends and couldn't get enough of her for ages. Unfortunately she didn't feel the same and she was married with kids anyway. She always used to pick on me and one day she guessed how I felt and told my mum, I denied it but still got in a lot of trouble.

She was the first person to break my heart. As a child I was abused emotionally and physically by my parents especially my dad and then every ounce of faith I had left in men disappeared. It was then, when I was twelve that I decided I was definitely lesbian.

I always had to pretend that I wasn't 'cause it wasn't something that was accepted in my school and my parents would have flipped.

When I was thirteen, I fell in love big time with one of my friend's older sister who was 29 at the time. She was gorgeous and the most caring, sensitive person I have ever met. One thing led to another and we ended up in a serious relationship.

One day, we were in my bedroom at home messing about, having a pillow fight but ended up naked and ... I'll leave the rest to the imagination. But then my mum walked in and found us together. She was not well pleased and chucked me out.

Eleven years down the line and we are still together. We have proven everyone wrong and we also have one child that we had from a surrogate mother. We are still as happy with each other as we were all those years ago.

I think my mum catching me and throwing us out (we still ain't spoken to this day) has learnt me a valuable lesson about who to trust. My girlfriend saved my life from misery when I was still a little girl. And now I only really trust my girlfriend and our child. I could never be with a man after my dad...

I just wish people would see us for who we really are. As in the end we are normal and like everyone else but just have a different sexuality. If people are shallow enough to only see you for that then they're not worth knowing.

My advice is to first accept yourself for who you are and then don't hide it. We should be allowed to express our feelings just like everyone else and hiding them just causes more pain to people around us when we come out.

GW-08 – Monica

- ◆ The following appeared in *Lesbian Connection* (USA, November- December 1997). It is a response to an article called “Responding to Abuse” that appeared in an earlier *Lesbian Connection*.

About the fifteen year old and abuse: I would like to add what I think is a unique perspective.

From 8th grade through my high school graduation, I was in a relationship with one of my coaches. I now have a 14½-year-old dyke daughter who dates and is sexually active with adult women.

While I abhor all types of child abuse perpetrated by anyone, straight or lesbian, let's not ignore some realities here.

- First, who cares if it is ‘breaking the law’ to have sex with a minor?

In my state it is also a crime for me to have sex with my wife. The law has no business in my bedroom, or for that matter, preventing me from marrying another woman. So let's not be too fast in supporting the law.

- Second, as teens and pre-teens, many women – straight and lesbian – had crushes on older women: teachers, coaches, actresses, etc.

This is natural! And for some of us, these feelings were reciprocated by the adult women, and developed into gentle, loving relationships.

Although my coach was closeted, she was not hesitant to have sex with me at fourteen (she was 26). We parted when I graduated from high school and left for college. I will always be grateful to her for bringing me out.

And the so-called experts want to say that I was exploited and manipulated? Give me a break! Any power imbalance was in my favor – my coach was always giving and loving and tender, and never demanding! Was I damaged by the relationship? Praise the goddess, no! It did nothing but affirm my love for women.

I have always been open with my daughter about my lesbianism. While I would never try to manipulate her sexuality, I am very proud to be the lesbian mother of a lesbian daughter!

At age nine, she started having sex with other girls with my support and approval. My daughter looks femme, yet acts very butch and is completely secure in her sexuality. Her early experiences were with girls at school, in the neighborhood, on sports teams, etc. Actually, she had a lot of them.

Then at age twelve, she developed a crush on one of my friends. She told me about her feelings, and I replied directly and emphatically that I approved. Since that time she has mostly dated adult women. Whether we want to admit it or not, there

are lots of lesbians who include teenage girls among the types of women they find appealing, sexually and otherwise.

As teens, some lesbians had their own loving sexual encounters with adult women. It is hypocritical for them to now deny that same opportunity to contemporary teenage lesbians. To me the ones being controlling and manipulative are those who tell the teens they must not have sex with adult women. Now that is control!

Rather than labeling them as 'baby dykes' and dismissing them, we should encourage girls to come out and support them through mentoring relationships

(and yes, even intimate relationships with adult lesbians when the feelings are mutual).

My wife and I have dedicated ourselves to being good role models for these girls. We refuse to dismiss or minimize their sexuality, and we support their inherent right to express it, even with adult women.

'Monica',
Oklahoma City, OK.

GW-09 – Mrs. P. van der Zee

◆ In an 1979 issue of the Dutch magazine *Nieuwe Revue*, Mrs. P van der Zee sent the following Letter to the Editor.

I would like to respond to your story about 'pedophilia'. Such a relationship between a child and an adult does not come about overnight.

When I was a child, I always had to go to a friend of my mother's after school, because my mother had to work for us, for me and my little brothers. I didn't get any love from my

grandma's or aunts. My mother's friend didn't receive any love from her husband either.

I was ten when I noticed the woman radiated love. When she noticed that I didn't object to her embraces, she sometimes went further than that. She would touch me from behind and caress my breasts. I enjoyed it. I did blush and shine, but not because I was angry. Sometimes I went looking for her. This went on for two years.

I'm still a 'normal' woman, I'm married and have children. Never before did I tell my secret to anyone.

With this woman from my past, I'm still good friends. I really object to the way people overreact and judge 'pedophiles'.

GW-10 – Nora

- ◆ Nora de Ronde (1953) is a journalist. She is a co-founder of various feminist and lesbian magazines. Translated from the Dutch by Gertjan Cobelens.

When I was about fourteen, ...

... I had a crush on my scout leader. Her scout name was Ramita. For a whole school year I was under the spell of a woman twenty years older than I. Even though we lived only five minutes from each other, we wrote lengthy letters, at first at least one a day. She picked me up from school, organized her family life (she was married and had children) so that we could go out and walk along the beach, and went dancing with me.

I joined the scouts because my classmate, Judith, took me with her once to a meeting. During summer camp, Judith and I turned out to be good scouts. Our troop's tent, with six scouts in it, was always tidy. The sink and table-top stove in our kitchen were solidly lashed down with rope and posts as thick as

your wrist. They didn't collapse as in other kitchens. We checked everything every day.

We were well disciplined. We kept the fire burning under the huge kettle all day so there was always warm water for everybody; especially our leader. We managed to use the right knot to tie the guy rope to the tent peg. When walking through camp we picked up candy wrappers and loose objects: pieces of rope, tent pegs, tin mugs, and stored them away. We did whatever needed to be done.

We didn't like simple, silly songs with no harmony line, like *She'll be Coming 'Round the Mountain* but were fond of complex German rounds like *Alles ist eitel, du aber bleibst*. We wanted to be good scouts: pure in thought, word, and deed. We wanted to earn our camping merit badge, but more importantly, we wanted Ramita to see us and pay us compliments. After all, she saw everything, didn't she, even when we thought that nobody was noticing.

There was always a lot to talk about in our troop of twenty infatuated and fretful thirteen-, fourteen- and fifteen-year old girls. Some had had their first period, others hadn't. Some were rich, some poor. Some girls were college prep students, some attended vocational trade schools. Some were from strict protestant families, others had atheist parents.

Despite the disparities, we shared one common fascination. As if spellbound, we discussed the intimate friendship between our two leaders, Ramita and Orion. There was a lot for us to fantasize about. They never let on that there was much more between them than an especially close friendship. Yes, we knew they sometimes sat up all night talking. But what else did they do besides talk?

Judith and I didn't hang around with each other all the time, and like everybody else we added in our own way to the miracle of

turning a motley bunch into a coherent, summer camp community in ten days' time. What was it that inspired us, not just Judith and me, but the other scouts as well? It was the "magnificent, unsurpassed" Ramita, as she was called in one of the log books.

We were building-blocks in Ramita's hands. She it was who cemented us into a close-knit structure. She knew how to create a special atmosphere with little things. At night, when it was dark and we were in our tents, she and Orion sang us quiet, peaceful songs. When they prepared a nice dinner for us and someone asked her what ingredients she had used, Ramita replied, "It was made with love."

Even though Ramita was twenty years older, she was much more our equal than our school teachers. Whatever she taught us, she taught with great enthusiasm, whether folk dancing or braiding a lanyard for a whistle. When dealing with a serious issue, like the morning service (something that should never be taken casually), or when talking to us about insensitive behavior towards each other, she was always sincere and wise, convinced of the values she instilled in us.

Ramita was someone we liked to listen to. She talked to us in a different way than did our teachers and parents. She made us feel that we could discuss anything with her. One of the ways to gain her complete attention was to have a 'problem.' Having a problem provided you with the opportunity to be alone with her, to go for a walk outside the campsite. You could win this special privilege by remaining silent for a long time, staring pensively into nothing, hoping against hope that she would ask, "What's troubling you?" That was the ultimate in intimacy!

She expected a lot from us, but, unlike our other educators who just nagged us, she challenged us to fulfill the expectations she had of us. We ran around doing anything for her. She energized

us. There's nothing as highly charged as a bunch of adolescents looking for a way to get rid of their tension.

As the camp days wore on, I became more and more obsessed with being a good scout in order to win a special place in Ramita's heart. Moreover, she was my Manitou. At the beginning of camp everybody drew a name by secret lot and then that person became your Manitou. You had to keep an eye on her and do nice things for her.

At the beginning of the ten long days of summer camp I didn't know quite what I was expected to do. But half way through I got the hang of it: Does Ramita want another mug of tea? I had poured it before she even realized that she wanted it. Is she warm enough? Does she want to wear my sweater? (My sweater against her body, that's what I wanted!) Does she look worried? If I thought she did then I could ask her if anything was wrong. That was how I became intimate with her, how I got to see her in the morning when I served Orion and her their breakfast in their tent. She whispered to me to be very quiet because Orion was still sleeping.

They had been talking well into the night.

During the last campfire evening everybody had to guess who their Manitou had been, and then sit down next to her. So Ramita sat down next to me. The whole evening! The whole troop was being so sentimental. It was so terrible that camp was nearly over. Besides, it was also Ramita's final evening. This camp would be her last: she was leaving scouting. We all knew how hard it must be for her to part from us. She was addicted to us. At the end of the campfire it all became too much, and I burst into tears. Then sweet comfort, she put her arm around me and pulled me tight against her. I was already sharing her blanket, because I was cold.

When camp was over I felt desperate. We had had such a good time together, had managed to make this camp into a little piece of heaven on earth. Ramita had given us so much. It wasn't just Judith and I who wanted to hold on to the camp atmosphere and talk about Ramita and Orion. During the last week of summer holidays, we campers kept looking each other up. We went for walks on the beach at six o'clock in the morning, until we couldn't walk any further. We paid nervous little visits to Ramita, and went biking in the woods with her and her small children. The only ray of hope to us was that in the end Ramita would somehow remain the leader of our scout troop.

By the time I had to return to school in September, I was suffering from loss and even feigning illness. While my mother cleaned out my closet and while my classmates were learning French, I was in bed writing letters to Ramita. Because of my illness, of course it was impossible for me to look her up. She just had to know everything about me, but where to begin? *Dearest Ramita* – no, that was no good. For me, in the past, everything dearest was stupid and sentimental, not how I felt about Ramita. *Dear* was completely impossible, and a simple, *Hello* was much too lighthearted.

I finally decided on *Dearest* and then told her everything – why animals were my best friends and how that happened. Until then I had told everything to my pony, stabled in a nearby, run-down barn. I told Ramita how I felt about life, how unreliable people were, about my time at camp, and my feelings there.

It was at camp that I began to think about myself, maybe provoked by all the talking and singing the campers did together. Had my spiritual deepening come through the scout ceremonies? For the first time in my life I felt awakening in me a consciousness of something deeper. I wanted to tell her all about it: she was the one who had started the whole process.

All day I thought about her; carried on imaginary conversations with her. The vague emotions I felt were so intense that I simply didn't understand what was coming over me. For the first time in my life I needed another person to whom I could express my feelings. A human reaction to what I am going through – her reaction – was now to me indispensable. Weakened by passion, I yearned for her support, needed her to balance the crises in my school life: homework, bad grades, peer pressure, wearing nylons, attending dance classes. Everything was a crisis only she could solve.

I also started to write letters to the other scouts who were attending the same school, and they to me. Our hidden purpose was to imitate Orion and Ramita, who wrote letters to each other all the time. My letters were a subterfuge for discussing her. The letter-writing mania began to infect girls in my class who were not even scouts. The letters, sometimes written on test paper, sometimes in our school note book, were mostly composed during class.

We didn't mail them – that took too much time for an answer – but hand-delivered the letters to each other during breaks. Ramita also preferred to hand her letters to me in person. Her secret words thrilled me,

“I took this letter back home again because you were not around and I did not feel like handing it to your sister. Not everybody needs to know that we write to each other.”

The whole affair was exhausting me.

Of all my other scout friends, I was most in touch with Gonnies, not because we were really friends – in fact, I thought she was quite detestable – but because she was trying to get involved with Orion the way I was with Ramita. I could think of nothing except Ramita and certainly could not concentrate on school

and homework. At the end of the school year, I knew I would be kept back.

I wrote the following advice to Gonnie, who suffered the same problems with Orion:

“It's terribly annoying to have to constantly think of Orion. It makes you an outsider in class, because your mind is so busy on something they can't understand, because they have never experienced anything like it. They can't understand that you can love somebody so much that it almost drives you crazy. (Of course I experience the same with Ramita). There is nothing to talk about with your classmates and you keep your distance from them. I'm almost over it now, at least when I am at school, but at home it's impossible to keep my thoughts together. I can't even do my homework. You really have to try to put Orion out of your mind and think of something else. I know it's incredibly hard, but I'm sure you will manage, otherwise you will end up all cut about it.”

I longed for the intimate friendship with Ramita that she had with Orion. I was in love with their friendship, the intimacy I sensed at camp that they had together. That was my goal: to take Orion's place. I dressed like her, went to Amsterdam to buy the same unfashionable orthopedic shoes she wore, tried to find the exact same skirt, even imitated her handwriting.

The letters we scouts wrote to each other touched on all kinds of superficial subjects: the French lessons I was taking, the latest record by Françoise Hardy, *Dis moi que tu as*. In my letters to Ramita I set myself a different standard: not to drivel on. I dared to touch on more subjects in writing than I was willing to share in her presence.

The tone of her letters to me was a mixture of seduction and scout leadership. Distance only increased the tension, required

countless drafts. On the back of an envelope, which had contained one of her letters, I wrote in a clear hand:

“Oh Ramita, how I long to tell you everything, but I am not sure how. You are so terribly sweet. If only you knew how much I love you, and how incredibly much I appreciate you.”

I never had the courage to send it.

As soon as one of her letters arrived, I read her closing. At first she simply wrote *love*, followed soon by *lots of love* and then *lots and lots of love*, or *bye, little darling, all my love*.

We devised plans to meet each other outside our daily exchanges, for instance by attending a song-fest weekend with the whole scout troop. I corresponded with her about where she wanted to sleep and was beside myself with joy when she wrote,

“I want a bed next to you.”

I wrote her name on all the pages of my notebook. I lived for the moments I could see her or receive one of her letters. Often, on my way from school, I joined her for tea and handed her that day's letter. Every now and then she picked me up from school, with one of her small children seated on the back and one on the front of her bike. I held the handlebar and when her hand closed over mine I felt violent shocks.

Perhaps what I felt was the same as what Carla, a classmate, felt when Hans, a twelfth grade student she went steady with, touched her. I could hear myself telling her,

“I know what that feeling is you're having with Hans. I feel the same when Ramita touches me.”

And the feeling was getting stronger all the time.

Saturday afternoons I visited the church community center where Ramita ran a folk-dancing group. She had insisted that I join the group. We danced the polka together a zillion times. She grabbed me firmly around the waist and made me float all over the tiny dance floor. We spun around and around and I was perfectly happy. I looked deeply into her eyes, in an agony. Later, at home, I couldn't do anything except gaze aimlessly for hours trying to recapture the slowly waning electricity of the moment.

Then, quite suddenly, in mid-October, after a month and a half of feeling this way, the situation changed quite dramatically. Ramita informed us that we should no longer write or visit her, but she continued to correspond occasionally with a few of us scouts, and with me daily. I was more convinced than ever that she had something special with me.

In early October, she had even written that she missed me terribly when I wasn't at a scout meeting.

“Sometimes I just miss you. Then I am inclined to look you up and ask you to do I-don't-know-what with me.”

I remember clearly, it was a Monday evening. She had picked me up from my confirmation class. She told me that, for the time being, she was renouncing all contact with us. Suddenly too, there I was, all lumped together with the other scouts. “All of you,” she said devastatingly.

I thought I had enough to distract me. Besides homework and tests, I was busy preparing for the school musical revue. It involved half of my classmates and almost all the scouts in the school. But I missed Ramita terribly. I went to our front door twenty times a day to check the doormat for any white envelopes, and ran as many times to my room to hide my disappointment from the rest of the family.

Judith had to run an errand to Ramita's house and I told her to give Ramita a note saying to get in touch with me. One evening, Ramita picked me up at my confirmation class and handed me a letter. It was stem,

"It is indeed the right decision to break off visits and letters with all of you. I hope you feel about this the same way I do. In every respect it's better to put a stop to this highly emotional behavior and all this clinging to each other."

She went on then, treating me like an adult, sharing with me the emotional confusion between her and Orion:

"Sadly, I have hardly seen Orion, and the times I really could and had the time to, Gonnies was there. All of mid-term break she sat there clinging tooth and nail to Orion."

At least her letter gave me the chance of answering, and so our correspondence started again, but not as frequently as before.

In November, Ramita kept completely aloof. The school revue was claiming all my attention. Everyone in the musical was so worked up about it: the cheering crowds, the lights, the costumes, the make-up. I could rid myself of all that weighty, sentimental business!

When I saw Ramita in church, I was the one who was now aloof, even surly. She couldn't stand that. Just after Christmas I received two letters in one envelope. One was so sweet it was almost too much so, but the other was frank,

"There must be something wrong. I want to know the truth. You act as though you no longer appreciate my company. I think this is terrible and I can't bear it any longer. I've been laying awake all night thinking about it. What have I done to hurt you?"

In my reply I kept my distance. I didn't feel any more like carrying on. I didn't have the stomach, or cruel streak, to hurt her.

But the old fire flared up in me again. Where did she stand? What attitude should I adopt? It was time to call her by her first name, not her scout name, I thought. So, I wrote a passionate letter to explain it all to her.

During Christmas holidays, Ramita and Orion went off on a trip together. When they got back, Ramita confessed to me that she had never informed Orion about our friendship or correspondence. "I had no special reason to tell her," she wrote by way of excuse. I had my own theory, that she was afraid that Orion would be jealous of the intensity of our friendship.

About a month later, when she and I were making plans to bicycle to summer camp together, she asked me not to tell Orion about our plans. Their friendship was tough going again. I knew it was. But, when I saw Ramita and Orion dancing together at the festivities on Baden-Powell day, I was madly jealous. She never paid any attention to me at all. Afterwards, she wrote lamely,

"Darling, I know it's little or no use to explain. I know what it feels like from bitter experience. You shouldn't be jealous of Orion. Please try to get over it. Don't ever forget that I love you very much and wouldn't let you down for 30 Orions!"

By March, however, our letters were gradually becoming more level-headed. Ramita was becoming less superior, less the adult writing to the adolescent, less tense. She writes,

"I feel that our relationship is steady enough now for us not to slide back into the foolishness of September and October. Our friendship is real now, much less sentimental.

You've seen enough of my follies to know that I am just a human being, with all the accompanying faults and failings."

That summer bike trip we spent endless moments fantasizing about was suddenly canceled. She is pregnant, constantly busy with her pregnancy. She keeps telling me how happy her husband and she are about it. I don't want to hear anything about it. Last year, my mother had played the same trick on me. You just can't do that to a girl in puberty. Our relationship begins to trail off.

* * *

Now, more than twenty years later ...

... I am amazed that we never had sex together, or even kissed. It might have relieved the intensity. In a way though, writing about it here, and thinking it over, I am also glad that we did not. I felt confused enough as it was.

I felt that I had gained insight into her life, but to what avail? It had only left me impotent, jealous, filled with yearning, filled with obscure but nonetheless intense emotions. Hadn't our relationship been erotic enough already? Would I have been able to deal with adult sexuality?

To me even kissing seemed frightening, dirty. My erotic fantasies about boys did not go far. A little walking hand in hand with a boy down a busy street was enough to excite me. I knew about sex though. My friend Judith's family subscribed to one of the Dutch sexological magazines and there were articles about fucking. I loathed the idea that my parents had actually done something like that, or, even worse, still did it. My desires were certainly sexual; sexuality must have been one of the motives for doing everything for her, why I waited so expectantly for every meeting and every letter. I don't think that I then had the slightest idea of how I could have fulfilled those desires.

In a certain way, not having sex made things clear. She was married and had children and a busy social life. I had to adjust to the facts. My rights in the friendship were not so clearly defined. Without sex I was not in the position to claim anything from her. All I could do was confront her with my expectations, as for instance when I asked her why she had danced with Orion and not with me. She pulled the strings, set the limits, had the upper hand.

My view of those scouting years has changed

In the seventies, when I first hung out in women's cafes, having been a scout appeared to be an advantage. Some of the best feminists had also once earned their merit badges. Now I suddenly understood the hot-blooded atmosphere at the camps, the constant longing to see each other afterwards. Without ever having been there, I experienced the sensation of the women's camps at Femo, where women fell in love with each other in huge numbers. In those days we feminists put everything into a lesbian perspective.

I looked back upon my scouting years and all of a sudden I noticed all kinds of crushes. Many of us were in love with Ramita, especially me; but Judith and I were in love with each other, and Connie with Orion. Ramita was a lesbian woman who was channeling her desires. She had had her favorites before. There had been, in the years prior to my knowing her, two scouts who were always circling around her, even outside of scouting. They were referred to as her paladins. I was now convinced that she and Orion had had an affair. My infatuation with Ramita acquired a clarity and a label that it had not had before: my first lesbian experience.

But now, after another fifteen years have passed ...

... and I have had the chance to reread the letters, I doubt whether it ever occurred to her that making love to another female person was even possible,

- Did she merely enjoy our adoration?
- Was she a lesbian who didn't know it herself?
- Did scouting provide her only with an opportunity to spend time away from her husband and children?
- Or was it that, as she herself told me, that she felt more comfortable with female companionship?

And about her affection for Orion she once said,

“I know there are people who get annoyed, and more than annoyed, at Orion and me. We just ignore it. We have a special kind of affection many people don't understand.”

LC – Loose contacts

LC-01 – A pleasant sexual experience

“She still believes this was one of the most exciting experiences she ever had.”

An anonymous woman on pedofilie.nl revealed in September 2011 that she was often dreaming about sex with her 27-year-old schoolmaster. He was a natural flirt in his contacts with women and she really found this interesting and fascinating. She often fantasized about him, although he was not so much physically attractive. She felt attracted by his character and behavior.

One day, she caught him repeatedly staring at her nipples, which were visible through her t-shirt. She didn't feel uncomfortable and even smiled at him whenever he was looking at her, and it led to something of a game. At night, she was fantasizing about him a lot.

Every week, the school master visited some pupil to get acquainted with his or her parents. This inspired the girl to invite herself over to have lunch with him, alone, and he agreed. When she visited him, they first had a serious conversation about their hobbies. After they had lunch, he switched on the TV. They sat down on the couch together and she threw her legs over his legs in a playful, innocent way.

She really felt comfortable, experiencing some kind of lust. She intentionally created a situation in which his attention would be repeatedly drawn to her nipples again. When he did stare at them several times, she got a warm feeling inside. She lay her head on his lap, laughing and watching television.

Suddenly, she looked him straight in the eyes, her head still on his lap, hoping that he would kiss her. When he hesitated she put her mouth near his mouth and they kissed. He was very embarrassed and shocked. She asked him: “What's wrong?” and added: “I won't tell anyone, it doesn't matter.”

He told her he couldn't do this, but she didn't understand. She tried to get his penis out of this trousers, but he repeated that this was really wrong. She asked him why and put her hand on his ‘manhood’ while he still had his trousers on. She was very excited and tried to do it again and he let her mouth touch his penis. She found the whole experience extremely interesting, but that's where it ended.

She still believes this was one of the most exciting experiences she ever had and is glad she could satisfy her curiosity. She has no regrets about it and thinks she used to be a true Lolita.

LC-02 – Aircraft worker

- ◆ Found on a now disappeared website.
- ◆ Quoted in *Minor Report* by David Tuller in Salon.com, July 22, 2002.

An aircraft maintenance worker describes his first experience at thirteen with a man of about thirty who had hired him to do yard work. After inviting him inside and showing him pictures of men wrestling, the man

“started rubbing my crotch, and I was both nervous and really excited by it.”

He went on to seek out other significantly older men.

“I never felt used. I really wanted it, and except for the first time I always felt like the aggressor.”

LC-03 – Allen Ginsberg

- ◆ Found on a now disappeared website and in *Boston Magazine*.

During an interview on a Boston television station, poet and alleged boy-lover Allen Ginsberg joked about the scandal.

“I had sex when I was eight, with a man in the back of my grandfather's candy store in Revere, and I turned out okay,”

Ginsberg declared before being hurried off-stage as the station cut to a commercial.

Some critics have assumed that Allen Ginsberg was himself engaged in ‘pedophile’ relationships as an adult and that he was because of that a member of NAMBLA. However, there seems to be no conclusive evidence for the first assumption, and it seems more likely that, being a liberal, he was simply supporting a worthy cause.

LC-04 – Antonio

- ◆ *Mi primera vez* by Jesús Generelo and Marcos Benítez (Ediciones de la Tempestad, Barcelona, 2003) includes the story of Antonio from Granada, who was thirty at the time of the interview.

“It was marvelous”

Antonio needed a long time to finally realize that he was gay. At the age of fifteen, he visited the nudist zone at a beach in Torremolinos. There he watched a German looking man and approached him sexually. The man led him under a tree, where they gave each other a blow job and masturbated. “It was marvelous”.

LC-05 – Arno

- ◆ A person who calls himself *Arno* went into a rather extensive e-mail exchange with T. Rivas about his sexual contacts with two men as a child.

Here are his main experiences:

“I was about ten, the men were about twenty and the contacts continued until I was sixteen to seventeen years old. I knew them through Chiro, a Catholic youth movement in Belgium, in which they worked as supervisors.

With one of them it started when he touched my legs, which I found agreeable, and so I allowed him to do so. The other one addressed me separately and asked me to grab his dick, which I did without hesitation. I really enjoyed all of this and also found it quite exciting.

In the long run, we did everything with each other. They taught me how to jerk them off and give them a blow job. I let them undress me completely and made myself available as their toy.

I never did it with both of them at the same time and they never penetrated me. We played our games in the bushes, but also at their places, in bed or in the car. I remember that it was very exciting to do it the car, as I gave (one of) them a blow job during the ride. They never had to ask me. That's how much I enjoyed doing it.

Apart from this, I had no emotional relationship with him. For all of us it was purely sexual. I never felt ambivalent about the sex. I think what made it so exciting was that the sex was forbidden and therefore very attractive.

These purely sexual contacts taught me to separate sex and love. They don't need to be connected in your life.

Nowadays I continue have loose contacts – but exclusively with women – on a regular basis, and there is no love involved. I'm married.”

LC-06 – Augusten Burroughs

“He was a hunky young guy in the wrong career who got my rocks off”

Augusten Burroughs is a bestselling American author.

Bruce Rind writes about him:

“Shortly after the Catholic Church sex scandal involving priests sexually involved with boys began, Burroughs retold his own involvement with priests to add some nuance to the invariant black-and-white presentations in the media. Burroughs noted that *Catholic priests have given me some of the best blow jobs of my life*. The first was when he was 14 years old. Though his mother was not Catholic, nor even particularly religious, she frequented a Catholic church on Sundays for the symbolism, and young Augusten occasionally accompanied her. He would spend his time walking around the offices rather than attending the services. Often on his explorations he would pass by a priest, on whom he had a crush *because he was young and almost hunkey*. Eventually in the priest he could discern a hunger to match his own. At one point, Augusten passed the priest in the hallway and then walked into the men's room for the sole purpose of peeing. Then the priest walked in – Augusten thought the priest entered to scold him about some bad conduct. Instead the priest walked up to the urinal next to him and began staring at Augusten's penis in an absorbed, transfixed manner. For Burroughs, the unfolding situation was sudden and unexpected, but not unwanted. As Burroughs commented, he himself felt horny, so he dropped his pants and stepped

away from the urinal, facing the man – and getting what turned out to be his *first excellent blow job from a Catholic priest*.

The priest then began sobbing – he was fearful that his transgression would become known. Augusten, though, assured him he would never tell, and he never did tell anyone. He commented that he felt terrible – not for the sex, but for the priest's reaction. But for the sex itself, Burrough provided the following analogy to convey his feelings: *He was a hunky young guy in the wrong career who got my rocks off. For a straight guy, it would be like being 14, and having one of the centerfold from Playboy step out of the magazin and hand you a bottle of mineral oil."*

Rind adds that Burroughs did realize that not all sexual encounters with Catholic priests have been positive and that he had homoerotic desires when his own encounter took place.

LC-07 – Dan Savage

“I initiated them and cherish their memory”

- ◆ Source: Article by Bruce Rind “Blinded by Politics and Morality – A Reply to McNulty and Wright” in *Censoring Sex Research*.

Dan Savage is an American who is responsible for a nationally syndicated sex-advice column known as *Savage Love* and author about same-sex marriage and gay adoption.

When the Rind et al. meta-analysis was under attack from religious conservatives, victimologists, politicians and talk show hosts, Savage wrote the following in his column:

“Why is this controversial? Speaking as a survivor of CSA [child sexual abuse] at fourteen with a twenty-two-year-old woman; sex at fifteen with a thirty-year-old man – I can

back the researchers up; I was not traumatized by these technically illegal sexual encounters; indeed, I initiated them and cherish their memory. It's absurd to think that what I did at fifteen would be considered 'child sexual abuse', or lumped together by lazy researchers with the incestuous rape of a five-year-old girl."

LC-08 – Dave Douglass

- ◆ The *Newgon* website mentions the following online letter to the *Weekly Worker* of the Communist Party of Great Britain.

If Liz Hoskings (a feminist author), cares to read the first part of my autobiography, *Geordies was mental*, she might find that not everyone has had such an apparently sheltered life that she had (*Letters*, November 26).

I started having sexual intercourse at the age of twelve, as did a number of my schoolmates. The two girls who did me the pleasure were indeed two years older and therefore more experienced than the virginal little me. Not by the wildest stretch of anyone's imagination could it be called abuse, and I was highly delighted. I have to say I considered this extremely healthy – whether it was 'informed' or not, I'm really not sure.

What does Liz think I needed informing of? The two girls took for granted that, being a normal, developing teenager, I was up for it. I was and, since I hadn't a clue where to start had it been down to me, I was more than pleased that they seduced me – if you can call having your pants pulled down and a semi-naked girl bounce up and down on your penis 'seduction'.

Now, of course, the law would jail the girls for rape. And this is the trouble: you can talk up a case of 'abuse' by altering the meaning of facts and terminology, making this whole thing complex and difficult when really it's a perfectly natural process.

The law today would say I had been a 'victim'. Actually, I wasn't, and no-one had done anything remotely wrong.

Two years later, four of my friends and I had sex with a real sexy woman in her early thirties. Did she 'abuse' us? Are you crazy? We had planned the encounter for weeks and, if anything, we seduced her. Doubtless, she knew all sorts of clever stuff that we didn't, but what had that to do with anything? Half of the school would have chopped off their big toe to have come with us, and there is no doubt that we consented like there was no tomorrow.

Were we 'ill-informed'? Again I have to ask, ill-informed of what? What does Liz think we needed to know before getting laid? Basic facts, she suggests, because young people can be ignorant. But we knew well enough what the sex thing was about; finding enough women and girls to engage with was the problem. It was practical stuff, not theory, that we were searching for.

All of that was 40 years ago. Does Liz mean to suggest that young teenagers are less aware now than we were 40 years ago? I would have thought that all the evidence suggests that young people are sexually active earlier and more generally than a generation or longer ago; that they are more aware.

What worries me about Liz's piece is that she clearly thinks she knows better than the youngsters and that they cannot be allowed to decide for themselves what they're going to do, when and with whom. She will make that judgment for them – as will the law by sealing off more and more areas of freedom, from climbing trees and playing in parks to sexual encounters.

The real problem is that we live in an age where the state demands to control every aspect of our lives from cradle to grave; to decide for us what risks to take, what judgments to make, what mores we live by, what is acceptable.

They get away with this by inventing a whole army, a whole society, of ‘victims’ – old, young, race, religion, whatever – none of whom can be allowed to live their own lives and make their own decisions.

All are preyed upon by predators and evil-doers who would seduce us, groom us, persuade us, so that even when we willingly consent we don't really.

Dave Douglass,
South Shields

LC-09 – Edmund White

- ◆ Found on a now disappeared website.
- ◆ Quoted in *Minor Report*¹⁷ (annotated cache) by David Tuller in Salon.com, July 22, 2002.
- ◆ Article cited in December 30, 2005 response by *treblevoice* to my inquiry on BoyLover.net

Noted gay novelist Edmund White talks about picking up men at Chicago beaches and public restrooms from the age of thirteen or fourteen.

“I was very oversexed, absolutely driven wild by desire. ... The first one was a handsome architect, who actually had children older than me. I was absolutely fascinated by him, and I seduced him. I followed him to his car, walked right up to him and started talking to him. My mother was away and I said, *Come back to my apartment*. And it was terrific.”

17 http://dir.salon.com/story/mwt/feature/2002/07/22/coming_of_age/

LC-10 – Fourteen

- ◆ A gay man from the UK posted a message on an internet forum about so-called *paraphilias*. After I had quoted from that message, mentioning his nickname, he contacted me via e-mail. This gave me the opportunity to ask him several questions. Here are his answers.

“All in all I don't recall how many times I had sex whilst I was underage, it was always with strangers though, and they were always much older.”

I'll tell you what I remember

“It was in yahoo chat, summer of 2000. I was fourteen at the time and going through some traumatic experiences at home, which I think is relevant just to mention, because it made me more risk inclined.

Anyway, we had not long had the internet, and my folks made the mistake of putting the computer in a separate room. I'd been wanking since I was twelve, and had begun to use the computer for accessing gay pornography, so I knew what sex was all about.

I also used it to chat to school friends etc... and often went on Yahoo Chat. I used to deliberately go into the gay room, at first just to chat to other gay men, but pretty soon I knew I wanted to meet one. I happened to meet a guy who was in a neighbouring county. We chatted, he had a microphone and I heard his voice and liked it. I don't recall seeing a picture before we met though. He drove all the way to meet me outside of our local superstore.

He was pleasant enough looking, in his early forties. Very well spoken. Anyway, we drove back to his, chatted some more, listened to music (Pink Floyd, which I recall thinking was rather

crusty), played video games, and then things seemed to get a bit awkward.

On reflection I think the man must have been feeling a pang of guilt for what he was doing, and he even asked if I was OK as he said I looked uncomfortable. I said I was fine, and pretty much knew at that point that I was expected to have sex with him, so I did. It was mutual oral, and then he fucked me with a condom. It was uncomfortable, but not painful. I can't say I enjoyed the experience that much, and never saw him again.

It did not put me off gay sex though, and I have been regularly cruising online ever since. I also went through a phase of cottaging, and when I was fourteen and fifteen used to meet men in a local gents, before it was pulled down.

All in all I don't recall how many times I had sex whilst I was underage, it was always with strangers though, and they were always much older. I'm still having sex with guys that are quite a bit older now, so it was probably quite formative.

I do not consider what that man did to me to be paedophilia. Though I was two years under age, and technically a minor, I was not biologically a minor. I was sexually mature and knew my own mind at that age. It was a personal decision... though looking back I am amazed at some of the risks I took.”

LC-11 – Gad Beck

“I have never forgotten the happiness of that first encounter”

- ◆ Source: Article by Bruce Rind “Blinded by Politics and Morality – A Reply to McAnulty and Wright” in *Censoring Sex Research*.

Gad Beck (1923-2012) was a German, homosexual with a partially Jewish background who related with delight his first homosexual encounter, which happened during the Nazi regime, when Beck was 12. This encounter was with his 22-year-old gym teacher. Rind writes:

“One day he and the teacher were the last two in the showers. Beck recalled that he *was overcome with unrestrained desire*, walked over to the man while still naked, and snuggled into the bathrobe that the man had just put on. He embraced the man and noticed that the man was also aroused. Beck recalled that he *relished the feeling*. They caressed and rubbed against each other and both orgasmed.

Beck commented that the *nicest thing for me was that he reciprocated the affection by putting his arms around my shoulders. I had taken him by surprise, but then ran home beaming with delight, breathlessly and naively telling his mother – his mother's reaction, surprising in retrospect, was, *Aha, I thought so* [that young Beck was gay]. Beck commented that he *never had any feeling that it was wrong to accost my teacher in the shower. It happened spontaneously. [...] He had done something for me. And I have never forgotten the happiness of that first encounter.*”*

LC-12 – Guus Harms

◆ Source: *Gay Krant*, The Netherlands, February 18th 2000.

In a program of 2000 about early sexual experiences, called *De Eerste Keer*, 76-year-old Dutch fashion designer Guus Harms revealed that he his first sexual encounter took place on Java. It concerned a medical doctor who lived with the family and Guus was only 9 years old. It is unclear whether this concerned a whole relationship or a loose contact, so I'll assume it is the latter.

He states: “It was my own choice and in fact, it was enjoyable.”

LC-13 – Hans van Maanen

- ◆ The well-known gay Dutch choreographer Hans van Maanen told an interviewer of *Elsevier* in 2005:
- ◆ And see < <http://www.dehelling.net/artikel/444/> >.

“At the age of eleven, I tried to seduce adult men at the fair. I've never really been innocent and green.”

Although the article does not seem to confirm that Van Maanen really got what he wanted, this quote certainly implies that he did.

LC-14 – Harry Hay

“The most beautiful gift”

- ◆ Source: Article by Bruce Rind “Blinded by Politics and Morality – A Reply to McAnulty and Wright” in *Censoring Sex Research*.

Harry Hay (1912-2002) was a leading American within gay liberation. When he was 14 years old, he met a merchant-seaman of about age 25. Rinds writes:

“One evening, when the two walked alongside the moonlit ocean, Hay was swept by the physical sensations. When Hay clasped the man's hand, the boy was afraid the sailor might respond violently. Instead, it turned into Hay's first love-making with an adult. When Hay revealed that he was only 14, the sailor panicked for fear of a lengthy prison sentence. Hay desperately tried to settle the man down, and when he did, the man gave the boy tips on how *people like us* should

conduct themselves, which inspired Harry almost as vividly as the erotic memory of [the man].”

Bruce Rind tells us that according to Hay's biographer Timmons, Hay always described it as *the most beautiful gift that a fourteen-year-old ever got from his first love!*

According to another author quoted by Rind, Hay remarked, *Wherever he is, I want him to know that my love and gratitude followed him all my days, and all of his.*

LC-15 – Jordi

- ◆ This story comes from the Spanish book *Mi primera vez* by Jesús Generelo and Marcos Benítez (Ediciones de la Tempestad, Barcelona, 2003).

When he was around fourteen, Jordi who's now based at Girona used to live in his village of origin in the Spanish Pyrenees. During the summer, they were building a floating bridge for crossing the river and out of curiosity he decided to go for a swim near the bridge. There he saw a strong and manly worker of about thirty who wore shorts and no shirt. Jordi felt attracted by the man's masculinity and decided to approach him.

The man offered him some wine [the normal lunchtime beverage in Spain] and soon afterwards the man started masturbating, which fascinated Jordi. The worker asked Jordi whether he liked him, but the boy didn't know what to answer. Then, the man took off his shorts and asked Jordi to touch his genitals, which he did. However, Jordi was too bashful to show him his own penis and he left, while the man continued to masturbate.

“The feelings caused by this experience were pleasure and unrest. My pleasure was obviously related to the opportunity of acting out a fantasy: touching him. I don't really know how to explain my feelings of unrest. I repeatedly returned

to the site and from the river bank I was able to watch his half-naked body that I liked so much.”

LC-16 – Mark Medlock

- ◆ According to messages on the internet around the end of May of 2007, the Hamburg-based gay journal *Hinnerk* recently published an interview with German singer Mark Medlock.

Medlock states that at the age of eight, he first got sexually involved with a man at a swimming pool, who “had a nice ass and was well built”. Medlock came out as a homosexual when he was sixteen.

LC-17 – Neil

- ◆ The *Newgon* website mentions this case, taken from the article “Monsters with Human Faces”, by Dea Birkett, in *The Guardian*, September 17th 1997.¹⁸
It concerns an accompanying article to the documentary film *The Devil Amongst Us*, by Force 10 Productions, which was the first in the so-called *Witness* series, broadcast by *Channel* on October 8th 1997.

He enjoyed having sex with adult men from the age of nine

Dea Birkett writes:

During my research I met Neil, a gay man now aged 40, who enjoyed having sex with adult men from the age of nine.

“It seems to be politically correct, even within the gay movement, to be anti-paedophile. But when I ask gay male friends when they first had sex they say, *Oh, ten, eleven, twelve,*

18 http://www.ipce.info/ipceweb/Library/97-126_birkett_faces.htm

with a bloke down the road who was 22. He was probably a paedophile!”

LC-18 – Pim Fortuyn

◆ From the *Scotland on Sunday International*.

In 1998, Fortuyn published an autobiographical work called *Babyboomers*, a name given to children born in the post-war years up to 1953. He reveals that he had early sexual experiences with adult males, which he claims to have found pleasurable and exciting. His logic is that because he enjoyed sexual experiences with adult men as a child, it should be legal.¹⁹

Fortuyn's first experience occurred when he was five years old.

“The Dutch soldier asks if I want to see his tent. That's what I want. I like it and they all are sleeping on the ground in a sleeping-bag. I ask if it is hard and cold to sleep on the ground. Oh no, come here. Together we crawl in his sleeping-bag. The soldier asks my name and I ask his name.

He is called Arie and he asks if I like that name. Yes, I think that's a nice name and I lie beside him, nice and warm.”

Fortuyn then described a close sexual encounter with the soldier before leaving his sleeping-bag “to go and play outside.” He added:

“Can I come back tomorrow? Yes, tomorrow I may come back, says Arie.”

A few pages later, he describes another incident:

¹⁹ As a politician, Pim Fortuyn was a proponent of legalization of consensual ‘pedophile’ relationships. Before he entered politics, Pim Fortuyn wrote a column in which he supported the emancipation of consensual intergenerational contacts.

“I went to the park for a walk, it was very silent and the sun was shining. On the bench sat a young fellow. I stood still, curious.”

Fortuyn relates another sexual encounter – this time in explicit detail. He concludes:

“I was frightened and ran away to my home, to my mother. Excited, I ran into the room. My mother looked at me searchingly and asked what had happened. Nothing, of course. Watch out, little man, was the only thing she said. A glass of lemonade made me calm down. Yes, that was exciting.”

Most telling is his appraisal of these memories.

“In chapter 1 about the 1950s, I wrote about my early sexual experiences, experiences that I see as an enrichment. Today, an experience like that in the park could easily lead to a complaint by parents to the police because of pedophilia, and the relevant young man would be in trouble. But why?

He didn't do me any harm. On the contrary, he showed me something that was incomprehensibly exciting and I could feel and touch it, but today we are ready to interfere with complete teams of professionals. By interfering in such an irritating and grown-up way in the world of children, we make an enormous problem of something that for a child is no problem at all and is only exciting.”

LC-19 – Pleemobiel

Beautiful memories, nothing wrong with them!

- ◆ Source: < http://www.geenstijl.nl/mt/archieven/2013/11/omg_welke_puber_zou_er_niet_zo_een_juf_willen.html >

Responding to a news item on the Dutch website *Geen Stijl* about a 29-year-old female school teacher who supposedly was sending young boys illegal erotic text messages, someone with the nickname *pleemobiel* (probably a male forum member) responds as follows:

“Are we going collectively mad, goddammit? You'd better address the excesses [...] I was already fucking my brains out when I was 15, and yes, I once did it with someone who was 10 years my senior. Beautiful memories, nothing wrong with them. Get a fucking life and get real!”

LC-20 – Quique

- ◆ This case was taken from the Spanish book *Mi primera vez* by Jesús Generelo and Marcos Benítez (Ediciones de la Tempestad, Barcelona, 2003).

“I was extremely aware of what I was doing, and that I wanted to do it, that I was dying to do it”

Quique, a Spanish gay boy of Madrid, was around fourteen or fifteen when he met a man in his late thirties at a urinal in a public toilet of an *Escuela Oficial de Idiomas* (State Language School). The man was not much to look at, but Quique was fascinated by his genitals. Quique took the initiative and he went to stand next to the man and touched his penis.

“I was extremely aware of what I was doing, and that I wanted to do it, that I was dying to do it.”

Quique enjoyed the touch of the man's erect penis. They agreed on entering a toilet cabin together and they gave each other a hand and blow job.

“All of it seemed extremely pleasurable and wonderful to me.”

Although this ‘sexual initiation’ ended rather abruptly, because the man got frightened of the possible consequences, Quique considered it great fun and he felt fully satisfied.

LC-21 – Salomon

- ◆ A participant of the Dutch so-called *Nuijij-forum*, who calls himself *Salomon*, talks about an experience with an adult woman when he was a boy.

As a 14-year-old boy he seduced a 23-year-old woman. It was consensual and afterwards the woman turned out to be a ‘pedophile’.

He's happily married now and has children. His sex life is pleasant as well.

LC-22 – Shortest shorts

- ◆ Frits Bernard included the following case (*Case 2*) in his article²⁰ “Paedophilia: what it means to the child”, in: *PAN – A Magazine About Boy-Love*, Number 3 [Vol.1 No.3], November 1979, page 13.

A heterosexual adult male (age 24) recalls:

“I had my first sexual contact with an older man in Rotterdam... It was nothing more than each of us quickly masturbating each other, looking shyly around us.

Once this corner was turned, a lot of other experiences followed. I can't say much about them, just sex and nothing more.

One of the reasons nothing lasted was that the men were dead scared of being trapped. The imitative always came from me. I

20 <http://exitinterview.biz/rarities/pan/htmlfiles/pan3p13.htm>

used to wear my shortest and cutest shorts and stroll across the market squares and through the busiest streets of Rotterdam until I saw someone I thought was ‘like that’ and then I allowed myself to be ‘seduced’.

That went on until I was 17. [...]

I have no regrets about this period. I am only sorry that I never had what I was really looking for: an older friend with whom I could enjoy not only sex but all kinds of things, someone who could teach me about everything.”

LC-23 – University professor

- ◆ Interview by Howard Kline about “Childhood Sexual Experiences” on his former *Cerius Love* website.

A man recounts his first sexual encounter at thirteen with a man in his 40s, calling it *a pretty good introduction to sexuality*.

On Saturday, June 18, 2005, I conducted the following interview with a 52-year-old university professor who had had his first experience of sex at the age of 13 with a man in his 40s.

* * *

“My one experience of boy-man contact – I was thirteen – was actually fine: gentle, exciting, not pressured.”

Could you tell me more about that please?

“He let me know he thought I was pretty but let me do the exploring.”

How old was he?

"I'm guessing here – probably mid-40s. He was very hairy and I found that fascinating."

You: How long did it go on?

"Two encounters, about two weeks apart. He was rumored to be gay and I was curious and put myself in his path. He was quite sweet about it, let me use him to explore, learn."

Is there any way in which you feel what he did was inappropriate, that it would have been better for you had he declined to let you explore?

"I had only just hit puberty, so at the time I was incredibly eager just to let myself explore and find out about male bodies. I hadn't even seen an adult erection before. I think he was very restrained – body exploration, masturbation, not kissing, no anal approach. Afterward, I felt strange about it, but I don't think it was about age, it was fear of my own sexuality in the times."

I know you answered in a round-about way, but I'd like to ask again, is there any way in which you feel what he did was inappropriate, that it would have been better for you had he declined to let you explore?

"Hmmm. Again, at the time, I was so impelled by arousal and curiosity, it just didn't present itself that way. I was so eager to find out what it was to touch a man sexually. And like I say, I felt odd enough about it that after those two encounters I never went near him again. But I don't think it was because of his age."

You feel that reaction would have been the same had he been another kid your age?

"I think it was because I was a thirteen year old in a fairly middle-class Midwestern town, and male-male desire was shameful. I don't think I would have admitted my curiosity to a kid my age."

Interesting, so in a way, he was a safer way for you to explore?

“Yes.

And like I said, I was frankly fascinated by that mature body: the hair, the heft. His orgasm was initially frightening. It was so intense and (at least in my memory) he came so much. I had climaxed by then, but with little semen.”

There are those who say that a thirteen year old child cannot genuinely want sex, that they may seek it as a surrogate for more wholesome affection or other reasons. What would you say to that?

“Well, as to wanting sex, I think those people maybe need a frank discussion with a thirteen year old. I was desperate to have someone touch me erotically. Whether a guy that much older was ideal, I just don't know. I certainly don't think it bent me, or affected my later sexual life. I think it would have been different if I had felt pressured. But he may well have manipulated my curiosity.”

How do you mean?

“Well, I was a relative stranger. He had to have realized if I was hanging about near his property it was because I was curious about him.”

I see. When you said “manipulated,” did you mean that in the pejorative sense?

“Well, he chose to let it happen. An outsider could say, as the adult, it should have been his role to stop it there. But in fact, I think it was a pretty good introduction to sexuality.”

Okay, yes, so my question is, do you believe it would have been better for you had he declined your interest?

“I’ve certainly known a couple of men whose first experience was sucking off a straight peer, then getting beaten up in one case, outed and humiliated in another.

In later years, I’d think about the guy when I masturbated – we had moved away by then – so I don’t think I was ever wishing it hadn’t happened. Of course, the cases we hear about are those where there has been pressure or force.

About it being an emotional surrogate, that may be true sometimes. I had a largely absent father, and I’ve wondered if my interest in that guy was a sort of substitution. But even if that was so, would it have been better to just have that lack?

One thing I’m quite sure of – those encounters did not influence my being gay. I was well aware of that – though frightened of it – well before.”

* * *

I prepared the above transcript of the interview and sent it to the subject for review. He replied in an e-mail on Monday, June 20, 2005 with the following comments:

“That looks like an honest version of what we exchanged. Like I said Saturday night, I doubt it will convince someone solidly set against the idea.

And I would have to add, I think my experience was a minority one, in two senses.

- First, most guys that age (future straight or future gay) have their initial explorations with other boys of roughly the same age.
- And second, I fear (though in truth I don’t know) that a lot of man-boy encounters are more predatory than mine was. But that second point could just be an instance of me buying into prevailing cultural assumptions.

One detail may be relevant: he let me touch him any way I wanted, which did lead to his orgasms; and he let me touch myself in his presence, which led to mine; but he did not touch me genitally or in any way suggest that things progress toward, say, fellatio or anything anal. Whether that was admirable restraint in the presence of a neophyte, or pure preference, I can't in any way know.”

* * *

When creating this website, I wrote back for permission to include this interview in it. He replied in an e-mail on Wednesday, July 13, 2005:

“This looks OK to me. Two things that maybe you should add:

(1) When we moved away, back to an area where I had a trusted childhood friend a year and a half my senior, that's where my sexual experimentation continued. So I wouldn't say I had any special draw toward older guys. That kind-of cuts both ways:

- On the one hand, I'd say as explorations the two sorts of encounters provided fairly similar pleasures, so the older guy might be seen as having exploited a kid's raging hormonal urges.
- On the other hand, the fact that I moved comfortably to experimenting with a peer suggests that I hadn't been acting out of some quest for a male parental figure, as is the model of some behaviorists, I believe.

(2) The one place I do think the guy took some advantage of my inexperience was his strategy for keeping me silent about the encounters. He stressed there would be very bad consequences if word got out, and that they would be equal for both of us. I can understand retrospectively his need to do something like that, but it was not in fact true, and it did rather scare me. I wonder if that's why I didn't go back again – but I only wonder

that retrospectively; I certainly don't recall forming a reason in my mind then, just didn't ever try to approach him again.”

- ◆ **Comment:** The irresponsible part did not concern the sex as such, but the way the adult dealt with the necessary secrecy involved.

LC-24 – William Armstrong Percy III

- ◆ An article taken from *Associated Press*, November 26, 2000, Sunday, *BC cycle* states:

William Armstrong Percy III says that when he was fourteen, he seduced a male soldier while traveling on a train.

“I never got enough sex with an older man. I don't see that I was harmed at all, except being deprived of not having more,” said Percy. “I was already the aggressor.”

Percy, now 66 and a history professor at the University of Massachusetts-Boston, is known for his disarming bluntness on gay issues. His own sexual experiences – which he estimates number more than 10,000 – contributed to his belief that the age of consent between men and boys should be lowered to fourteen.

Percy has also authored a book called *Pederasty and Pedagogy in Archaic Greece* and an article titled *Pederasty in the Western Mind*. He says his work isn't done just to get attention.

“Basically I think if it's not done with force, not done brutally or anything, it's not necessarily bad for teen-age boys to have an older boyfriend,” Percy said, citing the ancient Greeks and Romans as “flourishing societies in which those relationships were accepted and, in some cases, encouraged.”

LC-25 – Yes or no

- ◆ Found on a now disappeared website.
- ◆ Taken from “Count me IN !!!:))” by *siao* on *BoyChat*, July 2005. Posted in reply to “Survey: How many of you had sex as kids?”

A man recounts his first experience of sex with an adult at seven years old:

“suddenly fun was ‘in’ ... gosh, what was that twirling feeling which went all thru me ???”

He also speaks of such encounters with many other men, saying,

“Not a single one ever abused me. I was free to say *YES!!!!* and also knew how to say *NO!* if there were ever anything I might not want.”

PR – Memories of a platonic relationship

PR-01 – Alice Liddell

“He was the kindest friend a child could have”

Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (1832-1898), better known by his literary pseudonym Lewis Carroll, was an English writer, mathematician, logician, Anglican deacon and photographer. He is best known for his books *Alice in Wonderland* and its sequel *Through the Looking-Glass*.

It is commonly believed that Lewis Carroll named his most famous literary character Alice after a young muse, Alice Pleasance Liddell (1852-1934). However, Carroll denied that his character was based on any real child.

What is uncontroversial though is that he developed a close friendship with the young Alice Liddell, her two sisters, and their mother. As a photographer he also took scores of images of young girls, and is known to have taken nude photographs of children.

There has been an extensive public and scholarly debate about the question whether Carroll was a ‘pedophile’ who felt erotically attracted to Alice Liddell. Opponents of this notion seem to believe that ‘pedophilia’ is a dangerous psychiatric syndrome that almost inevitably leads to predatory behavior and is incompatible with more common feelings towards adults. They point out that Carroll was never accused of having molested children and also showed interest in women. His friendships with under-aged girls and an occasional boy would have been quite common among Victorian men and his interest in taking nude pictures of such girls would have been purely aesthetic.

However, proponents of the hypothesis claim that Carroll's feelings for Alice were unusually strong and do suggest that he had fallen in love with her. Some authors even appear to be aware of

the difference between amorous or erotic ‘pedophile’ feelings and a tendency to rape children.

Nonetheless, there seems to be no dispute that there was a strong platonic bond between Lewis Carroll and the Liddell sisters, especially Alice Liddell. He made up stories and games for them and took them on short trips. On a July afternoon in 1862, he took the three Liddell sisters on a stretch of the river between Oxford and Godstow and told them the story that would become *Alice*. Alice Liddell, then 10, was delighted that the main character bore her name and asked him to write down the story.

In a BBC-documentary, Vanessa Tait, great-granddaughter of Alice Liddell says, “My understanding is that he was in love with Alice, but he was so repressed that he never would have transgressed any boundaries.”

What is most important is that throughout her life, Alice Liddell referred to Lewis Carroll as *the kindest friend a child could have*.

Sources:

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PR-02 – David Hemmings

- ◆ According to several online sources, English composer, conductor and pianist Benjamin Britten (1913-1976) felt a strong emotional attraction to teenage boys. His relations to children are described in John Bridcut's book *Britten's Children* as 'paedocratic'.

"He was incredibly warm to me"

Britten liked children to be in charge. The freer they were, the better he liked it. He never talked down to children and, in sports, never lost by choice.

One of the boys with whom Britten had a close platonic friendship was the English film actor and director David Hemmings (1941-2003). At the time, Hemmings performed as a boy soprano in several of Britten's works. Hemmings was age twelve when he came into Britten's life as the creator of the role of Miles in Britten's *The Turn of the Screw*.

Some quotes from Hemmings

"He was incredibly warm to me, yes. Was he infatuated with me? Yes, he was. He was a gentleman; there was no sort of overt sexuality about it whatsoever. It was a very kind and very loving and very gentle relationship."

"Did he kiss me? Yes, he did. But that was more my need as a young boy alone in his house than it was any threat. I slept in his bed, when I was frightened, and I still felt no sexual threat whatsoever. And I think it would have embarrassed him a damn sight more than it would have embarrassed me at the time."

"Was I aware of his homosexuality? Yes, I was. Was I aware that he had a proclivity for young boys? Yes. I was. Did I find that threatening? No, because I learnt an awful lot through it. Did I feel that he was desperately fond of me? I suppose I did,

but I must say I thought far more in a sort of fatherly fashion; and I had a a very bad father-son relationship...”

“There is no man in my entire life that has been more influential on my attitudes than Ben.”

PR-03 – He was a good ‘pedophile’

◆ By Anonymous

Although it is not entirely clear whether the person in the following case from an internet forum only had warm platonic feelings for the particular girl involved, he certainly did not express any non-platonic feelings erotically.

Here's the anonymous story

“I have an example of a good pedophile. When I was in fifth grade (I was ten or eleven at the time), my teacher was definitely a ‘pedophile’. Some people disagreed with me at the time but I knew it. I just knew it.

The thing is, he did not gawk at me or the other girls. He treated us like we've never been treated before. Our opinions always mattered to him. Everything we said was more important to him than any other adult. He didn't look down on us like children.

The thing is, he treated the boys like inconsequential kids. This is how I knew something was going on. I can't remember now, but at the time the evidence piled up and I am 100% positive he was a girl-loving ‘pedophile’.

His intern would come in and try to speak to him, but if I was talking he would listen and refused to be interrupted. There was a look in his eyes and I knew there was something going on in his head.

He was a good ‘pedophile’. He never tried to hug me, never flirted with me, and never ogled me. He was the nicest man I had ever met! He was a good pedophile, and we were very good friends. I loved him and he loved me! But there was nothing sexual about it! There's nothing wrong with that at all.

Antis are just desperate for an excuse to hate.”

PR-04 – Khash

- ◆ A woman who calls herself *Khashka* or *Khash* shares the following experience on an internet forum.

OK this might freak some people out ...

From 12 to 14, I was involved with a guy in his 40's. What attracted me? Pale skin and dark hair, he was a nice decent guy.

And though he was a ‘pedophile’ we never had sex – when I would beg him to he'd tell me I wasn't old enough to know what I really wanted.

No we did not stay together.

He never touched me, encouraged me, or manipulated me. He did try to be a mentor and a friend and he was.

And though he was a ‘pedophile’, he was a good one. He taught me that just because you feel something doesn't mean you have to act on it. Sometimes it would be wrong.

He was a decent man; that was part of the attraction. And though I wanted to and he wanted to, nothing sexual ever happened. But we did love each other.

The man never touched me, never saw me naked. Tried to teach me some basic rules of how to live a good and respectful life. If

he got a sexual thrill out of it, then I'm glad, he deserved something in return.

And I don't wanna argue this because

- A) I don't give a fuck about anyone else's opinion and
- B) YOU WEREN'T THERE!!!!

He was a good man and he treated me as a friend.... not an object and not a sex partner but a friend.

Khash.

PR-05 – Macaulay Culkin about his friendship with Michael Jackson

◆ From Wikipedia and other Internet sources

“We had a really close relationship. We had this understanding of one another”

Michael Jackson (1958-2009), the eccentric and controversial king of pop, was repeatedly accused of child abuse. One of the young friends who have always defended Jackson's innocence is former child actor Macaulay Culkin, born in 1980. He is still famous for his role in the *Home Alone* movies.

I quote from Wikipedia:

“Around the time of the first *Home Alone* movie, Culkin became close friends with pop legend Michael Jackson, making an appearance in the *Black or White* music video.

Jackson would buy Culkin gifts, Culkin and Jackson would go on various vacations together (such as to Bermuda and Disney World) and Culkin would often stay over at Neverland Ranch for days at a time with Jackson. His brothers, Shane and Kieran,

would occasionally join them. He was later selected by Jackson to be the godfather of his children: Michael Joseph 'Prince' Jackson Jr. and, Paris Michael Katherine Jackson.

During the trial against Michael Jackson, Culkin reported he had slept in Jackson's bed on countless occasions, but that Michael Jackson never sexually molested him or touched him in an improper way and referred to the allegations as *absolutely ridiculous*. He attended Jackson's funeral on September 3, 2009.”

* * *

- ◆ When Culkin was 23 years old, he was interviewed for CNN's talkshow *Larry King Live*. The program was aired May 27th 2004.

Here are a few relevant quotes from a slightly corrected online transcript of the show

Larry King: What's the relationship you had with Michael Jackson?

Macaulay Culkin: Had or have?

King: Both.

Culkin: Whatever.

King: Let's go with had to have.

Culkin: He's a good friend of mine and still is. Everything that's going on is an unfortunate situation for everyone involved, and you know...

King: When did you first get to meet him?

Culkin: I first met him – kind of called me randomly out like of the blue, hi, it's Michael. It's like hey. And the thing is...

King: This after *Home Alone*.

Culkin: This is after *Home Alone*. I had actually met him before I was doing *Nutcracker* at Lincoln Center. I was playing Fritz, and he came back stage one day. And I actually met him very briefly and he kind of recognized me because it was after I had done *Uncle Buck*. And so, he kind of mentions something. Than he calls me up kind of out of the blue and it's just this weird, random kind of thing. Why don't you come over to my house?

The thing is, I didn't react to him the way most people did. Most people are like *Michael Jackson!*, and you know, he was a god to people. And to me, I knew he was a pop singer but beyond that, I wasn't one of the fans. I think that's one of the reasons why we connected, was the fact that – believe me, I call him a jerk all the time. I call him a fat head and this and that and he gets it.

King: And brother (UNINTELLIGIBLE) too..

Culkin: Yes. We all did. He was a family friend.

King: What happened at the house? That's what all the things that people are concerned about.

Culkin: That's what's so weird.

King: What did happen?

Culkin: Nothing happened. You know, nothing really. I mean, we played video games. We, you know, played at his amusement park.

King: Did he sleep in the bed?

Culkin: The thing is with that whole thing is that, oh, you slept in the same bedroom as him. It's like, I don't think you understand, Michael Jackson's bedroom is two stories and it has like three bathrooms and this and that.

So, when I slept in his bedroom, yes, but you have to understand the whole scenario. And the thing is with Michael he's not good as explaining himself and he never really has been, because he's not a very social person. You're talking about someone who has been sheltered and sheltering himself also for the last like 30 years. And so, he's not very good at communicating to people and not good at conveying what he's actually trying to say to you. And so, when he says something like that to people – he doesn't quite understand why people react the way that they do.

King: Why do you think he likes young people so much?

Culkin: Because the same reason why he liked me, was the fact that I didn't care who he was. That was the thing. I talked to him like he was a normal human being and kids do that to him because he's Michael Jackson the pop singer, but he's not the God, the *king of pop* or anything like that. He's just a guy who is actually very kid-like himself and wants to go out there and wants to play video games with you and things like that.

King: Did your parents encourage it?

Culkin: They weren't against it. It wasn't like they encouraged it or pushing me upon it. I wanted to hang out with him and they were fine.

King: What do you make of what he's going through now?

Culkin: Like I said, it's unfortunate, and you know, it's a circus right now.

King: Do you think it's a bad rap?

Culkin: You know, I think so. Yes. Listen, look what happened the first time this happened to him. If someone had done something like that to my kid, I wouldn't settle for some money. I'd make sure the guy was in jail.

It just really goes to show as soon as they got the money and they ran. I mean, that's what really what happened the first time. And so I don't know. It's a little crazy and I kind of have taken a step back from the whole thing, because it is a bit of a circus. And you know, if the same thing was happening to me, I wouldn't want to drag him into it and vice versa.

So I try my best to take a distance from it, but like I said he is still a friend of mine.

King: If they asked you to be a character witness, would you appear?

Culkin: I guess so, but probably not. Like I said, it's crazy, and I don't really want to be a part of it.

King: You like him.

Culkin: I like him and he's a friend of mine. I'm not saying I wouldn't do something like it. It hasn't been brought up to me and I don't think he'd want me to either. Just because, like I said, if the same thing was happening to me ...

King: What reaction has happened to you from all of this?

Culkin: What do you mean?

King: Do people inquire of you a lot about it?

Culkin: Sometimes. You know, people always have their opinions. It's funny. People always talk to me about him, because you know, I'm one of these people who will tell you anything about my life, really, to get me going. You know, so yeah, I mean, I've openly and freely talked about him and stuff like that. But overall, you know, he's just a good friend of mine.

King: You wish him well.

Culkin: Of course I do.

Not long after his first interview about Jackson, Culkin took the stand during Jackson's criminal trial to defend his childhood pal.

During the trial, Culkin reported that Michael Jackson “never” sexually molested him or touched him in an improper way when he was still a child star.

Referring to the allegations at the time as “absolutely ridiculous,” Culkin summarized staying at Neverland Ranch as “good old fun.”

From the CNN website:²¹

Culkin acknowledged sleeping in Jackson's bed a dozen or more times between the ages of 9 and 14, but insisted nothing of a sexual nature happened between the two.

“I've fallen asleep in the same bed with him,” Culkin said.
“I'd just flop down.”

He testified his parents trusted Jackson, were aware that he and Jackson sometimes shared a bed and that Culkin's father would even come into the pop star's bedroom to wake up his son.

21 <http://edition.cnn.com/2005/LAW/05/11/jackson.trial/index.html>

“They never really saw it as an issue,” Culkin said. “I knew they knew I was in the room.”

Culkin's testimony was part of a bid by the defense to dispute earlier prosecution testimony that Jackson had a habit of grooming young boys for seduction. Culkin is one of the males prosecutors allege was singled out by the pop star while they were boys.

Culkin said that during his visits to Neverland, he was almost always accompanied by “some kind of combination” of his parents, brothers and sisters who also were friends with the pop star. He said that Jackson had an “open door” policy, never locked his bedroom door, and that when he slept with Jackson, Culkin said, he wore jeans, socks and a T-shirt.

The 24-year-old star disputed earlier testimony from two former Neverland employees who said they saw Jackson behaving inappropriately with him in the early 1990s, when he was a visitor at the ranch. Culkin said he was troubled that those allegations were

“out there, and people were thinking about it.”

He said he first learned of the testimony when a friend called to tell him,

“You better check out CNN. They're saying something about you.”

“I couldn't believe it,” he said.

“I've never seen him do anything improper with anybody,” Culkin told jurors.

During cross-examination, prosecutor Ron Zonen pressed Culkin on whether Jackson might have molested him when he

was asleep – a scenario similar to the accusations in the current indictment against Jackson.

“As far as I know, he's never molested me,” Culkin said. “I find that unlikely. I think I'd realize if something like that would be happening.”

A former maid, Adrian McManus, also testified she once saw Jackson put his hand on Culkin's leg and buttocks and kiss him on the cheek while they were sitting together in Neverland's library.

A grand jury indicted Jackson last year on charges of molesting a then-13-year-old boy, giving him alcohol and conspiring to hold him and his family captive in 2003. Jackson pleaded not guilty to the charges.

Culkin, who was born in 1980, became friends with Jackson in the early 1990s, after he rocketed to fame in *Home Alone* and other movies. He told jurors that the two of them bonded because they were part of a “unique group” of people forced to deal with the complications of fame at an early age.

“We had a really close relationship,” Culkin said. “We had this understanding of one another.”

He told jurors Wednesday that Jackson had a childlike quality, playing arcade games with the children who were staying with him at the ranch.

“Although, he wasn't as good as us,” Culkin said, as he looked in Jackson's direction.

Pressed by Zonen about the propriety of a 35-year-old man having such a close friendship with a 10- or 11-year-old boy, he replied,

“I wasn't friends with a lot of 35-year-old men who understood me.”

Although there have been several rumors about Jackson molesting the boy, this has always been denied by Culkin himself. Another rumor had it that Culkin fathered one or more of Jackson's children, but this has also been denied by the actor.

Discussion

At the moment we've collected 155 cases of relationships and loose contacts. Obviously, the number is rather arbitrary and if we consider the contemporary taboos concerning the subject, it is clear that the real number of consensual and positive relationships and contacts must be a lot higher than what gets published.

Some critics seem to think that the emancipation of harmless 'pedophile' relationships is based on an unrealistic world view according to which almost any child would long for a close personal friendship or erotic relationship with an adult. Obviously, this is not what the emancipation of morally sound relationships is about. No matter how rare these voluntary, harmless relationships may be, their respectability does not at all depend on their number. Even so, their real number might be hundreds or even thousands of times the number published in this book.

Sometimes, critics claim all of these cases are unreliable, i.e. that at the most they represent the twisted attempt of a small subgroup of abuse victims to rationalize their inherently traumatic experiences.

However, this does not explain the fact that positive experiences are reported by persons who clearly seem happy with their adult lives and successful from both a societal and a creative perspective as well. I got in touch personally with some of these respondents and based on my own impressions, I really cannot believe they are simply fooling themselves.

Also, we already know from research by scholars such as Theo Sandfort that children can experience a 'pedophile' relationship they are involved in positively.

It only makes sense to explain such reports by a variation on the Stockholm-syndrome (victims who feel empathy and sympathy towards a perpetrator) if the relationships were not *really* voluntary. In real cases of the Stockholm-syndrome we are always talking about an indisputable crime (the term originally refers to a kidnapping in the Swedish capital), which includes elements of coercion, violence, and lack of freedom. However, in the cases presented in this book, the former minors claim the whole relationship remained completely voluntary rather than being based on force, manipulation or 'grooming'.

An even nastier accusation reads that the cases are made up by 'lying pedophiles'. As convenient as this thesis may seem to opponents of the phenomenon of consensual relationships with minors, it certainly cannot be taken seriously in the large majority of the cases.

To be sure, I know of only three cases in which there turned out to be some reason to believe they were based on fantasy. Two of these were included in the first edition of this book (the cases of Femke and Gjalt van Ommen), but discarded from later editions immediately after doubts had arisen about the reliability of these accounts.

For one thing, if it were true, all of these people, including well-known personalities such as Kirk Douglas, should really be 'pedophiles'. Also, I've met several of the subjects (digitally or in person) and I'm certain that they are sincere. The same goes for subjects who were approached by reliable researchers, rather than the other way around.

More generally, what I've never understood about the charge of fraud is that in my view, a real 'predator' would not be concerned with rational arguments for the emancipation of defensible relationships. What he (or she) is mainly interested in is getting sexual contact with minors and his strategy is covering up his intentions.

All the people who are nowadays coming out with regard to their 'uncommon' feelings for children or teenagers are not only very brave but they clearly show an intention to remain ethically sound.

Opponents may consider this psychiatrically disturbed or naive, but (consciously) making up fictitious retrospective stories of positive relationships of others simply does not seem to fit the psychological profile of such persons. Rationalization of one's own feelings is one thing, but outright, conscious fraud is quite another.

What truly needs to be explained is why some critics feel the need to discount all positive stories out of hand, whereas they never manifest any similar inclination while evaluating reports of negative experiences. It strikes me as very arbitrary and unfair, and therefore also as irrational. In any other context the *a priori* rejection of cases would count as dogmatic and closed-minded.

Explaining these cases by a variation on the Stockholm-syndrome would make it impossible to regard them as evidence for the existence of voluntary, harmless relationships. Scholars who stick to such an explanation should ask themselves what type of evidence *would* convince them. If the answer is "none whatsoever", they should try to justify their position by pointing to supposedly well-established characteristics of the psychological development of minors, which would entail that such relationships are *a priori* impossible.

Some critics may consider this collection of cases "unscientific", but I would like to ask them what kind of research should be considered scientific or scholarly in this context. Certain phenomena can only be investigated scholarly through retrospective reconstruction. Experimentation is of course completely impossible and unethical in this context, so that we must depend entirely on the memories of respondents. As long as there is no reason to doubt the over-all reliability of their

testimony, these stories should indeed count as evidence that is just as scholarly as evidence in any field that depends on memory and reconstruction, including the investigation of sexual abuse.

I recognize the fact that some of these accounts are better documented than other stories, ranging from an anonymous remark on an Internet forum to stories based on extensive personal correspondence or conversations. The reader should realize that in approximately 60% of all the accounts presented here the respondent revealed his or her (real) identity, either publicly or to an interviewer or researcher who has chosen to protect it.

Critics should concentrate on the strongest cases within this collection while trying to assess what subtypes of positive voluntary relationships really exist.

Findings

However, in my view, the main things that all of these cases taken together clearly seem to demonstrate are simply

- consensual and harmless erotic relationships between children and adults really exist;
 - that many of them involve friendship, affection and personal love, the erotic side being just one among many aspects of a sincere, affectionate relationship (platonic friendships demonstrate that a physical erotic aspect may even be absent altogether);
- other aspects being, for example: emotional intimacy and support, play, cultural activities, and intellectual stimulation; in none of the erotic relationships presented we have any reason to believe that the erotic aspects *ruined* the over-all quality of the relationship;

- that they can start even before the child is twelve years old (in about a third of the cases presented here the child was younger than twelve when the relationship started).

This is only surprising for scholars who actually think that tenderness, erotic feelings, falling in love, or amorous relationships are essentially absent before puberty. It is important to realize that puberty merely influences these phenomena rather than creating them. How else could we explain romances between two prepubescent children, or masturbation and sex play in primary school children and toddlers? This implies that the child's age is, in itself, not a good criterion for determining what relationships should be allowed or not. There is no solid reason for a so-called age of consent. As a criterion, the formal principle of an age of consent should be replaced by the qualitative monitoring of relationships by the parents or care-takers, a qualitative principle that is already applied to relationships with peers.

- that some of these friendships persist after the minor has grown up, usually in a platonic form, but sometimes even as an erotic partnership between adults;
- that the children involved can be both boys and girls – This confirms earlier findings such as those of Leahy. It is simply not true that positive relationships almost exclusively involve boys.
- that society's negative views and interventions often lead to stress on the part of the younger partner; and
- that a consensual and horizontal friendship between an adult and a minor, outside the context of family bonds, can remain wholly platonic. I personally believe that any type of voluntary relationship that is possible between two minors, is in principle also possible between an adult and a child, ranging from close friendships without any erotic attraction, to amorous platonic relationships, to erotic relationships. In this sense, I expect there to be a human relational continuum from relationships between peers to relationships between adults and minors.

This means that consensual 'pedophile' relationships should be judged on their own individual merits rather than on the basis of the sex or age of the child.

What these cases do not imply is that from now on any specific relationship should be unconditionally accepted by the child's caretakers. We know from these cases that many 'pedophile' or intergenerational relationships with minors are voluntary, consensual, and harmless, but we should not accept any individual relationship before we have checked whether it belongs in this category or really amounts to abuse.

This kind of differentiation is one of the cornerstones of the ethically responsible emancipation of voluntary and harmless 'pedophilia'.

Some readers may wonder why I do not use statistics to analyze how often the psychological effects of these experiences are negative, neutral or positive. The reason is easy to understand: I've limited myself exclusively to cases in which the respondents themselves report that any noteworthy form of (inherent, non-external) harm was entirely absent.

By the way, we cannot use statistical analysis or meta-analyses to demonstrate (that it is very likely) that there are harmless voluntary relationships. This can only be demonstrated at the level of the individual case history.

This collection does not intend to explore if some cases of alleged abuse are, as such, harmless, and if so, what percentage falls in this category, but if there are any cases of voluntary relationships without (inherent) negative repercussions.

In other words, it does not start from the overly undifferentiated, conventional concepts of 'sexual abuse' or 'pedophile encounters', but specifically from relationships and contacts that were consensual *from the minor's perspective*.

Therefore, questions such as: “Are boys and older children less likely to be psychologically harmed by ‘abuse’ than girls or pre-teens?”, really do not apply here.

The existence of positive memories of relationships between adults and children can hardly be doubted anymore, and this enduringly raises the issue of sound criteria for morally acceptable relationships. Based on the writings of other authors such as Dr. Frans Gieles and Dr. Frank van Ree, and my own thoughts, I have reached the following brief version of ...

Important ethical criteria ²²

1. Both the adult and child (or teenager) want to have a relationship with each other and experience the relationship as positive. The minor should be able to withdraw from the relationship at any moment.

The adult should also make it clear that any sexual contact should be intrinsically desired by the minor, rather than being just a favor to the adult.

Margaux Fragoso's book *Tiger, Tiger* describes a relationship in which the adult clearly did not respect this basic principle.

2. In case of erotic contact, there must not be any form of physical harm or unwanted pregnancy.
3. Personal boundaries of minors ought to be respected and any possible erotic contact must be completely consensual, in the everyday, non-judicial sense of ‘voluntary’ or ‘willing’. In case of doubt about the child's wishes (e.g., because these have not been clearly expressed yet), the adult should simply refrain from any erotic contact. The initiative for such contact should generally lie with the child or teenager. This

²² Please note that most of these criteria are only relevant for a future in which at least some types of ‘pedophile’ relationships would have been legalized. I'm certainly not suggesting that anyone should get involved in illegal relationships. These remarks may be superfluous, but I've noticed that some of my readers got confused about this

ensures that any possible erotic contact will be based on the child's own wishes and over-all personality.

Of course, there should not be any signs of manipulation or brainwashing by the adult.

Critics have claimed that this would in practice be difficult to establish. However, they should not forget that we are talking about a future in which morally sound relationships will have become legal within a context of parental monitoring. By then, any adult engaging in such a relationship will have a strong personal interest in remaining sincere. If the adult turns out to have been clearly manipulative anyway, there will be consequences, and it will even be much easier to incriminate him or her than it is today.

Consensual 'pedophile' erotic contact is by definition based upon the consensual erotic activities that minors typically practice with themselves or other minors. Especially in relationships with young children, normally there will be no penetration, but only kissing, caressing, petting, mutual manual stimulation, shared masturbation, or oral stimulation, with only rare exceptions.

As a rule of thumb, the minor's erotic initiative and involvement should not come as a complete surprise to his or her parents or caretakers, and they should know – or at least it should be easy for them to imagine – that their child would most probably act in a very similar way with a partner of the same age.

If possible erotic interactions would amount to the minor's first relational erotic experiences, these interactions should be directly determined by the minor's pace of exploration, as well as his or her specific desires and aversions, insecurities, and of course personal boundaries.

4. The adult must be honest about the nature and extent of his or her feelings and affection for the child or teenager. The minor should be made generally aware of what he or she

can expect from the adult and from the relationship to prevent painful disappointments and feelings of being betrayed by the adult.

In general, the adult must feel a basic personal respect and affection towards the child and not regard him or her as a mere sex object devoid of feelings or expectations. This is the *moral baseline* any relationship (and contact in general) must meet!

Beyond this, the minor must be made aware of what can be expected of the adult in terms of (a) close friendship, (b) romance, and (c) the duration of possible physical aspects of the relationship.

There are 'pedophiles' who know that they would not be able to continue erotic relations after the minor has grown up, because it simply would not accord with their sexual orientation. There are also adults who may have sexual feelings for other adults as well, etc. All such aspects must be made clear to the child at an early stage of the relationship.

The adult should analyze the nature of the feelings of the minor and find out whether they match his or her own wishes and intentions. If not, or in case of reasonable doubt, the adult should certainly not abandon the minor, but refrain from erotic contact and, if necessary, help him or her deal with the situation.

It is essential that the adult explores not only what the child is saying explicitly, but also what he or she is trying to convey implicitly. Then, it is very important to find out if the minor's general message corresponds with his or her personality.

For instance, a child may want to seem very sensual and only interested in purely sexual encounters with the adult,

whereas (s)he is really longing for affection and emotional intimacy.

Please note that some opponents of the emancipation of 'pedophile' relationships seem to believe that such relationships are simply based on the adult's selfish desires. From the collection in this book we know this is not true, as many of them are founded on friendship and love.

In contrast, some minors may simply want to enjoy sexual encounters without any deeper connection. What really matters, is the right match between child and adult.

5. The adult must in general respect the child's personality, activities, and wishes, and the minor's personal, social or relational freedom should not in any way be limited by the adult.

6. In case the child or teenager has a relatively good relationship with his or her parents or care-takers, they ought to be fully informed about the relationship.

(This implies that adults in the child's life with a parental role should almost always be informed. The only legitimate exception would concern really abusive parents or care-takers who do not have the child's interest in mind – meaning that everyday problems between parental figures and children won't do as an excuse for withholding information about the relationship. If there is no parental figure around, the adult partner should try to find a suitable foster parent for the child.)

Important parental decisions about the relationship should be respected. The adult should also make sure that the relationship does not negatively affect the emotional bond between the child and the parents.

More generally, important boundaries set by societal, religious, and cultural taboos, and the law should not be crossed, as long as this might create a scandal or negatively affect the child's self-perception or perception of the relationship.

In general, any adult who feels attracted to a minor should realize that it may take quite some time (perhaps decades) to change the dominant perception of voluntary and harmless relationships, and always act accordingly. In this sense, I certainly agree that any 'pedophile' with a conscience should for the time being follow the example of so-called 'virtuous' or celibate pedophiles.

7. The adult should not spoil the child too much but rather support a positive development of his or her self-esteem and self-control, personal talents and potential, social skills, and a moral, pro-social attitude. Sexuality should not replace other emotional or relational needs and the frequency of erotic contacts should be moderate to avoid so-called sexual addiction (Obviously, if a minor is already showing addictive behavior before there is any erotic contact with the adult partner, the latter should address this problem, rather than encourage such behavior). Relationships that are affectionate and personal cannot be reduced to just sex.
8. The adult should make the minor aware of the existence of real child abuse and warn him or her of non-consensual sex.
9. Not only should relationships be accepted by (benevolent) care-takers and relatives of the minor, but children should also be protected against avoidable negative reactions of bullies and narrow-minded neighbors. This implies a basic level of discretion about the relationship, although such discretion ought not to lead to 'secrets' towards other adults with whom the minor has a close emotional bond.
10. Relationships should never be ended abruptly and the adult should always try to stay in touch as long as the minor needs this. A possible example of what should be prevented can be seen in a tender relationship, Dutch gay choreographer, dancer and writer Rudi van Dantzig engaged in with a Canadian soldier, when he was a young teenager. The story

has become famous because of the film *For a Lost Soldier*, based on Van Dantzig's book *Voor een verloren soldaat*. After the war, the soldier did not get in touch with the boy anymore, which caused young Van Dantzig a lot of heartache. In general, affectionate erotic relationships deserve to be continued platonically after the erotic part would have ended. It is nothing short of a destructive misconception that 'pedophiles' are typically incapable of understanding the value of personal affection, because, by nature, they would be less loving and more selfish than most other adults or because they would lack basic social-emotional skills.

Only relationships that meet these criteria deserve one's respect and protection. Such relationships are by definition morally sound and, in most cases, they involve a precious affectionate and personal bond that should not be sacrificed to ignorance, prejudice or narrow-minded intolerance. (Ethical criteria for loose contacts are mostly that the erotic contact should be voluntary, safe and non-violent, and that it should take place within a cultural and societal context that does not reject such contacts.)

If individual 'pedophile' relationships are rejected by the parents or care-takers, this should generally be based on ethical criteria, not on purely formal criteria such as age, or the mere presence of 'pedophile' feelings. At the level of the judicial system, only relationships in which there are signs that the adult does not follow these moral principles, should remain illegal. Relationships that are morally sound, by definition, cannot intrinsically harm the minor in any important way, meaning that any harm must really be caused by external factors. This implies that the total prohibition and demonization of such relationships is not only tragic but, ultimately, unfair and immoral as well.

These criteria could be further refined, based on experiences with relationships and on ever growing insights into developmental psychology and personality.

I'm in favor of a thorough intellectual debate among open-minded, unbiased experts with a humane agenda that rejects the demonization and exclusion of 'pedophiles', before any changes in legislation inspired by these criteria would be implemented. Such a debate could be repeated periodically (say every 5 or 10 years), so that new findings and insights could lead to further adjustments of the law.

To my surprise, some critics have claimed that although these ethical norms are in principle sufficient to prevent harm in the child, no adult would be able to live up to them in practice. In my view, this amounts to an underestimation of the moral integrity of persons with 'pedophile' feelings. Pessimistic expectations regarding a specific adult's moral awareness and self-control may be justified in the case of real, sociopathic or psychopathic child molesters. However, there is no reason to suppose that the mere presence of a 'pedophile' attraction should make someone more selfish or less capable of controlling one's actions than, say, an average adult heterosexual male would be in a relationship with a woman.

Even so-called 'virtuous pedophiles', who reject all types of voluntary erotic relationships (both now and in a hypothetical, more liberal future), may sometimes hold that an average mortal can never meet these moral standards. I find this view rather disturbing, because it would imply that opponents of 'pedophile' relationships are always right if they wish to keep 'pedophiles' away from their children.

- If 'pedophilia' is automatically linked to an immoral loss of self-control, why should we expect a platonic 'pedophile' relationship to remain safe for the child?
- Why would a 'pedophile' within a platonic relationship be able to respect the child's interests, if it were by definition impossible to do so within an erotic relationship? This could only be denied if such 'virtuous pedophiles' would claim that what leads to a dangerous loss of self-control, is not the

(non-disturbed) adult's orientation per se, but the physical erotic contact with a child. However, such a hypothesis would not explain why, for non-disturbed 'pedophiles' without psychiatric symptoms (other than 'pedophilia'), turning into a selfish molester would be a real risk of erotic contact with minors, whereas erotic contact in general would carry no such risk for the child's peers, or any other (non-disturbed) person for that matter.

In other words, either average non-criminal 'pedophiles' will have a normal capacity to control their desires when they are alone with a child, or they will not. If we should assume that they cannot control themselves, the case for the societal acceptance of voluntary platonic relationships inevitably collapses as well.

This means it is very hard to uphold the ethics of absolute celibacy (regardless of possible social and legal changes) propagated by so-called 'virtuous pedophiles', if we base such ethics on the notion that pedophiles typically possess less than average sexual self-control. This is because it suggests that rejection of erotic relationships should go hand in hand with the rejection of any type of close relationships (with 'pedophiles'), which goes much further than the average 'virtuous pedophile' will want to defend. 'Pedophiles' could on average simply never be trusted, due to their supposed innate lack of self-control.

A role for the parents or care-takers

Ideally, the parents or care-takers have an important role to play during a close intergenerational relationship of their child.

By communicating with their child, they could regularly check (in a relaxed, non-directive way) whether the relationship and its possible erotic aspects really match the child's wishes and expectations and whether the adult adequately respects the child's boundaries.

(This is more than just a utopian fantasy. In the Netherlands, there used to be a more liberal climate surrounding 'pedophilia' that enabled some parents to consent to their child's relationship and monitor its development.)

More in general, they could also explore the adult's personality, level of self-control and integrity, and make sure he or she has no (relevant) criminal record or reputation as a rapist, or as a 'loverboy' or 'sugar daddy' involved in child prostitution. In case of doubt, it may be a good idea to consult (benevolent) professional experts. The latter could also develop readily available guidelines to optimize assessment.

Any age of consent is a formal rather than qualitative standard and will therefore inevitably lead to many undesirable situations. However, this does not mean that voluntary 'pedophile' relationships should from now on remain as unmonitored as gay relationships between adults. Rejecting formal criteria, parents or caretakers should rather apply the same method of qualitative evaluation and monitoring they're already using with their children's friendly or erotic peer relationships to the assessment of voluntary 'pedophile' relationships. Assuming that there is no reason to doubt the validity of this method in the context of relationships with peers, why should it be less valid in the case of 'pedophile' relationships? Parents or care-takers who are capable of assessing peer relationships should be considered capable of assessing 'pedophile' relationships as well.

Thus, their awareness of criteria for positive and safe relationships will certainly not lead to an increase of real abuse, but rather prevent potential adult partners who have good intentions but unfortunately lack basic empathic skills from endangering the minor's well-being.

Opponents of liberalization surrounding voluntary 'pedophile' relationships frequently refer to recent neuroscientific data, which would suggest that on average young people are

incapable of making really important decisions before their brains would supposedly have matured enough around the age of 23. However, in this particular context, such a hypothesis is only relevant if opponents acknowledge its implication that young people should not get any erotic contact with peers either, as long as they have not reached the magical age just mentioned.

Of course, the underlying prejudice behind this specific argument against voluntary 'pedophile' relationships is that such relationships are radically different from relationships with peers, i.e. they are never really voluntary or positive, let alone harmless. Given the fact that minors can't possess the neurobiological maturity of a 23-year-old, they would (following the hypothesis) simply be incapable of realizing that 'pedophile' relationships are totally different from 'normal', 'healthy' relationships, and – as would be obvious to any non-disturbed adult older than 23 – intrinsically morally wrong.

I certainly reject this kind of argumentation, although I do agree that minors should be protected against an overly naive outlook on the probable level of social acceptance of a relationship.

Furthermore, decriminalization of positive relationships will generally lead to more openness between parents or care-takers and minors about such relationships, but also about sexual abuse, and this, in turn, will be discouraging to real child-molesters and dangerous psychopaths.

To ensure the child's safety, it could be a good idea, in case of doubts about the adult's intentions, to allow any possible erotic activity only after a period of months of exclusively platonic contact.

This may also be important because it familiarizes the minor with what can be expected from the adult and prevents unrealistic dreams about the relationship.

A seemingly rude but very effective precaution consists of asking the adult for a copy of their ID. Any adult who is sincere and does not have a secret agenda will understand why this is a good idea.

(Remember that we are talking about a situation in which morally sound ‘pedophile’ relationships would have been legalized.)

Children's voluntary relationships with peers are already widely accepted and monitored by their parents or caretakers.

- Why should this not also become a possibility for their voluntary relationships with adults?
- Why should an adult in such a voluntary relationship be inherently more dangerous or less reliable than a friend who is of the minor's own age? In fact, if we really expect that an average adult would be unable to meet the kind of ethical criteria mentioned above, why should the minor's peers fare any better?

Note that we are speaking about individuals who have proven willing to submit themselves to such monitoring, not about adults who intend to abuse their relatively greater physical strength, power or experience at the expense of the child. If we insist on comparing children's monitored, voluntary relationships with adults and children's relationships with peers – of course without underestimating the relational potential of minors – we would in fact expect responsible adult partners to be generally (even) more considerate and less impulsive than average partners of the same age.

Furthermore, adults involved in a ‘pedophile’ relationship should fully realize that non-compliance with the ethical criteria mentioned above, will inevitably lead to unpleasant consequences, for the child but also for themselves. Minor (but structural) transgressions may simply lead to restrictions or even the

end of a relationship. In more serious cases, legal sanctions should be a real possibility, even if a relationship has always remained wholly voluntary from the child's point of view. This should serve as a deterrent to the morally feeble.

Critics may ask why parents would want to monitor their child's platonic or erotic relationship with a 'pedophile', if it is much easier to simply prohibit such relationships altogether. The answer is clear: they would be willing to test and monitor a specific relationship, because they notice that the relationship in question is positive and meaningful for their child. This implies that forbidding the relationship out of hand could lead to an emotional loss for their child and even be psychologically damaging.

It has the same background as the reason that motivates them to monitor (rather than forbid) the child's relationships with other minors.

Granted that they are not related to addictive tendencies (see ethical criterion 7 mentioned above) in the minor, possible erotic aspects desired by the child or teenager may either be an expression of great mutual affection or a manifestation of a specific personal need for sexual exploration and satisfaction in the minor. There is no solid reason to assume that these – as such undeniably psychologically 'healthy' – motives underlying erotic contact are any less important for the minor in voluntary relationships with 'pedophiles' than in relationships with peers.

Information

To increase the general awareness of the criteria a good inter-generational relationship with a minor must adhere to, it is highly desirable that the public media provide plenty of information about this issue, and clearly differentiate between morally sound relationships and manipulation or abuse.

Responsible adults who feel attracted to minors should feel encouraged to increase their empathy towards them and under-

standing of them. They can benefit from the experiences of others like themselves, either on an individual basis or via bona-fide organizations.

Minors ought to be made fully aware of their rights and interests in the context of a possible platonic or erotic relationship with an adult, by easily available sources of written information or documentaries that specifically aim at children or adolescents.

Consensual relationships and their interpretation

I'm aware that at present the negative general perception of consensual 'pedophile' relationships precludes most people from believing that consensual relationships even exist.

This is reflected in the liberal or humanistic debate about 'pedophilia' that increasingly seems to focus on the personal integrity of individual (abstaining) adults or on effective therapies for child molesters, rather than on the integrity and quality of consensual relationships.

From a moral standpoint, this inevitably means that, for the time being, it is, in general, not a good idea (for an adult) to engage in consensual 'pedophile' relationships with minors.

Many – or even most – consensual relationships will inevitably end up being re-interpreted as abuse, which may have damaging psychological consequences for the (former) child or teenager, in terms of confusion and guilt.

In my view, the intellectual climate first needs to be changed before it becomes morally sound again to have an intergenerational relationship with a minor. Sadly, this mostly holds even for platonic relationships, with the possible exception of platonic friendships that are totally and unambiguously accepted by the child's parents or caretakers and social environment at large.

Negative consequences of consensual relationships?

It is sometimes claimed that it would be immoral to engage in consensual 'pedophile' relationships even if they were completely legalized and accepted by the minor's personal social environment. Even granting the validity of the kind of evidence presented in this book, it would still remain unclear exactly what consensual relationships might lead to negative consequences in the long run.

This collection seems to establish clearly that neither the minor's sex and age nor sexual contact as such are the direct source of any potential problems in the future. Taking the existence of harmful consensual relationships seriously, this implies the possible harm must be caused by other factors.

We already mentioned the phenomenon of what is sometimes called secondary victimization, i.e. a negative social re-interpretation of the relationship in terms of abuse. Also, some seemingly consensual relationships may not be consensual in certain important respects, such as the onset, frequency, or specific types of sexual contact. This may be caused by miscommunication and insufficient knowledge of the minor's development and personality. Herein lies a task for parents or other caretakers in that they should check in an open, unprejudiced manner if the minor really wants the relationship and its possible erotic aspects.

Special care should in this respect be given to children with psychiatric or developmental problems, to prevent confusion. In case a minor has been (involuntarily) sexually molested by another adult, any erotic contact should be allowed only after therapy is completed.

However, in the context of direct consequences of real consensual relationships, the two main problems I can think of are

- misunderstandings about the intentions of the adult partner (e.g. about the duration of the physical aspects of the relationship – the minor would want the sexual bond to last, while the adult would not), and
- confusion in the former minor about his or her sexual identity.

The first problem is covered by the fourth ethical criterion. (“The adult must be honest about the nature and extent of his or her feelings and affection for the child or teenager...” et cetera.)

The second problem is mainly related to specific same-sex ‘pedophile’ relationships in which the younger partner would not possess a gay orientation as an adult and would feel insecure about his or her adult sexuality. The solution to this problem obviously consists of a greater societal acceptance of homosexual feelings, phases, and experiments and is in this respect related to gay emancipation. Please note that we are of course talking again about voluntary, positive relationships, not about relationships in which homosexual experiences are (more or less ‘gently’) being forced upon the minor.

Some authors seem to think that **a third problem** might especially arise when a relationship was exceptionally positive. The former minor might become dissatisfied when it turns out to be difficult to find a new relationship of comparable quality. Something like this (besides possible other imperfections of his relationship or adult partner) seems to have been claimed by Ted van Lieshout, the Dutch author of *Zeer kleine liefde*, and *Mijn meneer*.

(Please note that this claim concerns the consequences of well-balanced ‘pedophile’ relationships, and not just of one-sided, overly sexual relationships that might indeed lead to insatiable sexual desires; see the seventh ethical criterion.)

However, in my view, this cannot at all serve as an argument against the 'pedophile' relationship, but only against the normal way many adults apparently relate to each other. To blame this on the 'pedophile' relationship is a bit like blaming an outstanding musician for the fact that many or most musicians are (in comparison) mediocre.

At the most, the emancipation of positive, consensual relationships ought to go hand in hand with the promotion of good relationships between adults, as part of a more general relational or love 'revolution'.

Furthermore, any possible dissatisfaction is directly related to the taboo on 'pedophile' relationships in that the former minor may find it difficult to be open about what he or she is missing in relationships with other adults.

Nowadays, if this issue is at all discussed, it is mostly regarded as a negative consequence of the 'pedophile' relationship itself. Even to the extent that any positive relationship should really be considered abuse, because a 'pedophile' would in this view invariably take the risk of making a 'normal' love life for the child impossible.

Some also claim that a positive pedophile relationship may lead to a general preference for older partners, as if such an alleged preference would be inherently problematic. Similarly, some claim that peers may seem less attractive due to a lack of erotic experience, as if such a 'defect' could not be overcome by the initiative of the former minor.

Others even believe that the relationally experienced minor will end up being less attractive than average to potential partners of the same generation. This is odd, because quite a lot of candidates will find an experienced lover *more* rather than less appealing.

Although the quality of a positive, consensual 'pedophile' relationship could be successfully approached as a general standard for affection or sexuality, even such a relationship is still usually regarded as an undesirable, abnormal interference by an adult in the life of a vulnerable child. I have the impression that some scholars welcome any possible complications after the relationship, as long as they can use them as an argument against consensual 'pedophilia'.

Supporters of a popular myth of the inherent unpredictability of harm typically refuse to differentiate between the consequences of morally sound relationships and the impact of irresponsible contacts, and between secondary victimization related to social condemnation of a relationship and real, intrinsic abuse.

Many things in society ought to change, but something positive deserves to be protected.

In general, I think that there are no inevitable negative consequences of consensual relationships, as long as the adult is aware of the larger societal context and sticks to the ethical criteria mentioned above. In other words, in my view there is no reason to suppose that any really consensual, morally sound relationship within a safe, accepting environment could have serious negative consequences.

Of course, as a researcher, I remain open to possible other complications that I wouldn't have covered yet, but as it stands, my analysis seems pretty exhaustive. A logical, though admittedly hardly plausible, possibility I haven't mentioned yet, is that completely voluntary erotic activity is intrinsically harmless unless it involves children with specific genetic predispositions or personality types.

Critics ought to be aware that there really are harmless consensual relationships between minors and adults and that a constructive approach implies making such relationships

possible (without increasing the risk of abuse) rather than simply ignoring their existence.

The prevention of harm

Even if we completely tracked children's actions and physical encounters by audiovisual means, they could still be attacked by a sexual 'predator' before we'd be able to intervene. It is not feasible to remove all risk from a minor's life. For instance, deception by strangers always remains a possibility unless we wish to transform people into fully remote-controlled cyborgs (except for the persons controlling them, of course). Furthermore, excessive fear and restrictions in the name of safety might hinder the child's development and cause developmental harm by trying to preclude it.

In the context of voluntary 'pedophile' relationships, a general prohibition may bring about frustration and sadness in the child. The destruction of an already existing relationship with a specific adult may even lead to real psychological trauma. Therefore, completely forbidding a relationship is an extreme measure that may only be morally justified in case of real danger, i.e. when there is serious evidence of the adult's lack of responsibility or integrity. As Huib Kort and G. G. stated in their article *Demons: The Utopian Dream of Safety*:

“There is no solution in repression, subversion or elimination.”

For these reasons, we should rather strive for minimal risk within a general context of liberty. The ethical criteria mentioned above, in combination with the principle of over-all (non-directive) monitoring of the relationship and adult partner, aim at doing just that.

As I tried to demonstrate above, the acceptance and monitoring of voluntary relationships will most probably lead to a decrease, rather than an increase in abuse incidents. I welcome anyone

who disagrees with this assessment to offer well-argued suggestions for improving my ethical criteria.

Until I receive such suggestions, I believe the principles formulated above to be sufficient. Opponents of any type of liberalization concerning 'pedophile' relationships should demonstrate why the legalization of relationships that follow my ethical criteria and are subject to parental monitoring would probably lead to an increase (rather than decrease) in abuse incidents. Also, they should henceforth refrain from stressing the 'self-evident truth' of their assumptions and the 'insanity' or 'evil intentions' of people who do not agree with them.

Within forensic psychiatry, the view that it is possible to – within clear ethical boundaries – liberalize legislation concerning 'pedophile' relationships nowadays often seems to be regarded as a sign of a serious psychiatric problem. In such a case, professionals appear to associate the 'deviant' view to a lack of empathic abilities, and this in turn to disorders within the autism spectrum or narcissism. It does not even seem to matter whether there are other (unequivocal) signs for such a diagnosis or not.

It is my claim that legalizing parentally monitored voluntary, positive relationships will lead to fewer cases of child abuse. Adults with 'pedophile' feelings will feel more accepted and more motivated to comply with ethical principles, and thanks to the parental supervision any immoral or risky actions will be detected sooner than in the present situation. Children won't need to remain silent about their feelings for adults, and everything will be much more in the open. Only extremely disturbed individuals would continue to assault or rape minors, and due to a greater integration of 'pedophiles', we should expect fewer individuals to become mentally deranged.

If my claim turned out to be unfounded, I would conclude that all 'pedophile' relationships should remain illegal and that even platonic relationships should be forbidden by parents or care-

takers, because 'pedophiles' would typically even cross boundaries while being monitored. 'Pedophilia' would really be a dangerous syndrome, which would make sufferers from this disease too great of a risk to minors. However, so far I have no reason to think that I am wrong.

Please note that I'm not dogmatic in my appeal for regarding monitored voluntary relationships. While writing this, I'm really convinced that a responsible type of liberalization would bring about changes in society that are good, constructive, and fair. Nevertheless, I'm open to convincing, reliable evidence or conclusive analytical arguments that would show the contrary to be true. Readers cannot expect me to simply follow the present consensus as 'the only sane thing to do', because this consensus does not take into account the kind of cases presented in this book.

Harm caused by reactionary forces

Some critics hold that even though legalizing voluntary relationships within a society that fully accepts this type of relationships is as such morally sound, it could still endanger the psychological well-being of (former) minors in the long run. In their view, we could never be certain whether the societal acceptance will still be there after the child has grown up, so that the former minor might ultimately come to regard the relationship as negative.

I honestly consider this a needlessly pessimistic view. Although I do agree that there can be a temporary wave of intolerance in response to an increase in relational liberty, this does not mean that we should expect an unending cycle of alternating tolerant and repressive periods without any enduring progress. Especially in the West, we've seen an expansion of human rights since the Age of Enlightenment, and temporary setbacks have ultimately led to further consolidation of those rights. Similar developments can be seen in other parts of the world. This

appears to be related to the fact that human rights are based on deep universal, transcultural moral intuitions about the intrinsic value and dignity of the individual. In my opinion, it takes a rather cynical view of contemporary history to simply overlook this remarkable phenomenon.

However, I do think that parents or care-takers need to prepare children for temporary reactionary developments after voluntary 'pedophile' relationships have become socially acceptable. It is also a good idea to issue numerous books, articles and documentaries about positive, harmless relationships, so that it will be very hard to deny their existence. Through these measures, children can be sufficiently armed against twisted messages of hatred and rejection, and remain positive about their experiences despite any negative propaganda from reactionary forces they might encounter later in life.

Pathologizing and self-pathologizing of 'pedophiles'

This being said, right now it is of course very important that the scholarly perspective on 'pedophiles' undergoes a major shift. As long as 'pedophilia' is seen as the result of general disorders such as the Asperger syndrome or as a pathological paraphilia caused by traumatic experiences such as incestual abuse, one cannot expect caretakers to expose minors to such potentially dangerous 'freaks' (not the term I would use for such people myself).

(Here, I won't touch on the question whether certain disorders really exist or not, because that would go beyond the scope of this work.)

For instance, according to mainstream forensic psychiatry, people diagnosed with the Asperger syndrome may have an abnormal interest in minors because they would have been unable to connect to peers during their own childhood or puberty. If so, they may be dangerous to minors because of

their lack of basic empathic skills, and also because they generally find it difficult to assess whether certain behaviors are socially acceptable or not. In the case of abuse victims, the danger would lie in the lack of impulse control, and a tendency to relive the abuse by assaulting children.

Forensic workers typically seem to be dogmatic in this respect, ignoring any evidence or argumentation that goes against standard psychiatric labels for individual ‘pedophiles’. There have been historical precursors of this humiliating and unscientific approach. Only decades ago, it was official policy for psychiatrists to regard homosexuality as a bizarre paraphilia, rooted in developmental problems and commonly characterized by psychiatric traits such as narcissism.

I'm not saying that there are no individual ‘pedophiles’ who actually have a problematic background – how else could we explain the existence of real predators? However, there is no solid reason to suppose that most (let alone all) of them would have a psychiatric disorder or handicap.

It is a sign of this age of repression when forensic ‘experts’ believe that anyone with a ‘pedophile’ orientation simply must have at least one of the (other supposed) disorders described in psychiatric manuals such as DSM. Some conformist educated ‘pedophiles’ even seem to reinterpret their own orientation in such psychiatric terms, a tragic phenomenon that may be termed self-pathologizing. This demonstrates to what extent repression may lead to alienation and division among its victims. We are still far removed from a fair, open-minded, and non-discriminatory approach to the subjects of ‘pedophilia’ and ‘pedophiles’.

Consensual and positive, but immoral nonetheless?

Some critics of consensual and harmless ‘pedophile’ relationships acknowledge the existence of the phenomenon, but they

still hold that such relationships ought to remain completely illegal.

In their view, any type of ‘pedophile’ relationship is by its very nature immoral, because it would always involve a violation of the minor’s integrity. Sometimes, they go as far as claiming that personal experiences should never be the sole or ultimate touchstone of the moral acceptability of a certain practice.

They may even compare former minors who have positive memories of a ‘pedophile’ relationship to individual (former) slaves who – due to a benevolent ‘master’ – had relatively good experiences with slavery. In other words, it would be so obvious that such relationships are inherently morally wrong, that no positive experiences can ever change this.

However, this comparison is invalid. Slavery is indeed a great evil, because it robs people of their personal freedom and this cannot be changed by the fact that certain individual slaves experienced their lives as relatively pleasant. In the case of (truly) *consensual* intergenerational relationships with minors, it is by definition out of the question that the children or teenagers involved would lose their freedom during the relationship. To be more precise, in this respect such relationships amount to an expression of the minor’s individual freedom. In this sense, the legalization of harmless, voluntary relationships is part of child emancipation, and therefore it is related to protecting minors from violence, child prostitution, child labour and real sexual abuse.

Only from a conservative, closed-minded outlook on life and human values may it seem obvious that some phenomena which are consensual and psychologically harmless should still continue to be regarded as immoral. Starting from any other approach, personal experiences are obviously more important than prejudices and caricatures.

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- ◆ **Note:** In this list I've only included books and articles of which I had full bibliographical data such as the author's surname and the title. The remaining references can be found in the description of the individual cases.

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